FRAGMENTS
FROM
CONTINENTAL JOURNEYINGS

A. R. SENNETT

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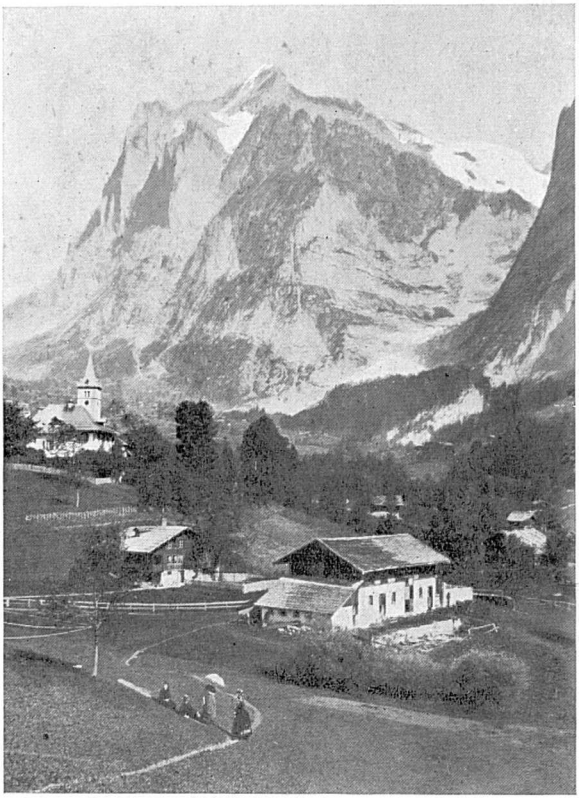

Fragments

from

Continental Journeyings

BY

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"ACROSS THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD," "DAME NATURE'S MASONS," "CARRIAGES WITHOUT HORSES SHALL GO," "THE PETROL CARRIAGE," "HORSELESS ROAD LOCOMOTION," ETC.

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PREFACE

THE sincere hope that some happy reminiscences may be recalled to the mind of the reader, some pleasure-imparting pictures transiently repainted upon the mental retina, by the following lines, will, we trust, be accepted as our apology for their appearance.

A. R. S.

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CHAPTER I

LEG-STRETCHERS UPON THE ALPS

OUR Continental journeyings were made principally by bicycle, and in this relation we would venture to suggest to those who may be doing the same thing that it would add greatly to the enjoyment of the cyclist-tourist were he occasionally to mount "Shanks's pony" and "foot it" over a mountain pass or two. If he should not have already discarded his machine and gone in for a "leg-stretcher," we know of no better opportunity for him than the walks we are about to touch upon. The first for the greater part of the way is essentially a "turf walk." It is a pleasant and easy one; and he would do well—if favoured by fine weather—to give his mount a ride whilst he walks, booking it by train from Grindelwald to Meyrengen, and himself

walking by way of the *Great Scheidegg* to the latter townlet.

The Great or *Hasli-Scheidegg* is a summit and a shoulder, the latter forming the top of a foot-pass connecting the head of the Grindelwald valley with the *Haslithal.* This sinuous, lengthy, and lovely valley, having its head at the pass of Grimsel, and holding in its embrace the lakes of Brienz and Thunn, debouches not far from the extremity of the latter lake. He will find the crossing of the Great Scheidegg a delightful leg-stretcher of about eight hours, and one handsomely repaying the pedestrian for the but moderate exertion entailed.

A guide is quite unnecessary, if one takes care not to stray too far from the, at places, not very clearly discernible bridle-path. Those who may not have time to devote a day to visiting the Grindelwald *glaciers* can include the *Glacier Supérieur* in this walk, and for this purpose should allow an additional two hours. We have first to go up to the head of the valley, but the road does not go far in that direction, so that we should ask our way to the saw-mill, and thence to the *Hotel Wetterhorn,* which is by way of a footpath up the meadows, our first landmark being the little valley church.

We made this delightful walk on a crisp November morning, bitterly cold, but clear and bracing, for the great range of mountains to our right hand—from which rise up in haughty majesty, as if the lofty chain were merely their footstools, the noble *Eiger* (13,040 feet), the *Mönch* (13,465 feet), the *Metten-*

berg (10,193 feet), and the *Wetterhorn* (12,150 feet) —forms a very effective barrier to the sun's rays. And as if to further prevent these cheering beams from squeezing through between their abrupt sides, the comparatively small openings between the first two—the *Eiger* and the *Mettenberg*—is efficiently and nobly filled by the still more sky-piercing *Gross-Schreckhorn* (13,385 feet). The sky—as so often happens upon clear, frosty mornings—was of the lightest conceivable blue, and the snow-capped summits rising from great gray shoulders—rugged, angular, and barren—were silhouetted in front of it in glorious virgin brightness.

The previous evening we had pedalled to the top of the beautiful and fir-clad valley of the *Lutschinen*, in sight of the high-perched Grindelwald, just as Dame Nature was hiding her many-hued clothing beneath her sable cloak of night; and the lights in the châlets, as well as the electric "glow" lamps of the rugged streets—these illumined by her mountain streams—were just popping up before and around us like Wills-o'-the-wisp. That evening, when that enjoyable glow in one's every vein came over us, such as only comes after a day of vigorous exercise in an atmosphere of consummate strength and purity, followed by a plain and hearty meal and a sufficiency of sound wine, at which "good appetite waits upon sound digestion," and the feeling of absolute satisfaction with one's self and every other body's self, we retired early. Yet we never retired early with a feeling of absolute satisfaction, for we

invariably begrudged the time Morpheus demanded of us beneath a ceiling of plaster intervening between us and the glorious canopy of heaven. Neither this latter transcendental ceiling, nor the exquisite, albeit chill and frosty, mountain air did we ever shut out throughout the whole of our journeyings. It is true that the thermometer registered 18 degrees of frost, and that some people called us by hard names—fool and madman—still, experience is a monitor whose advice one is no madman to follow. We had always slept so, and intended always so to do.

On the flat plains of Lombardy and Piedmont we have been threatened, in return for this, with an immediate and severe dose of malaria; in ill-drained Italian towns with something worse. Watch the good, though misguided, inhabitants there—urban and rural alike—as soon as the sun thinks of resting they rush round their habitations, closing *jalousies*, windows, the smallest of *finestrettas*, and even the inner casements. Five or six hours after this you are expected to enter those same rooms—these sealed receptacles of stagnant, vitiated air—go to bed, and sleep the sleep of contentment. We cannot do it. There is nothing of contentment there for us. It is true the exhalations of the earth without contain gases—injurious if you will—in the absence of the life-giving, all-purifying, solar ray, but what have we inside ?—the warmed aroma, the noxious nastiness of fœtid humanity. There may be little to choose, but were it not wiser to breathe that which is at a

temperature so low as to be at every instant dealing death to microcisms very like those we are incubating and assisting to an unwanted existence in our carefully warmed "hot houses," heated for our increased bodily comfort and their especial conservation?

Why is the unhappy "consumptive" sent to the frigid Engadine?—that the intense cold there may battle with the demoniacal *bacillus* which his frail frame unaided is powerless to conquer. It is the *cold* that does the work, yet in a way it is the *heat*, for it is the intense oxidation by the pure ozonized air which "burns" the dreaded organism into nothing more harmful than an invisible gas hurrying out of the tainted body to feed the surrounding verdure. Yes, we always begrudged to leave those glorious, wondrous Alpine night skies and to retire into a room of any kind.

Here we were charmed to find four windows in our bedroom—no! eight, if you please, for they were double ones—the space between, on the sills, being filled with pretty dried green moss, put there as a *cheval de frise* to repel the entry of the life-giving Alpine air. We threw them all open and ourselves on the appropriately snowy bed; the icy air came gently across the chamber like a ministering angel and laid its cool, refreshing hand on our forehead. We peered into that myriad-starred firmament—far into illimitable space—to fall asleep, not upon a bed of down, not in a room, but upon a snow-white mountain crest, bathed in a halo of azure glory.

After a quiet day spent in rambling through the

valley and over the tumbling waves of one of its glaciers, however, we could not resist breaking through the "early-to-bed" rule and walking at frosty midnight up as far as the great cold dragon body of the upper glacier, for it is at that hour when—

> "Silence again the darkness seals—
> Darkness that may be felt—but soon
> The silver-clouded East reveals
> The midnight spectre of the moon:
> In half eclipse she lifts her horn,
> Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
> Brings the faint semblance of a moon
> With her awakening beam."[1]

If the giant mountains are impressive by day, what are they not by night!—glorious, resplendent, silvered moonlight night. Words, we fear, are quite useless; one must come here to appreciate the majesty of our huge near companions Eiger, Mönch, and Mettenberg, and the slightly more isolated grandeur of the hard, acute-edged Wetterhorn.

There, close beside us, as it were—

> "The *Jungfrau*, *Mönch*, and *Eiger* cleave the surge,
> Gleaming, like ghosts of worlds, that interchange,
> Oracles mightier than Dodona's wood."

Their pure white mantles, of royal ermine, trailing far down into the valley, are specked with the black tails of pitchy clefts and crevasses, such clothing but adding to the impressiveness of their royal

[1] J. Montgomery.

might and austere majesty. The wind is coming across these vast snow-fields cold as it is pure; it brings water into one's eyes which we have continuously to brush away as we gaze entranced towards the Wetterhorn's proud crest.

"On this bleak height tall firs, with ice-work crowned,
Bend, while their flaky winter shades the ground!
Hoarse, and direct, a blustering north wind blows!
On boughs, thick rustling, crack the crisped snows!
And tangled frost half fright the wilder'd eye."

So entrancing, so unfamiliar, so beauteous is the scene around us here when

"The moon
Her silver beams, the snow-mantled tops
Of yonder mountains with a silver hue
Faint tinges, one expanded sheet of light
Diffusing: while the shades, from rock to rock
Irregularly thrown, with solemn gloom
Diversify the whole,"

that, had it not been for the thought that Nature's inexorable laws of expenditure and economy would have demanded a compound-interest repayment from us on the morrow, we would fain have lingered till night had passed to view it in the hour when

"The stars die out, and the moon grows dim,
Slowly, softly, the darkness paling!
Corners o'er the eastern horizon-rim,
Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.
The full moon sinking in the west: a beam
Of moon uprising from the orient skies:
Dim valley-ways beneath, where hoar-frost lies

And flowers of Autumn crocus faintly gleam.
Through the hushed pines, beside the hurrying stream,
Must we downward fare, while bells of dawning rise
From unseen hamlets, and beyond our eyes
The solid world looms like a twilight dream
High up in heaven above the unfading snow."

We walk on for an hour and are now face to face with the broad glacier. He looks cold, rugged, and delicious in sunlight; but cold, dreary, and awe-inspiring in this weird moonlight. His thousand cracks and crevasses are not now gently graded in azure light from white lips to dark throats: their edges are sharp, dark, and defined; they stand out black against white, like a thousand doors all leading to eternity. The wind, gently hissing in the pines, moans as it rolls over these open throats like cross-blown pipes of Pan, whilst every now and again a sudden noise is heard as if the python ice-trunk were turning in its rocky bed.

"This glacier stream compact of welded snows,
A flowing solid of translucent ice,
Brims to its verge a flinty gorge; there lies
Extended in the moonshine silently,
A charmed frost-dragon in steel-gleaming scales,
Coiled close the crags between many a fold
And sinuous curve and glancing, fretful ring,
Like the strange serpent-beast the Fafnir foul
That gloats above the Niblung's ruddy gold.
A monster vast and vague, whose horrent spines,
The nodding *seracs*[1] on his bended neck,

[1] The *seracs* are the excrescences thrown up upon the surface of the Gletcher by glacial motion.

Tall-bristling as a feudal city's towers
Makes show of kindling anger; whose blue mouths,
A thousand grim crevasses, spread their jaws
Like graves in sapphire hewn for living men."[1]

Were we superstitious, we would turn our back upon this chill glacier and on such a scene of silent solemnity, and hurry down, but we are not superstitious. Nevertheless, we feel it requires no vivid imagination to people this great gray ice-expanse, so tortuous and asperse, with little, slyly-creeping hobgoblins, with gliding gnomes, with dancing fays and skipping sprites, with fair wand-waving fairies. To feel indeed that

"Here in cool grot and icy cell
The glacier fays and fairies dwell."

If they inhabit there, they are surely astir now, for night is the time of their nocturnal *al fresco* revels. On such a glorious moonlit night as this, how could they lie quiescent in their beauteous crystal ice-caves? Here is a habitation and a playground sacred to them alone—

"The cloud may sail there,
Day may flow there,
And the Eagle fly,
Haze o'ershadow
A smooth snow meadow,
And gleams of silver
Fleeting fly
From yon cloud-delver
Of gleaming eye!

[1] Starr H. Nichols.

The moon may tarry with
Her pale bow,
And moonrise marry with
Virgin snow,
Blue heavens abide,
Or solemn-eyed
Stars by night, who gaze and go:
Ah! ne'er pollute
With a mortal foot
Yon realms of *spirits aerial.*"[1]

We think we see them there, their entrancing, diaphanous, beauteous forms gliding o'er the frigid carpeting, passing and repassing the chill portals of those ice-palaces. Yonder is the abode of their queen, the vanguard of whose fairy retinue this moment issues from the dark-mouthed cave we can plainly see now, and which we shall enter to-morrow when the fairies shall have departed, leaving it illumined by their magic lamp, diffusing that glacial refulgence of inexpressible ethereal azure.

Now emerges the Queen Fairy, a beauteous radiance suffusing her sweet face, softening the calm, e'en cold, dignity of her expression; her carriage is of graceful hauteur as she glidingly advances, looking so beautiful, so resplendent in her long and flowing mantle of sheeny blue, edged with ermine fur of snow, sparkling with a rich embroidery of iridescent arabesques, for it is patterned with icy sequins studded profusely with many-facet, flashing and scintillating, nature-cut gems of purest crystal. Her lengthy train is edged with a glittering

[1] Roden Noel.

fringe of pointed icicles. Her hair is of shimmering, silvery blonde, and we see the ravishing ripples lighted up by the bright moon, and glinting as it waves. Her eyes are as blue as the glacier. The hem of her mantle is held by tiny pages, so ethereal that, though their wings are light and translucent as those of the exquisite dragon-fly, they seem scarce to use either these or their tiny feet as they noiselessly glide in air behind their royal mistress, a yard above the snow floor. She is followed by a numerous retinue of retainers, all dressed in a steely blue, again subdued beneath a flowing gossamer of hoary texture, all so *légère*, all with small but beauteous wings, all gliding forward so gradually, so noiselessly, with such little assistance from their feet that crests and recesses, huge and gaping crevasses, crossed by man by day with rope and ladder and arduous exertion, are skimmed o'er in gliding, kite-like gyration.

We wonder why she has come out in state and with such a gorgeous suite, so we watch her wind her way, slow and stately, far up between the brusque towers, the graceful minarets, the pointed and massy cupolas—pinnacles of her ice-palaces, between the crystal campaniles of her cathedrals, beneath triumphal arches of the glacier thoroughfares. Still she glides upwards, until now she is in the broad plateau between the hips of the silently-watching mountains.

Now we see why she has come: it is to witness the midnight dance, the fairy revels. That smooth expanse of virgin snow, its soft carpet glistening

with myriad diamonds, flashing in the éclat of the bright moonlight, is the glissant dancing-floor of her thousand courtier fays. Her ball-room, with its star-studded canopy, is brightly lighted, and we might compare it to a limelit stage were it not that the glorious moonlight, albeit so brilliant, is so exquisitely suffused over all the stern though beauteous surroundings that the cunning of the scenic mechanician palls before it.

> "Play of a tender light and shade,
> On hallowed ground
> Dance with the sound
> Fairy horns have faintly made;
> A cloud of snow
> Softly below
> On the blue verge of the form so white."

There, as soon as the Queen arrives—commencing with a low, studied, slow, and gracefully-recovered courtesy—her fairy host, cavalier fays pairing with courtly *elfen*, merge into an andante movement, producing an entrancing, harmonic, and synchronous whole. Now they converge to form a lovely centre-figure of exquisite pattern; now, with a grace of movement as wondrous in its manœuvre as in its silence, they disperse, only to spread over the icy plateau a vast embroidery of chaste design, formed of their own azure selves worked out upon the snowy flooring.

As the dances proceeded, beauteous clouds hovered and gyrated, with constant mutation of form, just above the dancers; and as each figure was set,

each arabesque transiently depicted, the clouds descended momentarily upon the actors. These clouds were of exquisite beauty and of ever-changing hue, usually of a gloriously delicate bluish-green, whilst, as their soft and fleecy folds seethed and tumbled amongst themselves, they changed in depth of colouring, often at their fringes approaching to pure whiteness, incessantly glinting with surpassing brilliancy as they rolled and billowed in the bright moonbeams.

It was not for some time that we realized these clouds were animated; they were, indeed, myriad flocks of Lilliputian flying sprites; the glorious scintillations were but the reflections from their brightly-burnished, lace-like wings. But why, ever and anon, did they descend upon the momentarily quiescent fairy dancers? It was to impart kisses upon those snowy brows—to the chagrin of the suitors, doubtless; sprites were ever mischief-minded—and then again to soar above in grateful, graceful ecstasy.

But see, a change is taking place! All this has been performed within a vast *ceinture* of happy, rotund, smiling gnomes, a great orchestral cordon, all playing upon instruments quaintly fashioned and of weird melody—transparent cymbals, silver-like lutes, icy horns, and trumpets. We see no conductor, and none is needed. All are led by some occult synchronizing spell. But now *accellerando* is the motif. The *légère* feet, the gossamer wings accelerate, fleet motions become fleeter, gyrations become whirls, clouds of powder-snow arise—and

lo! the dancers' feet forsake the earth, the whole courtly train circumgyrate, always ascending, until in their myriads they form a single beauteous, flocculent cone, rising higher and yet higher till it emulates the noble *Eiger*. But see! the apex circumfuses, its azure fringe surges back as a pure white, cloud-like annulus. See yet again! something steely azure, with exquisite grace of ascent, appears above the snowy crater. Behold! it is the Fairy Queen! Quite unattended she rises—in silent, solemn, beauteous majesty. What a lovely vision! How long will it last? She soars yet upward above the mountain's shadow, till now, for an instant, she is illumined with a ruddy glow o'erpowering to view. The sun has kissed her!—there, far up above the sleeping earth! and we know that his golden corona has shown above the mountain-tossed horizon. Alas! it is the fatal signal; for, as the pricking of a glorious bubble, the vision has vanished into space—into imponderable, ethereal, incomprehensible space.

But ugh! how bitterly cold it is, and we have been dozing. We hasten to scan the vast, soft dancing-floor, but never a footprint have they left upon that virgin breast to be seen by the eye of mortal. Yet list, the Queen Fairy speaks by the imaginative lips of the lordly bard:

"Where the moon riseth broad and round and bright,
Here on snows, where never human foot
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread
And *leave no traces* o'er the savage sea,

The glassy ocean of the mountain ice;
We skim its ragged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's image.
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—
Is sacred to *our* revels and *our* vigils."

With these vague fancies still flitting through our mind, we returned and retired, but only to be up again by candlelight, and on the road whilst the Queen of Night still brightly shone. Towards eight o'clock the valley was still in sombre shade; but, as if to tell us that in less mountainous parts the earth was already awake, illumined and warmed by the welcome beams, there appeared, poised like a gigantic golden eagle, above the *Schreckhorn* a downy cloud, lighted up with a most brilliant golden glory, so great that we must needs shade the eyes to view it. Apart from this there was no cloud to be seen, and we therefore knew that the sun would not fail us to-day in sending his beam into the valley for the all too short period he could spare us in his present solstice. We knew also that we should meet no manner of man, and could therefore obtain nothing for our own inner one for at least eight solid hours. We therefore carried, in addition to our alpenstock and glacier socks, something solid in the way of a large *entrecôte*—snugly ensconced *entrecôtes* of wholesome white bread. For liquid refreshment the pure, cool waters of a limpid mountain stream, if they were not *all* frozen, should serve us

well enough, whilst if they were, we had abundance of aerated water in the virgin snow, lying to hand for miles and miles, unsullied by the foot of man or beast. Our only companion was our alpenstock.

"My Alp stick!
I think thou art King Edward's staff to-day,
For I feel more than king and half confessor.
The bare hill-top
Shines near above us; I feel like a child
Nursed on his grandsire's knee who longs to stroke
The bald bright forehead. Let us climb."[1]

In a few minutes we are at the little church, standing on a little knoll commanding the lovely valley, and close beside the quaint timber schoolhouse, appropriately frescoed with moral mottoes. Here the pedestrian over the Scheidegg keeps to the bridle-path going on, whilst those to the glacier take the footpath going to the right. This we intend to do, but so absolutely tranquil and so lovely is the valley here, that we first take the well-placed seat at the bottom of the churchyard. Above us the full moon is still quite bright, though the sun, unseen, is illumining everything above us.

"The light spreads fast,
The sky is growing radiant. Now draws nigh
The hour supreme of all the earth, that brings
Once every day the marriage of the Sun
With Wetterhorn. The Earth lies still,
And waits in a deep and frosty calm."

Nearly before us protrudes the tip of the lower

[1] S. Dobell.

glacier, looking as dirty as if a few hundred dust-carts had been emptied of their heterogeneous contents over its margin. The valley is brown and sombre. To our right and downwards it is so, but to our left and upwards it is relieved by the dark verdure of the pine climbing up the mountain's side, whilst above them, like a brilliant corona, the jagged rocks of the mountains of the *Faulhorn* chain are lighted with a gold approaching vivid red. The view from here is truly Swiss, made up as it is of bold mountain chains receding in a noble procession southwards, majestic summits before us, vast glaciers right and left of us, towering peaks behind us, miles of snow, miles of verdure, vast expanse of Alpine pines, bold clusters of Alpenrose, all above and around gem-besprinkled sky.

This for the inanimate; as for the animate, that, too, is essentially Swiss. Sad-looking cows carried their sleepy heads and tinkling bells along the narrow footpath by us; goats nibbled the grass in the churchyard as they walked through, whilst their kids, ever and anon taking extraordinary and fantastic skips high into the air, apparently without cause, but as if they had been suddenly electrified, spasmodically followed. Little unseen Alpine boys running through the woods to school *jodled* to others equally unseen on the other side of the valley, and were answered by their echoes as well as their companions. Poor old women—who surely had not stopped to wash—came by with very heavy faggots of wood on their backs; buxom lasses passed, deftly

balancing cleanly scoured wooden milk buckets on their heads; whilst men, with blue and white blouses on their bodies, astrachan and rabbit caps on their heads, and hoar-frost on their beards, chopped wood for winter warmth, or fashioned "runners" wherewith to replace the wheels of their crude light waggons. The houses, too, are Swiss, but not so much so as they were some years ago, when no less than a hundred and forty—practically the whole village—were destroyed by fire.

Could anything be more Swiss than the little white, sharp-spired church, or the broad-gabled unpainted timber school-house? It is a Swiss panorama, both lay and moving; a Swiss spot, at once mountainous, picturesque, and pretty—in summer overrun by crowds of tourists, who in the morning come laughing down the staircase of the great Bear Hotel, with alpenstocks thumping on the ground, ice-axes or mineralogical hammers in their hands, and less Alpine, but none the less requisite, lunches tied to their waistbands, making much hubbub, much noise, but little progress—sallying forth to walk, to climb, to explore, or merely to ramble in this beautiful spot and in the heat of the summer sun. But give *us* for health the crisp frost, for relaxation the mountain solitude, and for recuperation the attendant vigorous exercise.

"Within the Switzer's varied land,
When summer chases high the snow,
You'll meet with many a youthful band
Of *strangers* wandering to and fro:

Through hamlet, town and healing bath,
They haste and rest, as chance may call,
No day without its mountain path,
No path without its waterfall.

"They make the hours themselves repay,
However well or ill be shared,
Content that they should wing their way,
Unchecked, unreckoned, uncompared;
For though the hills unshapely rise,
And lie the colours poorly bright,
They mould them by their cheerful eyes,
And paint them with their spirits' light."[1]

In winter the colouring is far more subdued than in summer, save and except for the vivid red berries of the leafless mountain ashes. Beginning with pure white at the summits, it merges by a lacy fringe of snowy veins into the cold gray of the rock, into the dull green of the moss, into the black-green of the pines, below these, again, into gold, old gold, golden bronze, to the sombre bronze of the autumnal grass, and more sombre still to the browns, umbers, and even blacks of the great boulders with which the valley bottom is bestrewn. Sprinkled about the valley, too, and often looking but little larger than these, are the Swiss châlets, pretty rustic little toy things, very like their tiny toy Nuremberger counterparts, out of which the poor old gentleman in white wig, jerkin and gaiters, or the prim old lady with white locks, apron and mittens, comes at the behest of a little bit of catgut pulled by Pluvius according to his

[1] R. M. Milnes.

fancy and temper for the day. In summer time the valley is far more animated, the mountain sides are dotted with white and black sheep; high up on the mountains we should see the little black and white bodies of the sometimes slowly, sometimes fleetly, moving herds of goats; in the bottom a constant tintinnabulation would direct our eyes to the sleek sides of cattle contentedly browsing, varied of colour, black, white, and piebald. It is not so much the actual brightness of the colouring which is pleasing to the appreciative eye, it is the variety, and gradation, and blending of the colours. The nakedness and paucity of colouring of the mountain-tops, when we are among them, enables us to form an imperfect mental picture of what the face of Nature would be were no colour existent.

"Consider," says Ruskin, "what we owe to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, countless and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thought of all that we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck on the dark mould or scorching dust, pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns all

dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices." Whilst Lubbock reminds us that in summer Swiss meadows are sweet and lovely "with wild Geraniums, Harebells, Bluebells, Pink Restharrow, Yellow Lady's Bedstraw, Chervil, Eyebright, Red and White Silenes, Gentians, and many other flowers which have no familiar English names—all adding not only to the beauty and sweetness of the meadows, but forming a valuable part of the crop itself."[1]

But to-day all is in the iron grip of frost. We have to plod up some 3,000 feet above here, cross the Scheidegg's rocky shoulder and descend as far, and farther, before we shall again meet with undulating grassy banks which in summer are enamelled and embroidered as here described. Time, however, is flying whilst we are sitting here, and how it *does* fly when one is contemplating such scenes! The solitary hand of the steeple clock—for surely it must be solitary—hard at work there trying to point out both the hours and the minutes at the same time, succeeding in the former of the dual office, but making a very clumsy business of the latter. She has no companion to assist her; no bigger chap who takes longer strides and overtakes her every hour, shields the sun from her at mid-day as he seems to pause and listen whilst his master bangs out the longest

[1] It is considered that the Gruyère cheese owes its peculiar flavour to the Alpine *alchemilla*, which is now on that account often purposely sown elsewhere.

hour computed by strokes, is up with her again by lunch time—the shortest hour, by workmen's computation—exchanges a few words at afternoon tea, sidles up to her in the darkness at midnight and has quite a long conversation, unheard by the governor, who is busy sending his nocturnal message in mellow tones welling over the silent valley, and is as far away as possible from his companion in the morning, feet to feet, in fact, and showing an upright, downright, cross-face workaday attitude to the labourers as they glance up at 6 a.m. When the same bell in summer again hammers out the refrain, One—"'Tis time for"—two—"the mower"—three—"to whet"—four—"his scythe"—five—"at six o'clock"—six—"in the mo-o-r-rn-ing." A useless message surely, for the industrious Switzer would have been at it two solid hours before, and much we should like to be with him too, in verdant, fragrant summer.

But now, alas! we have *sat* here two solid hours and the hand, the lonesome hand, is approaching the X, when we notice darting across the valley not far down to our right hand the wondrous hand of another and incomprehensibly wondrous clock—a clock that never wants winding, whose hand, like the one on the church, is also gilded. It is indeed of fine gold, and so strong that with its point it pushes forward or holds back the *whole world;* everybody must work to *its* time. Though so immeasurably strong, yet it weighs not the millionth of an ounce. A golden ray of sunshine!

How glad the grass appears to see it! It lifts up

its million fingers, and offers in return a million glistening, sparkling diamonds. The face of the valley wakes up in golden pleasure, patch by patch, for the willing golden pointer can scarce squeeze itself between the narrow clefts in the mountain chain. "As time rolls slowly on," is a poetic phrase, but is it true? Look down there at Time's pointing index finger coming up the valley; it seems to make leaps and bounds, nothing can hold it back. But a moment ago that meadow was bright and happy, now it is this. Not one minute ago that old châlet near by was dark and dreary, now it is bright and gay, whilst the lea is now morose. Boundary line after boundary line it steps over, it vaults the fences, jumps the brooks, peers down through the clear ice-crust of the pool, and momentarily glints the snow wreaths tucked up under the hedges trying to escape it. Here it comes quite close up to us, now it is on the clean white-washed church, and in such abundance too that it rebounds and lights up the leaves of our note-book to uncomfortable whiteness—that's how we knew it was there, although our back was towards the church. Now this glorious, cheering messenger from over the ethereal ocean of two-and-ninety millions of miles strikes us full in the eyes, sending a warm glow right through us, like a Promethean arrow, instead of a Cupid's, and yet something of the latter too. We would like to examine the shaft if it would only let us open our eyes; perhaps we might write something about it. But where is it? why this darkness? The mountain shadow is again

upon us, the hand of warmth, of life, has passed; we feel quite sad.

We must be up and follow. As we do so we pass close beneath the schoolroom windows of the wooden *Schulehaus*. The sun is there before us, though, lighting the room, if not lightening the task of the youngsters. They themselves are in gloom because they are there forced to imbibe that which is the veritable "milk of human kindness," yet their little minds know it not. "Learning," said Fuller, "is the greatest alms that can be given," whilst we know that *Pouvoir, sans savoir est fort dangereux*. Oh that we *could* put old heads on young shoulders! At this moment it seems they are tolerably happy, especially the girls, who are invisible because upstairs, for all are singing. The boys, too, are jumpily singing "responses." Yet how quickly does the little black cloud of trouble appear in the clear sky of happiness, as quickly in the schoolroom, indeed, as in the school of life. Quietly we went up the few steps and peeped into the Alpine "Do-the-boys Hall." Perched up at the back of a small pulpit-like desk was a big, fair old fellow with a broad-browed bald pate. The monotonous hum of his gentle diction stopped suddenly, there was a flash in his eye, and a twig in his hand; we saw him lean forward, we heard a swish, and then a rippling titter. We could not see what had happened, yet we knew what the dominie wanted had *not*. The hit was a miss—Irish, but true. Happy youngster!—no, *un*happy youngster. He, bald pate, is coming down from the pulpit; now

we can see neither him nor little-him, but we hear long and heavy strides—*whack! whack! whack!* Long and heavy strides, there's his shiny pate again, the pulpit knows him once more, and a part now knows discomfort other than that of the cold morning.

So with alternations of feelings, joy and sorrow, grins and grimaces, pleasant quippings discharged at one end, unpleasant whippings received at the other end, failure and success, the seminarial routine goes on, and not so *very* different from the mundane routine of post-school days. Now again they are singing and happy; but still it is a different kind of happiness, a different kind of singing from what we should hear, were we to wait till they all came rushing out of school, as if from a long period of incarceration in durance vile. Out they will come like a pent-up flood broke loose—like a veritable avalanche, singing, shouting, shrieking; lungs, eyes, arms, all in vivacious developing movement. Their lungs shout out the derisive nicknames of their companions; their eyes, with electric rapidity, spy them out, and their busy arms belabour less busy cropped round bullet-heads with green baize school-bags and bullet-like books within them. The sunshine has long passed beyond the schoolhouse, but there remains lots of it still bottled up in their merry little hearts. Down the timber staircase they come, with the impetuosity of buoyant childhood, like a cascade of tiny human units, chips off the maternal mountains, borne down on a soft bed of snow-like innocence.

So must they all rush down on Time's swift avalanche to the cold undeviable stream of life. How many of them will breast it, stem it, make headway against it, and come out of it at its head—the summit of respect and success? How many will drift down it to strand, before they have gone too far, on an islet which will save them—on soil which will maintain them amid the vast population of mediocrities? How many of them, alas! will mistake life's stream for a stream of pleasure, and will drift unconcernedly swiftly down, until, when too late, they find themselves in the great, the pathless ocean of degradation and despair!

Here in the midst of these youngsters we are tempted to speak of the thoughtful and munificent provision made by the Swiss for the education of them; we are tempted to compare it with our own and that of other countries,[1] but if we allow our thoughts to turn to such subjects—if we allow them to fly hundreds of miles away from here, as they are so apt to do, like faithful "homing pigeons"—we are guilty of disrespect to our noble companions watching at our side. Look across the valley to them, the *Eiger*, the *Mönch*, and the *Wetterhorn*, as they stand so silent, so majestic. We feel we ought to say to them:

"I will elect no other types but you,
Dread comrades, to denote the love of friends—
Faithful, unfaltering, as yon arch of blue,
That o'er our everlasting forehead bends.

[1] See "Across the Great St. Bernard."

You take with smile unstirred the kiss of morn
And the fierce tyranny of storm that rends
Gnarled pines upon your splintered base forlorn.
How awful o'er gray cloud-wreaths big with lightning
Towers yon marmoreal splendour-cinctured horn,
Whereon the sun we *see not here* is brightening
A world of things not ours! How dread as death
The brother peak sundered by lists, but whitening
In the same radiance, and with equal breath
Breathing defiance to transient storm!"[1]

We seem now to be at the very foot of the last-named mountain, for we are close to the little *Hotel Wetterhorn* (4,040 feet) and beside a large stone, a most appropriate monument to one who in the pursuit of science lost his life in 1880 on the *Lanteraar Glacier* near by—Dr. Haller. What could be more appropriate than an inscribed but unhewn rock perpetuating his name? A large rock, yet how infinitely small compared to the great mass of rocky mountain, as his influence was intrinsically large, yet how infinitely small comparatively with the great mass of humanity, a mere splinter naturally disintegrated, as his body—a mere splinter—will become naturally disintegrated; and yet perhaps not this for long years, for the Doctor may yet again be seen *in suo corpore*. Those who thus lose their "lives," whatever that unknown phase may be, lose but a something never seen by human eyes, but they preserve in its integrity all that human eyes have beheld. They are encased in a glorious sarcophagus

[1] "From the Eiger to the Mönch" (John Addington Symonds).

of virgin pure crystal; they are preserved by the consummate skill of the frigid-handed embalmer, to appear again, decades later—aye! perchance many decades—with a body undefiled and a mind now purified—since it is incapable of evil.

A singular funeral took place recently at *Gœschenen*, the "remains" consisting of part of a leg, a boot, some pieces of clothing, and a franc and a half in Swiss money. It seems that about eighteen years ago the burgomaster of that commune and two inhabitants of Berne were killed in mountaineering. The body of the burgomaster was precipitated into a crevasse, and in recovering it one leg was torn away; this disappeared, and rolled down another crevasse. After eighteen years the glacier has given back the limb, and it was duly accorded burial.

From here it does not take long to plunge down into the valley, cross its débris-strewn bottom, and arrive at the face of the glacier. We say "face" for want of a better word, though one at first sight might be apt to call its highest part its head; in that case the portion we are just under could not be its face, for *par suite* it must represent its tail. This would be obviously wrong, for the great snake-like mass is incessantly—though it may be slowly—creeping, creeping down between the mountain shoulders, and we are not justified in attributing to such a noble mass—half alive, as it were—a retrograde motion. Therefore, perhaps the word "face" is the more applicable. Those who may have visited and carefully examined the *mer de glace* at

Chamounix cannot, we think, fail to at once note two peculiarities in this beautiful glacier. First, it is so clear and so free from the "London blacks," being very white, with but little of the "copperas tint"; secondly, that whereas the Mont Blanc glacier is one mass of waves, more irregular than a turbulent sea, fissured with comparatively few crevasses, and these arranged apparently with intabulatable irregularity, this one is simply laminated with bold crevasses, arranged, wave behind wave, with approximate regularity. Hence this, coupled with the advantageous position we are enabled to take up opposite and high above it, materially facilitates a cursory study of glacial movement, as deduced by its effects. In the first place, we notice that the crevasses are arranged more or less nearly longitudinally. This appears strange after a survey of those at Chamounix. A little observation, however, easily accounts for this. The glacier is very sinuous, and turns sharply to the left, where it disappears from our view on its way to its high-placed tail. On this—main portion of the glacier—the crevasses are formed normally. The sudden bend in its body causes it to exert an enormous pressure on the peninsula of rock projecting from the base of the one mountain; the immense weight of the superincumbent ice causing the glacier at this point to be heaped upon its right side, and to overflow, as it were, descending cascade fashion over the hard nose of rock essaying to retain it. So great is the pressure that we see the hard rock being crushed

into powder, and with this the elsewhere white face of the glacier becomes sullied. We also notice that in addition to pulverizing the rock, the sparingly compressible sharp ice tears off large and weighty fragments; these it bears down upon its right margin, thereby building up the stony moraine which forms so conspicuous an object to the right of its face. The squeezing the body of the glacier gets at the shoulder, just mentioned, added to the pressure from behind, not only causes it to be heaped up as we see it so plainly on its right side, but, in a body so slightly plastic as ice, this cannot be accomplished without fracture, by which numerous vertical cracks are formed. These at first are not noticeable, unless one is actually walking upon the surface of the ice; many, indeed, after permitting the relief of the internal strain, and the rising of one portion of the surface above another, may not only close but actually become solid again by regelation,[1] and thus may the surface of the ice assume its very uneven and brusque wave-like form, but without gaping crevasses. It is of the latter, however, that we are at present speaking. Now, assuming these cracks to exist at this congested point, at this throttling or "wire-drawing" point, as an engineer would call it, what is to happen to them when they descend to the wider and less constricted portion, where they "get into the open," so to speak? Everyone can answer the question! They themselves will open. Try an experiment next time you are carving a tongue.

[1] See Appendix, "Across the Great St. Bernard," by Author.

With a sharp carver cut down deep into the tongue a number of times, thus dividing its substance into a number of vertical strata exactly as obtains in the glacier. But these strata are in compression—they are at the narrow neck of the glacier—for the simple reason that the whole weight of the tongue rests only on its root and on its tip, so that they are tightly pressed together. If you have done your work well, you will have the shining top of your fleshly glacier as smooth as before you commenced, lined only by the vertical "fractures." Now relieve the pressure, bring your ice out into the open, and this by simply placing your carver beneath the arch of the tongue and lifting it. What happens? Your crevasses are at once formed; some are gaping wide, some moderately, whilst some do not gape at all. Relieve the compression in another place—raise it at the root—more will close, but yet their corresponding two edges will be found to stand at different heights. Thus can be crudely shown the mode of development of the roughness or unevenness of glacial surface, and the formation of glacial crevasses.

If we stop to consider how long it takes a glacier to carry down these moraine-stones and look at their vast numbers, one can but feel that one's own life is but an atomic granule falling in the hour-glass of time. The great ice-snake's motion is too slow for us to observe it at all, yet, proverb-like, it is as sure as that change represented by the stones and crosses with which the little churchyard we have just left bristles.

Does anybody stop to reflect upon the steady flow of humanity itself?—"hatches, matches, and despatches" are going on with the regularity of the motion of that glacier opposite, but with a speed more comparable with the mountain torrent. Not a single second ticks out of the clock but the grave has closed over somebody, not a single tick slips into the past but it heralds the advent of a little human morsel, 1 a second, 60 a minute, 3,600 an hour, 86,400 a day, 2,628,000 a month, 31,536,000 a year. Such figures are incomprehensible, but not more so than many of the apparently simple but entrancing physical changes around us.

We glance up at the glacier again to verify our notes, and see these cracks as they emerge from their point of greatest pressure, opening into gaping crevasses, arranged with great regularity, so deep, so long, and so close together, that the thin interposed slabs of solid ice form so many parallel laminæ arranged approximately longitudinally. It is interesting to note in verification of the above that the weight of the glacier being taken, on account of the bend, by the base of the mountain on the right hand, scarcely any pressure is exerted on the foot of the mountain to the left hand; for here, indeed, we notice that large spaces exist between rock and ice. Another peculiarity is the isolated piece of rock, like an islet, in the glacier, this huge rock acting the part of a "dowell-pin" stemming the glacial tide, and—Atlas-like—supporting the immense weight of it upon its shoulders. The intervention of this immovable

rock causes the ice to be broken up into fragments with rounded edges, fitting iceballs for a glacial Titan to cast at the evil genii of the mountain caverns.

We see the cavern where last night in fancy the ice queen came out in state, but to get to it we have to cross a stony track. This is really the remains of an older moraine, for the slow ice movements are snake-like also because sometimes the cold body is thrust out to an unusual extent, sometimes drawn back abnormally. Observations have been made of this one's movements for a great number of years, and *apparently* they conform to no law, yet if the idiosyncrasies of the corresponding years—such as the amount of snowfall, rainfall, sunshine, air-temperature at the face of the glacier, etc.—could be carefully weighed in the balance against them, it would doubtless be found that the abnormal movements were not only not erratic, but deducible from the meteorological details.

Observations made by the inhabitants of the valley, and recorded in the so-called "House Chronicle," date back as far as the sixteenth century, and speak of several periods of *advance*, in the years 1600, 1630, 1640, 1680, 1715, 1740, 1770, regularly followed by periods of *retrogression*. In 1790 the inhabitants of *Grindelwald* sought permission from their rulers "to drive back the glacier" (by exorcism?), it having increased to an unusual extent. We read that "In 1768 both glaciers had increased considerably, and that in

1777 they were quite low down in the valley." Owing to their unusual height, it was feared that they would spread still further and destroy additional pastures.

The severe winters of 1768, 1769, and 1770, the true cause of this phenomenal growth, had probably escaped the memories of the inhabitants; but they seem still to have borne in mind the glacier exorcisms of the beginning of the century and their assumed beneficial effects, so a messenger was despatched to *Sarnen* to enlist the services of an old monk who had acquired fame as an exorcist, but he would only consent to come on their informing him whether the danger "had so greatly increased through the providence of God or through the power of the Devil." Unfortunately, no reliable information could be given him upon this head, and so no further steps could be taken.

The pedestrian has but to glance about his feet, and to observe the carefully rounded edges of the stones and the way they are piled, to see that he is on a moraine here, and on a river-bed there. Indeed, at one time this *glacier*, and the *glacier* now lower down (*glacier inferior*), formed but one immense block of ice, extruding far down into the valley, the *inferior* and other glaciers forming tributaries to the great valley trunk, which extended down to Interlaken, filling the larger valley—the *Hasli Thal*—between the lakes of *Bienz* and *Thun*. Where its million-ton body then lay is to-day a

tree-clad, picturesque valley, in which at least *some* agricultural work is carried on.

When close up to the "face" we see the narrow little overture to the ice grotto, and as we walk into it—for it is very easy to enter, both for ladies and men, which cannot be said of the Grotto of the *Glacier des Boissons* in the *Chamounix* valley, the entry and exit of which is not without inconvenience to ladies, and some degree of danger—we stop to observe the very interesting way in which the laminæ of which we have spoken successively become *non est.* There we see them, tier behind tier, carrying on their thin edges the dust, detritus, and small stones torn from the mountain side far up, and we note that they are gradually heeling over. In so doing some of the stones are gently "tipped" off, whilst in some cases a lamina will fall with a crash like thunder; but usually their demise is gentle and quiet, as is also the deposition of the stones on Mother Earth, for the warm valley air, aided by direct sunshine, is always gradually liquefying them; they are always heeling over gradually and gracefully, and consequently there is an almost continuous gentle cascade of small stones, but many of the larger occupy their icy beds until these latter sink down by dissolution, and noisily return their ice-borne freights "earth to earth" at far less altitude.

The beautiful azure brilliancy of an ice grotto cannot possibly be depicted in words, and certainly not painted. It is exceptionally beautiful at *Grindelwald,* because of the gentle angle at which the

surface of the glacier rises, and also on account of the proximity of the cave to the side edge of the glacier.[1] At first, therefore, it is quite light, and that light is white; then it loses the benefit of the direct light of day, and is illumined entirely by transmitted light. This, coming through a moderate thickness of ice, is but slightly blue, but as we get in it increases in depth of tint to an inexplicable loveliness. From bright sky blue it merges to dark blue, from dark blue to ultramarine, from ultramarine to Prussian blue, from Prussian blue to indigo. Here and there it appears to be beset with stars—stars of various magnitudes, of various degrees of brilliancy, planets of no mass whatever; for are not they formed of globules of imprisoned air of various sizes? Here it is beautifully mottled by strata of Charles' Wain, formed by nebulæ and closely packed constellations of the bright nodules. Here are beautiful examples of the vertical cracks of which we have spoken. One was very interesting, for it was plainly visible, crossing the floor and crossing the ceiling, whilst the side-cracks marking the plane of fracture ran nearly vertically up both of the walls of the passage. This curves round and we meet the same fracture recrossing the reticulated passage. At the end we are in the choir of a miniature cathedral, with its icy altar and blue vaulted ceiling supported upon a crystal column.

[1] On account of the constant thawing the grottos have frequently to be re-excavated or extended, therefore a description true for one year may not hold good for another.

It is a weird effect, the solemnity of the silence adding to it. What if the passage suddenly collapsed, if the sides approached to mint upon their surfaces an intaglio of us—one the obverse, one the reverse—a solitary being note-book in hand, to be un-iced by a future generation with brain-rackings of the queer hieroglyphic abbreviations contained therein!

After this pleasant détour we retrace our steps to the Hotel Wetterhorn (4,040 feet), Close to it we notice a midget *camera obscura*, and wonder what it can be wanted for, with the beautiful objects therein phantasmagorically reflected already before us, without any obscure chamber and beneath a ravishing sky. We mount up to the head of the valley over turf simply besprinkled with boulders, some of them being of great weight. We come abreast of the noble *Wetterhorn*—so named from the fact that a belt of clouds almost continually hovers around its summit, from certain peculiarities of which the good people of the *Grindelwald*, it is said, are able to forecast their weather with remarkable accuracy—hence its name the *Weatherhorn*, or peak.

> "Lo! now the loftier heights all hoary
> Gleam with white wings of angel presence,
> So fledged with *plumes* we scarce can know
> Sheeny *cloud* from downy snow."

As we rise up we can appreciate to some extent the enormous mass and weight of snow and ice borne by these mountains, for we can see that it is many yards in thickness. We see also the great height to

which the glacier extends. We see, moreover, how very sharp and saw-like the grand summit of the *Eiger* is, and we see also that instead of the noble range of mountains—which passes away from us like a succession of giant castles—being a thin chain, it really constitutes the boundary of a table-land—a table-land of snow, out of which we see rising majestically the sky-piercing *aguille* of the *Great Schreckhorn.*

We are now at the *Obere Lauchbuhl-Hutte* (5,900 feet). Here in summer one is generally greeted with welcoming blasts upon the Alpenhorn, but to-day we can have the mountains, from which it re-echoes so pleasantly, all to ourselves. Another half-hour up a steep ascent brings us in view of the hotel of the *Great Scheidegg*, looking dreary with firmly closed green shutters. Oh! how the bitterly cold wind blew and whistled along its curiously wood-scaled sides; it seemed to penetrate like a thousand needle-points through the thousand meshes of the closely woven "tweed" across one's breast! So fiercely did it come, so great was its pressure, that it seemed quite necessary to turn one's back to breathe.

"Fast o'er the mountains
The rushing winds go,
From the ice-cumber'd gorges,
The vast seas of snow!"

Taking a last look down the valley we are leaving, we are glad to get to "leeward" of the little timber hotel. This is exactly the kind of spot where "weather" is to be found. The wind came over this

shoulder with a pressure it was difficult to hold one's self against. It came, too, in gusts, and always with an unsteady pressure, so that it was difficult to believe but that a roaring sea were near at hand; its moanings and rushings were precisely those of waves; its hissing was exactly that of foam. Its strength and bitter keenness prevented our lingering to listen to its thought-inspiring cadences; our fingers became too numbed to take down notes; whilst its great strength caused us to push onwards over the *Scheidegg's* shoulder to the now unfolding valley.

"The wind rushes past us!
Ah! with that let us go
To the clear, waning hill-side,
O'erspread by soft snow,
There to watch o'er the *sunk vale*,
The high mountain-wall,
Where the niched snow-bed sprays down
Its powdery fall."[1]

Tyndall, speaking of the scene from the summit of the *Scheidegg*, beside which we now stand, said: "The upper air exhibited a commotion which we did not experience: clouds were wildly driven against the flanks of the *Eiger*, the *Jungfrau* thundered behind, while in front of us a magnificent rainbow, fixing one of its arms in the valley of *Grindelwald*, and throwing the other right over the crown of the *Wetterhorn*, clasped the mountain in its embrace. Through jagged apertures in the clouds floods of golden light were poured down the sides of the

[1] Matthew Arnold.

mountain. On the slopes were innumerable châlets, glistening in the sunbeams, herds browsing peacefully and shaking their mellow bells ; while the blackness of the pine-trees, crowded into wood, or scattered in pleasant clusters over alp and valley, contrasted forcibly with the lively green of the fields." To-day nothing in the nature of verdure was to be seen, save the dusky close clusters of Alpen-rose foliage thrusting themselves up through the snow.

Standing at the top of the pass, with the valleys sloping away from our feet in both directions, it is difficult to say which is the more beautiful. That of *Rosenlui*, perhaps, is a little the less grand, for the two stately sentinels, the *Mönch* and the *Eiger*, are absent, and the giant *Wetterhorn* no longer rears its proud summit, which now appears quite pyramidal,[1] to a giddy height above us. But we have its companion on our right, its head snow-capped, its shoulders arabesqued with delicate lines of snow, forming a lacework with the naked schist. In its lap it nurses a glacier of very unusual colour. To use a very contrary simile, it looks exactly like an enormous volume of "slag" just run out from a blast furnace, rough and irregular as the surface of slag, scored and veined with greenish streaks, and apparently arrested in its flow as suddenly as a cooling stream of greenish-white scum. The summits of the chain before us are brusque and *denté*, but, taken as a whole, probably due to its pine-covered base and

[1] At this point our photograph was taken.

northern slopes, the valley of Rosenlui is of a calmer type of grandeur than that of the Grindelwald.

"In the wild scene of Nature's true sublime
What prospects rise! Rock after rocks appear,
Mix with th' incumbent clouds, and laugh to scorn
All the proud boasts of art. In purest snow
Some mantled, others their enormous backs
Heave high with forests crown'd; nor midst the view
Are wanting those who their proud heads
Uprear, barren and bleak, as in contempt
Of vegetative laws."[1]

The *Luberhorn*, fitting *vis-à-vis* to the rugged Wetterhorn, raises her rounded head to our left, but in such gentle curves and such moderate steps that it is difficult to realize that it rises to so great an altitude (8,210 feet). How we should have liked to have climbed to its dome!

"Lo! where yon summits court our steps, how wild
The rocky path! Now their rude points reflect
The darting sunbeam, and anon are lost
In clouds and passing vapour! Their ascent
Must not affright: Nature like some coy fair
Spreads not her charms at once, but hides them half
From timid gazers."[2]

Time, however, will not permit of our essaying it; we must hope to find ourselves again on this beautiful pass and to ascend it then; meanwhile we can ascend it in imagination and in spirit.

[1] George Keats. [2] *Ibid.*

"Thou, O Muse, our heavenly mate,
Unclogged art thou by fleshly weight!
Ascend upbearing our desire
Among the mountains high and higher!
Leap from the glen upon the forest:
Leap from the forest on the snow,
And while from snow to cloud thou soarest,
Send back thy song below!"[1]

Leaving the dividing ridge, we descend rapidly over what in summer would be soft turf, and through clusters of Alpen-rose bushes, bunched about like furze on English downs. To-day, however, although the dark evergreen bushes are there, they do not cluster on soft turf, for the ground is frozen hard and so slippery that we indulge in one or two undesired tobogganings.

All the morning we had heard reports, and often rollings and grumblings following them, which we could only attribute to artillery practice, yet we felt it could not be. About Bex in the Rhone Valley we had heard artillery, and were surprised at the exceeding good representation of thunder it produced by reverberation from the long mountain ranges, and here we had a veritable reproduction of it; yet we were to learn that it was nothing more nor less than Nature's own artillery, but not of the usual electro-aerial nature, being entirely terrestrial—nothing, in fact, but the concussion of Nature's massy projectiles impinging with irresistible force against rigid targets formed of the rocky mountain sides. We might

[1] Aubrey de Vere.

have passed and repassed over the Great Scheidegg, and yet remained in blissful ignorance of this, had not we been surprised by seeing an enormous block of ice enjoying, upon its own account, a very rapid piece of tobogganing. This was effected quite noiselessly—we might have been a mile or more from it—but its rapid flight was brought to a sudden halt, and itself to a thousand pieces, by flying over an icy ravine, and being split and splintered against the front of the opposite mountain. Then, at quite an interval afterwards—for light travels at a so much greater velocity than sound—came the artillery of it, and then, again, the rolling thunder of it.[1] Now we knew how, and by what, this mysterious mountain thunder was produced.

"All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss;
Invisible, the ear alone
Follows the uproar till it dies;
Echo on echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies."[2]

Time after time this was repeated, now loud and close, now dim and distant, but we never again happened to see the projectile speeding its rapid, glacial trajectory. We saw, however, a sight here at which we esteemed ourselves particularly fortunate, and the like of which we had never seen before, nor have we seen since. It was, indeed,

[1] See Appendix "Across the Great St. Bernard."
[2] J. Montgomery.

the most awful in its grandeur of any natural phenomenon we have ever witnessed—one, too, which might have been enacted quite without our knowledge, until we had been apprized of its having taken place by the sound to which it had given rise. We were looking up at the Wetterhorn and admiring the beautiful green of its immensely deep ice, when we were fortunate enough to see a *vast* mass of solid ice—apparently very slowly—detach itself from the steep shoulder of the great mountain not far from its brusque summit. Then it began to travel down, at first very slowly, heaping and pushing before it a vast vanguard of snow and ice boulders. The speed increased, the immense mass increased, until acres and acres were in motion and had reached the edge of the shoulder, then it fell in a great imposing continuous cascade, but so great was the height that it appeared to be a surprising length of time before the front edge reached the glacier below. The surface of this is at a steep angle, and the solid cascade bounced up off this like foaming water. The rushing sound of it was now audible. It rushed over the steep ice slope at an immense speed, now a giant wave of broken ice, pushing before it, like a great railway embankment, a vast ridge of snow many yards long. This rose in a gigantic and beautiful wreath, curling over like the white steam of a hundred locomotives, and rising far up the mountain side.

Though the tail of the cascade was yet upon the lofty shoulder, its head had already struck the ice-

fields below; and now came the artillery—a truly thrilling report—it must have been heard for miles, and then came the thunder, the sound returning time after time from both sides of the pass, and from the mountain sides far down into the valley past Rosenlui—

> "A clarion, like the unfurling of loud thunder
> Among the echoing ravines and rocks,
> And turbulent elemental shocks,
> Far rolling."

It was the grandest, the most imposing sight we had ever seen; the noise was startling in its volume, continuous in its roar, despite the fact that it was anticipated and expected. Then came the silence, the return to Alpine solitude.

> "This awful silence
> Forbids the mind to view with careless eye
> Creation's works, or uninstructed gaze.
> * * * * *
> When your strength shall fail,
> Ye hills coeval with the world, say what
> Shall 'scape the gen'ral ruin? Empires, seas,
> The Universe itself shall grace your fall,
> And dying Nature perish in the wreck."[1]

Yes, certainly when we behold the might of these mountain movements, when we stand afterwards in the "awful solitude," it has the effect referred to by the poet. Moreover, when we view the majestic, albeit hoary heads of the great summits, we are apt, as does the poet, to regard them as "coeval with the

[1] George Keats.

world," and furthermore to suppose that they will stand sentinel as we see them until the ocean, the universe itself, shall disappear. In both these things, however, we know the poet to err. We know that the mountains change, that they are different to-day to what they were yesterday, reckoned by Time's great hour-glass; we know they were not coeval with the world, but that they have been slowly, continuously, laboriously wrought into their present form by the graving tools of Nature, etching deeply into their hard sculpture-stone by the weightless mallet of sunshine. We know that those same tools are at work to-day. Only this moment we saw the great dusting-brush of gravity sweep off a mere dust wisp of some hundreds of tons. Of the ice that was thus brushed off some will again find itself on the mountain's crest; for after an entrancing metempsychosis it will pass to water, rush in rivers across the face of the land, tearing at and destroying its constraining banks, boil and roar in the limitless expanse of ocean, be lifted in invisible vapour by the strong invisible arms of the sun's rays, become visible again in lovely cloudland, be driven by the chill blasts of Æolus against the still colder sides of its mother mountain, fall upon her head in flocculent snowflakes, become compressed and congealed into a transient rock, yet again to slip and startle the solitary Alpine traveller as it has just done.

Much of this we see actually taking place as we stand in this elevated spot. Nay, more, we see what is *going* to take place, it may be to-morrow, it may be

not until we ourselves are clay forming part of the earthly mass. Look again up the sheer, harsh face of the *Wetterhorn*. Is the poet right in saying that ye are there to remain until " dying Nature perish in the universal wreck " ? Why, ye are shedding scales as does a leper! Ye are throwing off successive skins of epidermis as we poor organically-changing mortals do, scales which require not a chemical balance to weigh them but a hundred-ton weighbridge. We see trickling streams of perspiration streaming down across your brow. Every trickle wears off its quota of your surface, gouges out lines upon your face, gives you wrinkles and crows'-feet, as the years engrave ours with the intaglio of age. Why, you are not so big to-day as you were yesterday! The great rocky boulders which just fell with your ice-sweat will never again mount to your brow ; the vast silt your combining trickles are quietly laying at your feet for lighter ones to walk upon will never again be replaced on your rocky sides. Universal, useless decay, one might unthinkingly say! Not so those leper scales: that cast epidermis is on its way, river-borne, to enrich and renovate soils afar off, soils becoming exhausted in their beneficent efforts to continuously " bring forth the fruits of the soil."

The vast mass which just came tumbling down the mountain-side was no accident, the great stone step before us, the vast heap of sand and detritus which has just been pushed into the stream and gone off who shall say where—these are no mere

accidents, they are functions, being beautifully, regularly, beneficently, performed by the component parts of a million-pieced Titanic engine—a veritable "steam engine," its boiler fed from the "feed-tank" of the great ocean, and "fired" by the universal stoker "Sol" with the most infinitesimal fraction of heat reflected from the great central furnace. Yet the vastness, the inexpressible magnitude of the work this great noiselessly-moving engine is doing, no man can either calculate or numerically comprehend.

At but a little way below the summit of the pass we came upon the birthplace of a river, the *Gemsbach*. It was all but frozen up, and indeed was difficult to find. From its icy source it leapt, but almost without a gurgle, so small and weakly was it, yet it looked bright and happy as it glanced through peep-holes in its arcade of clear ice.

> "'Awake, awake!' cries the glad leap
> Of torrent roused from icy sleep.
> 'I wake! I wake!' my soul replies,
> And with fresh hope I lift my eyes."

This river we shall follow in all its phases of infancy, feebleness, growth, strength, and we might almost say death, for we shall see it take, after miles of steady aggrandizement, a grand yet suicidal leap, a bound, again a leap and a bound, and yet again a leap of such vast power and magnitude that we shall stand in awed admiration of the mighty strength of its maturity and the thundering volume

of its voice.[1] We who have watched it almost too feeble to move at its birth, and listened to its baby gurgles but a few hours previously, shall be stunned by the thunder of its voice.

> "Silent to watch great rivers at their rise,
> And downward track them to the murmuring deep;
> The sunlit storm to follow as it flies
> Broken through purple glens; in lingering sweep
> To hear the forest sigh, the torrent leap;
> These things, great Nature's tragic agonies,
> What lesson teach they which the soul should prize
> As precious, and the memory strive to keep?"[2]

At its birth it is so small, so feeble, and so quiet that we might easily pass it by only to become aware of its existence when it had become a laughing, chattering child. The birth and growth of such a river is thus picturesquely described by Sir Archibald Geikie:

"Beginning at the hilltops, we first meet with the spring or "well-eye" from which the river takes its rise. A patch of bright green mottling the brown, heathy slope shows where the water comes to the surface, a treacherous covering of verdure often concealing a deep pool underneath. From this source the rivulet trickles along the grass and heath, which it soon cuts through, reaching the black, peaty layer below, and running in it for a short way as in a gutter. Excavating its channel in the peat, it comes down to the soil, often a stony earth bleached white

[1] The triple falls of Reichenbach.
[2] Aubrey de Vere.

by the peat. Deepening and widening the channel as it gathers force with the increasing slope, the water digs into the coating of drift or loose decomposed rock that covers the hillside. In favourable localities a narrow precipitous gulley, twenty or thirty feet deep, may thus be scooped out in the course of a few years."

We are now easily and pleasantly dropping down into habitable altitudes, and how particularly suitable is the following description by Lubbock to this valley of Rosenlui, rapidly becoming less rugged and more beautiful:

"The valley further down widens and becomes more varied and picturesque. The snowy peaks and slopes are more often visible, the 'alps' or pastures to which the cows are taken in summer are greener and dotted with the huts or châlets of the cowherds, while the tinkling of the cowbells comes to one from time to time, softened by distance, and suggestive of mountain rambles. Below the alps there is generally a steeper part clothed with firs or with larches and pines, some of which seem as if they were scaling the mountains in regiments, preceded by a certain number of skirmishers. Below the fir-woods, again, are beeches, chestnuts, and other deciduous trees, while the central cultivated portion of the valley is partly arable, partly pasture, the latter differing from our meadows in containing a great variety of flowers —campanulas, wild geraniums, chervil, ragged robin, narcissi, etc. Here and there is a brown village, while more or less in the centre hurries along, with

a delightful rushing sound, the mountain torrent, to which the depth, if not the very existence of the valley, is mainly due. The meadows are often carefully irrigated, and the water power is also used for mills, the streams seeming to rush on 'eager for the work of the mill or their ministry to the meadows.'"

A little way further down the valley we do, in fact, come upon a sawmill. The water-wheel used to drive it is of most primitive construction, being entirely of timber, at this moment looking particularly picturesque, smothered as it is in gracefully irregular glassy icicles depending from its periphery. The water, however, is still running to a small extent, but is sent tumbling over a little weir instead of the wheel, making a splashing pleasant enough to hear in this solitude beneath the pines.

How obedient are many of Nature's forces to man's command, when we have but learnt something of them and know how to deal with them, to harness them and to drive them! We do not now pause to think much about the utilization of these very interesting and tamable forces, any more than we pause to think about the great conquest man made over animate nature when he first subdued the high mettle of the horse and put him to drag a load, thus making him become an animated motive power, for the simple reason that we have become familiarized to the sight of it, and our forefathers before us. But the harnessing of the power of the winds in our windmills and the energy of the clouds in our watermills, would to-day affright a savage if he were to

be suddenly transported, let us say, to this quiet wood.

He indeed would at once raise his hand to his amulet and feel if it were safely in position, then he would attribute this manifestation of power, not to the utilization of a natural force, but to the subjugation of a supernatural one, to the permission and good offices of one of his many gods, thus willing to work for his benefit. Yet there is the energy always being developed to run to waste or to be utilized as man shall elect. The foresters have months ago gone down to the valley villages, the sawyer has slid across his rough-hewn conduit a little timber dam, and his ever-ready power will run to waste until next spring, when he will in a few seconds alter its channel by raising his little sluice, then will his ungainly motive wheel again go clattering round.

In travelling in Switzerland one so frequently hears the exclamation, "How *do* these trees contrive to live on almost barren rocks?" How *do* they? It is certainly an interesting phenomenon. Just a few steps below the sawmill we come to an interesting exemplification of this. There we see a projecting rock, nearly barren as to its sides, and merely moss-covered upon the top. Yet upon this spring up with remarkable vigour larches of considerable size. Everybody knows that in a soft alluvial soil the roots of a tree radiate and descend, so that, spreading in all directions, they in a measure resemble the tree itself inverted. Now this is frequently quite impossible here in Switzerland. The diligent moisture-

seeking roots must then perforce spread themselves out as flat as if they were growing upon dining-tables. But how can this give them foothold to weather the Alpine blast? How indeed! It is truly remarkable how boldly they stand up against it as it roars down the hard mountain faces, whilst they, graceful fantastic sapins, give and bend to it, the while hissing and ofttimes shrieking as if in very terror.

Every now and again, however, a great groaning and tearing is heard, like a mammoth pachyderm tearing up with giant jaws and gleaming teeth herbage for his meal; it is the tendrils, the anchors, the grapnels of the pine-roots giving way. And then over the proud tree goes, only to rear up in its stead a tall expanse of flattened root not incomparable with its own previous height. They are enabled thus to do battle because they never miss a chance of digging their tender taper fingers into every crack and cranny of their rocky support. These fingers grow until they become too large for the cranny and are indented by its hard, unyielding sides, like a delicate taper finger encircled with the golden annulet of love, from which it will never suffer itself to be withdrawn, though the hard gold unyieldingly grip and so engrave the loved finger with an obverse of its own revered body. Thus do these expanded and indented tendrils become veritable keys and tightly-driven wedges, like the "lewis" of the engineer, which no force can withdraw, which with bulldog tenacity will never loose its hold until its very tissue snap, its very fangs be drawn.

Such obtaining, it is not to be wondered at that one so frequently sees trees cast down not merely whole, but still grasping in their root fangs that same mountain rock which had formed their cradle, their playing floor, and their throne. Just glance at the root before us. It has sent its "constrictor"-like body quite around the rock, it grips it like a tightly-buckled *ceinture*, while its offshoots dive into and anchor their pliant "flukes" in the smallest of fissures. Two points of especial interest are there, for firstly the root has become half root, half tree-trunk, and secondly that two distinct trees—one now cut down—grow, or grew, like a pair of contented twins out of the same root-arm. This serves to teach us how the graceful conifers above our heads are adhering to the almost sheer and barren mountain breasts.

A few steps again and we are at the miniature hotel-pension Schwarzwald Gletscher (5,020 feet), its name reminding us that there must be a glacier hereabouts: and so there is, for high up among the precipices of the great brothers *Wellhorn* and *Wetterhorn* we see the white, white and yellow, white and light green *Schwarzwald Gletscher*. It may not be an artistic simile, but we have often thought how much some glaciers resemble the fantastic forms assumed by "guttering" tallow. Take a large and irregularly shaped mass of gray, dusty and dirty iron; pour over it, nearly all in one spot, a caldron of soiled tallow: it will run down and solidify in innumerable shapes quaint and

grotesque, it will push the dirt to either side like moraines, it will sully its face with the dust-like mountain detritus, it will look yellow and greenish in its crevasses, it will look white and clean on its points and ridges, and it will look much like a glacier.

Here the view is beautiful, and of the wooded, calmer type, unlike what we have been passing through. In the little garden is a tiny belvedere bower, and we sit down in its solitude to discuss our *entrecôte*, being unable to lunch off a gaze at the mountains any more than we could off a languid look at a lily, as it is said the ultra-sentimental non-stomachical æsthetics are able to do. All was shut up, hence for wine we drank a handful of snow and continued our way through pine and larch woods, the trees of which were shedding their coats, leaving them hanging on their branches like the long shaggy beards of billy-goats. We cross the Gemsbach, and emerge upon a more open space — the *Schwarzwald Alp* (4,810 feet)—studded with picturesque summer shelter-sheds, now all deserted, then across the *Breitenboden Alp* (4,650 feet), where we again cross the stream and dive into a wood, emerging from which, we find ourselves again in daylight, and in the most lovely spot of the fine deepening valley. Slowly proceeding and admiring, we suddenly see to our left and below our feet the roof of the Kurhaus.

As yet we have not seen a single human habitation, in the ordinary sense of the words, for the picturesque timber-sheds, with their large flat roofs, kept down against the violence of the wintry gales by

being piled with great boulders, are but temporary summer locations—composite dwellings for man and beast beneath the same roof-tree. We are now, however, at the Baths of Rosenlui, in a secluded spot, it is true, but in a fir-clad valley replete with everything of natural beauty to make it a pleasant summer habitation for herdsman and visitor alike. Towering mountains, glaciers, forests, a noisy torrent, with wide boulder-bed, murmuring streams with mossy banks, and lovely flowers by Nature's hand planted and tended.

The visitor who is also a lover of Nature would be hard to please if he find not everything he desire here in beauteous untampered natural surroundings.

"Amidst these scenes stupendous, where the soul
Feels all her faculties in wonder lost,
Contemplative I'll roam thro' winding walks
Of shadowy pines that court the breeze, and hear
The torrent down its stony channel sweep
With terror-striking roar: nor would I fail
At dewy eve to wander, when the sun
To his pale sister's milder rule resigns
The cloudless skies." [1]

It is true he will have to come hither on a vehicle no less artificial than his own legs, or the back of a steady plodding, sure-footed horse or mule, and his luggage, too, must come strapped upon the shaggy back of the latter uncomplaining animal. Once here, however, he would find himself in entrancing surroundings, if he put up at the Kurhaus, nestling

[1] George Keats.

down in the wooded valley close beside the tumbling waterfall. What a glorious place to stay a week in! What variety is there! We must crane our neck to look up to the summit of the beautiful pyramidal Rosenhorn held aloft 12,000 feet. Where'er we look we see glorious mountains; if we look before us, we see glorious forests; if we look below us, we see cool tree-clad ravines; if we look at our feet, they tread upon soft moss, and are surrounded by beautiful wild-flowers. Here is work and leisure for the sturdy mountaineer. From the *Dossen-hütte* (8,860) feet where he can have a shake-down and "doss" in solitude, he can start as soon as the sun lights up the *arrière-scenes* of the mountains, e'en to scale the *Dossenhorn* (10,300 feet), and be up there about the time Sol shows o'er the range his welcome, golden-beaming face. One can scale the *Wellhorn* (10,485 feet) or reach the summit of the still loftier *Rosenhorn* (12,110 feet).

Here is work and pleasure for the woodland rambler by forest and stream. Here is work and pleasure for the botanist and mineralogist. To-day the green carpeting is not patterned in beautifully embossed and brocaded colours, for the beauteous, tender flowers can only bloom when summer bids the mountain gorge be of kindlier mood. Then do they spring up to lighten Nature's face and smile a welcome to the visitor. When he goes, they go too, and therefore do we feel, with Ruskin and other writers, that the mountain valleys are not in the zenith of their grandeur until much later — late

autumn. As the robust mountaineer looks upward, full of wonder, towards the summits, the botanist will look down and extract wonders from a prolific vegetation and Flora's outspread treasures.

> "O'er thee, small flower, my wearied eyes I bent,
> And rested on that humbler vision long:
> Is there less beauty in thy purple tint
> Outspread, perchance a boundless firmament,
> O'er viewless myriads which beneath thee throng,
> Than in that mount whose sides, with ruin hung,
> Frown o'er black glen and gorge thunder-rent?
> Is there less mystery? Wisely if we ponder,
> Thine is the mightier!"[1]

This is a placid and lovely spot to roam in, yet can it be wild enough at times—to which bears witness the great expanse of rocky river-bed just below Rosenlui. When we first made companionship with this stream it was a mere baby trickle. Look what strength it now has! look at the joint work before us of it and the *Reichenbach!* They have played havoc with the valley bottom; turf, soil, rocks, and trees — all have gone before their stemless impetuosity. From here downwards alongside the roaring river the scenery is indescribably beautiful, and we should not forget to look back from time to time for the retrospective view which has justly been considered as one of the finest in all Switzerland. As we follow the windings the views appear to be different each time we turn to regard them.

[1] Aubrey de Vere.

"A strange delight was mine, mingled with fear,
A wonder as of things I had not heard of!
And still and still I felt as if I gazed
For the first time."

Sometimes the pointed *Rosenhorn* appears to form the centre-piece of the valley, sometimes it is the *Wellhorn*, whilst sometimes the scene is shifted, and rock and forest give place to the white expanse of the glacier of *Rosenhorn*. Continuing down the stream for about half an hour, we come to a shelter-seat, beside the noisy torrent. How strange it seems that this can be the same we jumped across but four hours ago! Afterwards we saw it grown strong enough to tear down earth and to shift stones; whilst here it is a rushing torrent, with strength to tear out rocks, to fashion a deep channel rocky and romantic.

Down this rocky bed it no longer flows, nor runs, nor hurries—it flies in great leaps and bounds, like a procession of fleetly-bounding kangaroos. The stream-bed descends even more rapidly than does our path, and so it happens that we soon find ourselves 100 feet above it; the rocks overhang, and it plunges down out of sight. Above these rocky clefts, again, beautiful pointed larches clothe the water-cut sides, and we almost forget our noisy companion. Looking back again, we appreciate how thoroughly Swiss Alpine the scene is: the narrow gorge—for such the valley has now become—the steep and pine-clothed slopes, the roaring torrent, the tumbling cascades, the naked, sheer-rising rocks, and, above

all, the lofty background of peaked snow-capped mountains, the great snowfields and glacial expanses framed beneath a sky of glorious blue. Truly a picture of entrancing beauty, typically Swiss, and not to be forgotten.

This beautiful Rosenlui valley is now about to join the great *Haslibey Thal,* and there an entirely different class of scenery is in store for us. The beautiful steep tree-overhanging sides of the narrow pass, whereon are no habitations, now debouch on to a wide valley flanked with mountains, all of them thousands of feet high. Yet, high as they are, wherever anything approaching a tiny table-land exists, nay, where but a sloping niche finds place high up on the mountain-side, there do we see human habitations. There straight in front of us, on the other side of the bold Hasli Thal, is such a village, apparently glued to the side of the mountain more than 4,000 feet above the dwelling-zone of ordinary mortals. It is composed of picturesque timber châlets and looks inviting, but what a climb one needs must have to shake hands with the honest, simple-minded, albeit courageous, villagers !

We cannot see Meyringen, though we begin to feel it is high time we did. We are evidently entering a tiny mountain village, and we have still over 3,000 feet to descend. There seems no one about, except the inevitable old village patriarch, who will be too dense and too deaf to give us any information. We see at her cottage-door a buxom, handsome blonde, her bodice-sleeves tucked high up above her great

strong and red arms, despite the intense cold. She tells us her village is called "*Zwirigi*," and also the name of the one on the opposite mountain. She writes it in our note-book Hurſlich. You need not hesitate to ask a Swiss girl to write in your note-book, if your fingers be cold or otherwise, for the cuffs and swishes of which we saw, or heard, a sample at the little village school above Grindelwald, have their good effect, and it shows itself on such occasions.

She also told us another thing which is worth knowing, namely, at this little village one should leave the cobble-stone track—which one is not sorry to do, for it is most uncomfortable walking, with its irregular smooth round-nosed stones and curbs, laid for the purpose of providing a toboggan-slide for the timber of the mountain foresters, and which continues down the mountain-side, apparently in interminable windings—and go down the footpath in the steep bank to the left of the village, for by so doing we shall come upon the glorious falls at their summit. Evening was coming on, and we were anxious to do this.

"Down the steep path we wound with careful tread,
Stones slipping, rolling, bounding far below,
And where a vista opened far ahead,
We paused in sunset glow."

A very grand vista, too, this of the Hasli Thal, with Meyringen at our feet in the centre of the broad mountain-enclosed thal. Here, from a height of 3,000 feet, we look down upon the regularly-built

village, on the banks of the bright green, fast-flowing *Aare*. It would be still more beautiful did not the work of man show up all too conspicuously in its regularity. The squareness of the large hotels, the straightness of the valley roads, the angularity of the ugly iron bridge over the river, the straight-drawn lines of railway, the rectilinear exactitude of the stone embankment of the river, the ruler-straight "cut" which runs across the valley to meet it, all show up in incongruous prominence with the gentle sweeps, bold curves, and undulating contours of Nature, here both beautiful and bold. We follow our instructions, and soon hear the thunder of the great falls, and come in view of these acrobatic leaps and contortions of the river, our God-child, our companion of a whole day—its whole life—who seems so mysteriously to have deserted us during the last hour. We are right glad to see him again, and, indeed, we might say to feel him, for, rounding a rocky corner, we are smothered with his beautiful glistening spray, which rises leisurely far above the noisy gorge, like steam from a giant boiling caldron.

Wordsworth is quite right when he remarks that, for the moment, we shrink back in astonishment and fear.

"From the fierce aspect of the river, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in *astonishment* and *fear* we shrink;
But gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing—
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink

Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing :
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but He to whom yon pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive."

By steep narrow footways we can descend and obtain varied views of these glorious *triple* falls. They are grand and imposing in their magnitude and might, yet they are beautiful because their waters come thundering down not bleak, barren, rocky heights, but over rocky crags and boulders, looking out from beneath trees and verdant foliage. As we wind down the natural chasm we are perturbed to see the artificiality the Switzer is bringing to its very sides, in his efforts to " make them easy " for the lazy visitor. Scores of men are constructing a single carriage-road, which it is claimed will *not* disfigure the mountain-side. On this, lazy, over-fed, liver-disordered listlessness will loll, and be luxuriously hauled up by but too willing, toiling, straining horses, because " it's such a bore to fag up to that water-thing, don't-cher-know." This, however, may possess the advantage that those of maturer years may come up and see the glorious sight without undue exertion, but what is to be said of the ugly straight railway going up to the very bank beside the little châlet where in summer you may get a refreshing, well-earned draught after your ascent ? What is to be said of it ? Why, that it will enable that

fraud the flying tourist, who *sees* everything, understands little, and remembers less, to *say*, "Ah!" That's where the glamour of his delight comes in—to *say* he has *been there.* Which will be true, and more than can be said of much he will say also, for he will come up by one train, run to the brink, pull out his Baedeker, glance at it a second, take his pencil, underscore the words "Reichenbach Falls," pocket his book—with his common-sense—hurry back, jump into the truck, see nothing more—for he will be busy with his "indicator" looking out the time of his *night* train to "do" another bit of fine scenery, missing finer *en transit,* to *see* something else in similar fashion, and so on, till he is back with his friends, there to emit as much "gas" as would have served the railway company to light him in his nocturnal journeyings.

Well, here we are, and it is with a feeling of perfect satisfaction from every point of view that we discuss a short dinner and retire to a snow-white couch in the little sadly-changing, mountain-girdled Meyringen.

Over the Tête Noire and Forclaz.

The "leg-stretcher" we have just taken is so replete with varied interest, grandeur and beauty that it would perhaps be difficult to find another of equal charm. Mountainous Switzerland, however, abounds in such walks, the valley of *Chamounix,* for example, may be made the starting-point for several;

from thence, indeed, we may "foot it" between mountain shoulders into Italy. One of these is open to the cyclist, and about this we will say a few words.

The *Vallée de Chamounix*, like so many other of the Alpine valleys, is open at one end only, a configuration inevitable when their existence has been due principally to the gouging action of Nature's graver, impelled by the untiring hand of the mountain stream. The upper end of such valleys also frequently constitutes the ridge-plate of a bifurcating watershed, as it does here. Consequently, we cannot get out of the vale of Chamounix into the Valley of the Rhone without clambering over the hips of the chain, the points where they have been most worn away and consequently lowest. This clambering can be effected and the Valais entered by three routes, of which two are open to the cyclist—namely, by the Tête Noire, Trient, and Col de Forclaz—the route we are following—or by Finhaut, Salvan, and Vernayaz,[1] or by the bridle-path over the Col de Balme. To get to Martigny, therefore, we must be prepared for a certain amount of pushing. Rising gradually, we pedal up the valley, cross the Arve, pass through Les Praz d'en Haut, and come abreast of Les Bois and the glacier named after it; then through a wooded defile to Tines les Iles, Grassonay, and Les Chatelets, again crossing the stream to Argentière, where we see the Argentière glacier squeezing itself down between the *Aiguille Verte* (13,540) and the *Aiguille Chardonnet* (12,540).

[1] See Chapter II., "Valley of the Rhone."

Soon after passing the village, we shall probably find ourselves giving a helping hand, in place of a propelling foot, to our "mount," for the Tête Noire road here commences to rise in bold zigzags. Mounting some 500 feet, we should at Trélechamps look back and survey mountain, valley, and glacier, especially the *Glacier du Tour* and the imposing *Aiguille Verte*. Another 250 feet and we are on the Col des Montets, the ridge-plate of the watershed to which we have referred. Here we find the two streams setting out in opposite directions, the one going south to join the Arve, the other hastening northwards down into the Valasian Valley to mingle with the waters of the Rhone.

We are now on the hip and some 5,000 feet up, and if we had not our machine we could have risen another 2,000 feet by making a détour from Argentière viâ the *Col de Balme*, regaining our road after it has passed the village of Trient. We are *en bicyclette*, however, and in company with one of those narrow carriages conveying a couple of ladies. The view from the *Col* may be somewhat grander than from the Tête; but there is little to choose, for the scenery on both is very grand.

The stream which is to keep us company is the Eau Noire, and this we gradually descend in a barren vale to a point close to where the *Cascades à Bérard* or *à Poyaz* and *Barberine*, in a wild ravine, throw down their foaming waters to swell it. With the *Bel Oiseau* (8,650 feet) before us, we pass through a valley of pine-clad mountains, and soon reach the

straggling village of Valorcine. It is well, indeed, that it is straggling, for even as such much of it has frequently been swept away. It is indeed protected by avalanche embankments, whilst its ancient church, to whose sanctity the terrified inhabitants rush when the thunder of the descending avalanche is heard, is protected by an angular bulwark to war against the naturally-impelled projectiles. Descending rapidly and crossing the *Eau Noire*, we are half-way to Martigny, and not far from the Hotel Royal Chatelard we again cross the frontier into Switzerland. We now enter a richly-wooded portion of our journey. The old and dangerous Malpas (*mauvais pas*) route descends to our left, and, passing alongside the torrent of the Eau Noire, we rise up a narrow road hewn in the solid rock of the mountain's side, where, just before entering a little tunnel or *roche-percée*, we should stop to contemplate the deep and densely-wooded ravine at our feet. There, from behind a little stone rampart, we look down on some fine scenery: a steep-sided, well-wooded gorge, clothed in dark-green pines up to the line of vegetation, above which the rocky mountain-tops assert themselves. Nestling among the trees and on the steep cotes we see churches and villages in verdant isolation. Emerging from the little tunnel, we see still farther along the ravine, and soon reach first the wooden belvedere and then the *Hotel de la Tête Noire* (4,003 feet).

Here carriages are generally changed, or, at least, horses; and we were not sorry for the halt, for

although it was October the sun was excessively hot. Leaving the ladies to drive as far as the hotel and obtain assistance to withdraw from the capacious boot of their chaise certain good things stowed therein under the direction of the careful hostess of *Hotel Couttet*, as well as to withdraw certain corks from certain bottles of red wine, we wandered down below the belvedere, to find one of Dame Nature's lithic tables all ready to hand and spread with a cloth of lichen, whereon to set them out. There we found also a rough wooden trough with ever-flowing icy-cold water, and there and then we drew soap and certain things from our valise, and before the ladies, followed by a buxom waitress, a waiter, and a stable-boy, appeared on the enchanting scene and mossy turf, we had performed a toilet which gave us a freshness unknown to these, who had bumpily lumbered and yawned up in carriages.

What a grand combination is mountain air and exercise to give zest to the appetite, and what a grand combination also to induce a pleasant *siesta*. After a cheerful meal *à cause de bons appétits* of all, the ladies—American ladies—sought a couch within doors, one—who informed us she was a great equestrian when in the "Wild West"—being all but overcome by the exertion of sitting the journey up in a comfortable carriage, whilst Morpheus claimed us *tout à coup*.

Thus pleasantly refreshed, mentally and bodily, we pedalled on, now entering the forest of Trient, bending round to the right in skirting the base of

the Tête Noire or Dark Peak. Had we been alone we should probably have lingered and spent the night at the hotel, for pleasant hours may be spent in exploring this gloriously-wooded ravine, the *Gouffre*, the *Pont Mysterieux*, and the *Cascade de Trient*. Passing the village of Trient, we join company with the bridle-path from the *Col de Balme*, and feel the cooling breath of the Trient glacier, a mass of crystal so pure that its ice is largely exported. When we have pushed up the steep *Col de la Forclaz*, we shall see the deliciously cool-looking blocks being brought up on a little tramway, which, if we want a "cooler," we may descend. We took a "cooler" of another description, an iced *cognac-seltz*, in which the great equestrian, cyclist, and mountaineer, still lolling in the corner of the carriage, which violent exertion had so sadly fatigued her, joined us, saying "she guessed she would take it because it would make her feel good," rather an inversion of effect as experienced by us of the little islets on the European side of the Herring Pond, and as judged by a common or garden Englishman. Whilst resting, we look back, and there we see what it was that gave us that thirst; but, on starting again, we look forward, and see that which makes us thirst to be in the saddle again: it is a magnificent view of a glorious descent into the valley of Valaise, a descent, despite its acute and sinuous turnings and twistings, of somewhat cyclist-alarming steepness.

By the aid of the *cocher* and his bloodthirsty-

looking blade—all Sweitzers and Tyroleans carry bloodthirsty-looking blades—we cut and bound together some boughs. Affixing a hawser to the saddle-post, and carefully depositing in this verdant cradle a good lumpy "chunk" of wood, we, with this at our heels, rapidly made one of the pleasantest descents we can recall. In doing it we sent up clouds of dust, which reminded us of that other Alfred—the "Great" and the 'cute—who, with a handful of men, made enough dust for a Napoleonic army, and thus, as did we, effected what was desired—he conquering men, we conquering gravity.

Twisting and turning, now in the open, now on the hillside, now zigzagging in a dense wood, down and yet down we spun, past *Les Clavins*—whose *auberge* we might have visited had we been going up—*Serguieux*, *La Fontaine*, *Les Rappes*, now amid meadows, orchards, and vineyards, to *Lacroix*. The youngsters sent up a merry shout as we "scattered the dust on the Cantonal highway," and cleared the village. Arriving at *Bourg Martigny*, we began to feel there could be little hope of our rising in the world if we were to continue interminably thus to descend; but shortly, finding the road more inclined to become friendly to the up-going, we looked out for a deserving old dame to whom we might present, *comme cadeau*, our *bois-brûler* brake. The old *grande mere* received the wood, giving in return many thanks and some matches; for the sun had set upon a lovely evening and a charming valley, and it was quite dark

when we encountered the irregular pitching stones of Martigny.

Another pleasant stroll is over the *Gemmi*, but it does not repay to take one's mount over this pass, the pedestrian, however, is amply repaid. Disembarking at *Spiez* on the Lake of Thun, at the foot of pyramidal *Niesen*, we ascend a lovely valley up to *Kandersteg*, just before arriving at which we should not fail to visit the *Blane See*, the most wondrous of blue lakes, whose ravishing azure words cannot convey. Then a wild and rocky summit is succeeded by an extraordinary vertical zigzag descent, and then we may rest and indulge in a cup of tea, a hand of cards, and a bathe all at the same time and in company with ladies in the bath at Leuk.

A more pretentious mountain and glacier walk may be made by continuing up the Rhone Valley to Visp, thence to Zermatt and the *Gorner Grat*—sleeping here to see the glorious sunrise—and by the *Thēodule Pass* into Italy as far as *Châtillon* and *Aosta*.[1]

When the tourist shall have made these excursions and found himself in the possession of robust health, we venture to predict he will return singing the praises of "Leg-stretchers among the Alps."

[1] See "Across the Great St. Bernard."

CHAPTER II

THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE

ASSUREDLY "the Continent" possesses not a valley either longer, more beautiful, more varied, or more interesting than that of the Rhone. Variegated as to scenery, antipodean as to climate, diverse as to language, its one end is blocked with arctic ice, its other opens upon a mild and sunny lake; German is the language of its upper end, French that of the lower, Romanisch that of its tributary Thals. *Switzerland*, the land of variety, though it gives to this interesting river its birth, cannot claim its child to maturity, for the Rhone stretches its ever-widening trunk, here a *fil*, there a *fleuve*, league beyond league, through the brusque *pays montagneux*, by gorge and ravine, by the undulating *coteaux* of the mother-country, and by verdant *paturageux* across *la belle France*. We must not, however, here concern ourselves with it beyond the Jura. Nevertheless its very length puts us into a quandary as to where best to begin to describe it. Our first acquaintance with the Valaisian valley was made at Brieg, in returning to Switzerland from Italy viâ

the Simplon, having quitted the former country by way of the Great St. Bernard,[1] and perhaps we cannot find a more appropriate starting-point than this same valley-town of Brieg. It is true it does not represent the head of the valley, but we may visit this from Meyringen to Gletch over that interesting pass the *Grimsel*. Moreover, we trust our readers will themselves come skimming down the zigzags of the huge Simplon to join us here in the Rhone Valley.[2] Moreover, those cycle tourists who are tied as to time will find it more economical, both as regards this and their muscles, to come hither by train; as, for example, from Lausanne (92 miles) or Martigny (44 miles), so as to run through it but once, and this on the "down" instead of "up" grade.

This Brieg or Brigue, with an altitude of 2,245 feet, and a population of 1,172, standing on the left bank of the Rhone, at the confluence with it of the *Saltine* torrent, is a town or village, whichever the reader shall elect to term it—and then he will be wrong, for it is just between the two—but in either case a "place"—not within the meaning of the Act—of very ancient origin. Upon its ancient history, however, we must not touch, except to quote from *Stumpf's Chronicle:* "The dwellers in this land were of yore divided by the old historians and geographers into three nations, and distinguished by name. The uppermost, from the sources of the

[1] See "Across the Great St. Bernard."

[2] See chapter "Leg-stretchers among the Alps."

Rhone down to below Glyss on the lake, are the ancient Lepontii, and are called by Pliny (Lib. III., cap. 20) Viberi or Viberigi, abbreviated into Brigi, from which ancient name of this people that of the town of Brieg is derived."

At Geneva we were in the stronghold of Protestantism, the birthplace of the strictest of Puritanical régimes, and this less than 100 miles further down the valley; it is therefore interesting to note that Brieg is, and has always been, the stronghold of Roman Catholicism, having entirely withstood the widespreading influence of the former doctrine. This was impressed upon us in strolling out to visit the church of the neighbouring village of Glis (or, as it is put in the above quotation, Glyss), and happening upon one of those extraordinary pantomimic processions, those degrading dumb shows, fortunately to be seen only in *conservatoria* of Catholicism, of which we were to see so much and on so colossal a scale in the land just beyond the Simplon, in the shadow of whose great headlands this little churchyard stands. There, winding its way in sacred solitude along the trim walk, came this procession, composed chiefly of white-cassocked priests and white-veiled maidens.

> "The cross, in calm procession borne aloft,
> Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
> Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
> From a long train, in hooded vestments fair
> Enwrapt."[1]

[1] Wordsworth.

A quartette of the lasses led the train, carrying upon their shoulders a light platform, upon which stood erect the effigy of the Virgin Mary, gorgeously apparelled and wearing a crown of gold, whilst she clasped in her arms the infant Jesus. By our side stood a bright young American lady, keenly appreciative at once of the beautiful, the ludicrous, and the grotesque. From her shoulder there depended a little black strap, and from this, again, a little black case. Quick as thought, and much quicker than the passing mime, this was in action, and they were "took." It is really too dreadful to think of, this wholesale "taking"—and usually contorting—of Heaven knows what not. Bad enough if prints of the surreptitiously "snapped" ones were kept privately, but this young lady kindly gave one to us for presentation to our readers, and of course we feel in duty bounden so to do.[1]

This Glis, or Ecclesia, as it was once called, formerly constituted a pilgrimage place of much celebrity, whence came worshippers to the sanctuary of the Virgin Mary, many of them being travellers about to cross the then dangerous pass. We may step inside the church, one certainly of mingled architectural styles. It has a fine Gothic choir, a rococo altar therein, a round arched nave (in which are two Gothic altars), an entrance with massive columns of serpentine in the modern Italian style, and a tower in the Romanesque. There is an old German painting of the Adoration of the Magi, and

[1] We have done so in "Across the Great St. Bernard."

in the right side-chapel is an altar of some interest from the fact that on the triptych at the back we see Brieg as it appeared in the seventeenth century. The church contains a chapel—that of St. Anna—and an altar specially built by, and prepared to receive the mortal remains of, a man of local greatness, one George Auf-der-Fluh, or Supersaxo; but, alas! man proposes and man disposes also, for George never reposed therein; this we know by the following:

"At Glyss, below the church, Ritter George Auf-der-Fluh, whilom a knight and landmann,[1] had a pretty little house, surmounted by a tower, where he spent much of his time. In person he was a fine, princely, and doughty man; in his youth he had fought in the service of the Duke of Milan, and afterwards in that of the King of France, and acquired not only great authority and a great name, but also knighthood, a large estate, gifts, and annual pensions, by which means he became rich and obtained so great authority among the people that, with the help and adherence of his party, he was not only the man of greatest influence in the land, but also drove out the bishops and princes of the land more than once. Fortune became quite subservient to him. He married a beautiful lady of the land, by whom he had twenty-three children, sons and daughters. He had houses and dwellings in many places in the canton, as at Naters and Glyss,

[1] *Landeshauptmann*, or captain-general, formerly the highest temporal dignity in the Valais.

and at Sion, the capital, he had a court and palace.[1] He was of a high and princely mind. He enlarged the church of Glyss, and built a chapel to the right of it, and below the altar of this chapel he made himself a princely sepulchre; but he never occupied it. On the triptych of the altar he placed the portraits of himself and his wife and all his sons and daughters, and in the adjoining wall a gilt inscription hewn in the stone in his memory—

"'S. ANNAE DIVAE VIRGINIS
MATRI, GEORGIUS SUPER
SAXO, MILES AV. HANC
CAPELLAM EDIDIT
ANNO SALVATIS 1519.'

"'ALTARE FUNDAVIT ET
DOTAVIT IVRE PATRON.
HAEREDIBUS SVIS RESERVATO.
CVM EX MARGARETA VXORE
NATOS XXIII. GENVISSET.'

"He had twelve sons and eleven daughters, and if the paintings on the reredos are faithful portraits, his was a handsome family, both parents and children. He lived ten years after building this chapel, but in his old age he became hated by his countrymen, and was accused of having taken part in several affairs against his own country, and of

[1] This palace is still standing in Sion, and is deserving of a visit. The staircase, with its grotesque figures in ridicule of his opponent Schinner, and especially the hall, with its fine carvings, bear witness to the wealth and artistic taste of its builder.

having received large sums of money from the King of France without distributing any part of the money among the people. For these reasons the people rebelled against George Auf-der-Fluh in the year of our Lord 1529, and took up arms. When George perceived this, he did not wait for them to display the *mazze*,[1] but rose up in the night and escaped in a sledge out of the land to Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, where he shortly afterwards died and was buried, having constructed his princely tomb at Glyss to no purpose. Thus was he, who formerly had headed so many insurrections against the princes of the country and the bishops, and had driven out several of them, at last driven by insurrection from his native land, and found a grave among foreigners.[2] His numerous children, handsome sons and daughters, also perished in a very short time." "I have set down these things concerning this man," says the chronicler, "solely in order that no one may confide too much in fortune, prosperity, and temporal welfare, but that everyone may build upon God, the only sure foundation, for all the beauty, and the ornament, and the magnificence of this body is inconstant. So soon as the mighty God blows upon it with His wind and blast from heaven, it fades and withers away like the floweret of the field."

[1] See extract from the play.

[2] Before the Confederation, the neighbouring districts now called cantons were considered foreign lands, and were frequently at war one with another.

Close by is the village of Gamsen, by the impetuous *Gamsabach*, an unpretentious little village, the home of Andereggen, the butterfly collector and entomologist—a man of humble station, yet who has made discoveries in his field of investigation which many a greater naturalist might envy. For the antiquary also there is an object of interest in the vicinity, the *Gamsen Wall*, which extends to the west of the village from the mountains on the south as far as the Rhone, thus completely barring access to the upper districts of the canton. Concerning the period in which this defensive work was constructed and the purpose it was intended to serve, we can learn but little from existing historical records; but its structure indicates that it formed not a dam against the wild Gamsa, but a fortification of the equally wild Viberi against the powerful Seduni. The old chronicler whom we have already quoted was probably not far wrong in his conjectures:

"It is a very ancient piece of masonry, built, according to some, by the Romans when they crossed the mountain Sempronii,[1] or Simpilen (now known as the Simplon), on an expedition against the Gauls. Others opine that it is of still more ancient origin—a bulwark erected by the Upper Lepontine Viberi, dwelling in the districts of Goms and Brieg, against the incursions of the Seduni, a people dwelling between this region and the River Morsa, below Sion; for in all ages the Seduni had more noble and powerful rulers, and were more

[1] Italian Sempioni.

ruled and subjected to the yoke of servitude than the Viberi above them, as is evidenced by the strongholds of the nobles at Visp, Raron, Zum Thurm, Leuk, Sierre, Perrigard,[1] Gradetz, Enfisch, Sitten,[2] etc. But when both peoples, the Viberi and the Seduni, came in course of time under one ruler and their lands were united, and they had to a great extent freed themselves from their oppressors and destroyed the strongholds of them, the rampart in question was quite neglected, so that it fell into decay."

There are many interesting walks and climbs to be made in the vicinity of Brieg from which fine views are obtainable. The *Closi*, a rocky defile above Naters, for example, is near at hand, with its rocky walls, wild and rugged gorges, groups of fine trees affording refreshing shade in summer, crystal springs, tumbling torrents, and exuberant vegetation. Or we may go some distance up the road towards the Simplon as far as the first refuge, and then by a footpath mount the *Burgspitze* (3,600 feet), where a fine prospect is unfolded. The visitor will glance with some degree of curiosity up the long zigzag of the Simplon, for he knows that it leads over the Alps to a country offering many contrasts to the fine, albeit less temperate, one in which he stands.

"He sees in fancy that delightful land
Where golden fruits mature in every grove,

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[1] Now called Beauregard.

[2] Now called Sion.

O'er which a cloudless azure sky is spanned,
Where Spring's soft zephyrs fan the flame of love,
And altar-smoke Vesuvius doth crown,
When in the distant sea the sun goes down.

"Here, where the rocky wall by God upthrown,
The bleak North from the sunny South divides,
Where Mont' Leone, gazing proudly down,
Its feet in woods, in ice its forehead hides,
The northern wanderer feels his heart o'erflow
To those fair plains beyond th' eternal snow." [1]

A visit might also be made to the former Jesuit Convent, with its fine church, and the Convent of the Ursuline Nuns; but in regard to the latter we—mere men—must be content with a peep at the pretty chapel and the well-kept garden adjoining it. Close by stands the old hospital, where at one time pilgrims bound for Rome were received and cared for, whilst between the two buildings is the little Chapel of St. Sebastian, a chapel both the interior and exterior of which is rich in historical recollections.

As we journey on through these peaceful Alpine valleys we shall hear much of the cruel oppression practised by the bailiffs, even the bishops, as well as by the feudal lords, upon the striving and industrious peasants. We shall hear from time to time of such oppression exceeding all bounds, and we shall also hear of brave men being found as leaders of the oppressed; and finally, and not without secret exultation, of the successful rising and effective

[1] L. L. Von Boten.

overthrow and generally death of these tyrants, whose power, so incomparably great in relation to the moneyless toilers, caused them to become insufferably insolent and often inhumanly cruel.

To counteract this it was necessary in more than one *thal*[1] for the *thalers* to band themselves into a league or club for their self-protection. Such a secret society existed here in the upper Valaisian *thal*, and was known as the *Mazze*, a corruption of the Italian *Mazza*, signifying "club." Down to this day the liberty-loving Sweitzers continue to act periodically once a year, or every second or third year, as the case may be, dramas representative of such of these scenes as have become of historical importance in their own cantons. The dramas are written by the ablest literary men among them, and acted in the open air, to a vast concourse of natives and strangers.

This *mazze*, or symbol, of the society to which we have referred, appears to have taken the form of a long and heavy club, at the end of which was affixed a mournful-looking mask or effigy, encircled with a crown or wreath of thorns. Woe be to the individual before whose castle, house or dwelling, palatial or humble, the hideous mazze was set up: he was doomed—he was hopelessly lost! Terrible as were its visitations, however, they were just, and this form of popular dispensation of justice, said to be peculiar to the Valais, obtained for long years, and, indeed,

[1] The valleys of German-speaking cantons are called "thals," those of the French-speaking, "vals."

was not abolished until intervention by the federal authorities had been oft and frequently made.

It is not surprising, therefore, that it should form the subject-matter for one of these open-air performances, for surely it offered material, romantic and tragic, for a dozen powerful dramas. In the year 1414 it was considered necessary by the thalers to set up the mazze before the castle of the Captain-General, Guiscard of Raron, a cruel tyrant who had carried the wrath of the peasantry up to a climax by unjustly ill-treating and throwing into prison a certain just, and therefore popular, magistrate, one Owlig, castellan of Brieg, and more especially by his having seized and imprisoned—in contravention of his promise—members of the National Council who had met to discuss matters generally, and his tyranny in particular.

The scene of one of such dramas is laid in this town of Brieg itself, and so poetically explains this mazze rule that we feel we cannot do better than to insert the translation of one act.[1]

[1] "Thomas in der Bunden," by Peter Arnherd, Act III.

THE MAZZE.

The public place in Brieg. In the background St. Sebastian's Chapel, with its flight of stone steps. Enter two citizens, ANTON VON ITTIGEN *and* EGID INDERKUMMEN (*ancient families of Brieg*), *engaged in lively conversation.*

ANTON VON ITTIGEN.

Who would have dreamt of that! The *landesrath*,
In peace assembled at the Bishop's Rock,
Was suddenly dissolved by violence!

EGID INDERKUMMEN.

And all our noble patriots led away—
To Lower Valais, where disgrace awaits them!

ANTON VON ITTIGEN.

A treason this, as never yet was known!
The Bishop and the Captain-General gave
Their word of troth, the pledge was signed and sealed—
And now—how faithless stand the traitors there!

EGID INDERKUMMEN.

Excuses for the Bishop might be found,
For by his uncle he is still deceiv'd.
But Guiscard—traitorous villain that he is—
Bears treason's mark upon his forehead stamped,
And him the people never will forgive.
[*Drums heard in the distance.*

ANTON VON ITTIGEN.

Methinks, indeed, his hour at length has struck!
The Bürgerrath, assembled yesternight,
Was well attended. Deputies
From Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden came,
Assistance proffering in the hour of need.
Then, too, 'twas said the Swiss Confederates

Do offer us admission to the League,
If in Val d'Ossola we them assist.
Were Domo d'Ossola but once recovered,
And upper Valais, with the Simplon Pass,
In trusty hands, why, then is Guiscard's plan
Thwarted for ever—and we again are free
To dwell amid our vales, which now in pain
Beneath the cruel tyranny do groan.

Louder drum-beats are heard.

EGID INDERKUMMEN.

What mean those drums up yonder in the Castle?

ANTON VON ITTIGEN.

New warriors, doubtless, coming from the hills!
But yesterday twenty Savoyard louts,
Hard put to it by the Swiss Confederates,
And fleeing hither from Val d'Ossola,
Were seized, deprived of armour and of weapons,
And driven off with shouts of mockery.
'Tis true they threatened to accuse us Briegers
To the Captain-General, who would them avenge;
But no one took their part. The laughter grew
The louder, the more they for assistance shrieked.

EGID INDERKUMMEN.

The tumult grows quite deafening.

SEVERAL VOICES.

Mazze! Mazze!
The Mazze comes!

THE MAZZE-MASTER.

Up yonder to the square!
To St. Sebastian's Chapel! Forward! Forward!

CHILDREN.

Forward to St. Sebastian's Chapel! Forward!

[*First appear the* Children, *then the* Tambours, *the* Mazze-master, *and the* Mazze-bearer, *with a few* Soldiers *as guard, all in disguise. They take their place on the steps of St. Sebastian's Chapel. The square quickly fills with curious people, who group themselves on either side in a semicircle. Below stand the two citizens previously introduced.*

EGID INDERKUMMEN.

What means this mummery in these our days,
When earnest forethought should our minds employ?

ANTON VON ITTIGEN.

Be still! The game may soon grow earnest.
Hear what the Mazze-master has to say!

MAZZE-MASTER (*in a hollow voice, slowly*).

Ye seem astonish'd that the Mazze thus
Appears before you in this town of Brieg,
But she no longer could endure the pain
With which these many years she has been torn.
Here see ye her in all her misery!
Comfort she seeks, assistance seeks from you.

[*The people gaze in silence and horror at the Mazze.*

EGID INDERKUMMEN (*aside*).

The forehead wrinkled! Eyes burnt from their sockets!
The mouth contorted! The cheeks hollow and wan!
Th' entire head with thorns entwined about!
A horrid sight, that none without emotion
May look upon!

MANY VOICES.

Terrible! Horrible!

MAZZE-MASTER.

Oh, ye good folk of Brieg! ye are indignant
To see the horrid features of this Mazze.
A general cry of wrathful indignation
Issues from out of your compassionate breast,
And truly not in vain! This silent Mazze
To you a deep-thought, weighty riddle puts,
That I would counsel ye forthwith to solve.

[*Whisperings.*

A VOICE.

That is the likeness of our loved and aged Owlig!

SEVERAL VOICES.

Our aged Owlig? Our right worthy cast'lan?

MAZZE-MASTER.

May be the Mazze is the cast'lan's likeness!
The Captain-General he sharply blamed,
For that he helped the ruler of Savoy
Against the Switzers in Val d'Ossola.
For this he's thrown into a dungeon deep,
Where he, by grief oppressed, is nigh to death.

MANY VOICES.

Alas! poor castellan, we pity thee!

MAZZE-MASTER.

But yet, dear folk of Brieg, it seemeth me,
The Mazze's meaning ye do fail to grasp.
Here in the midst of lovely Upper Valais,
Beneath Mount Simplon, where of old the Romans
Did build a famous highway for their troops,
Where now the pithy German tongue is spoken—
A tongue that boasts its speakers ne'er were slaves—
In weighty matters that concern our land
To speak a weighty word has aye been yours!

Can ye discern no deeper meaning hid
Beneath the piteous features of this Mazze?

A Voice.

It is the likeness of our Landesrath!

Several Voices.

The Landesrath? Abused? Despised? In durance?

Mazze-master.

May be that here the Landesrath is shown,
In durance held against all right and justice!
The noblest patriots of our country languish,
Covered with shame, within a dungeon deep.
Who knows how long their torture shall endure?

Many Voices.

Alas! how grieve we for those noble men!

Mazze-master.

But, dearest folk of Brieg! not yet have ye
The inmost meaning of the Mazze grasp'd.
Gaze on these eyes, for aye deprived of light;
This mouth, by force shut to, that cannot speak;
These pallid cheeks, that tell of pain alone;
The anxious brow, furrowed by many a care!
Then, too, the thorns, that, with their stinging points,
Which wound yet more this pained and tortured head,
To anguish add the shafts of mockery keen!
What, think ye, does this Mazze represent?

A Voice.

'Tis sure! The Mazze is our Fatherland!

Several Voices.

Yes, yes! The Mazze is our Fatherland!

MANY VOICES.

Our Fatherland! that mourns! that weeps! that bleeds!

MAZZE-MASTER.

O noble folk of Brieg! at length have ye
The deep-thought meaning of this Mazze read.
It is the symbol of poor cast'lan Owlig!
The symbol of the deeply-injured Landesrath!
The symbol of our downtrod Fatherland!
The symbol of unhappy, suffering Valais!
[*Murmurs among the people.*
Therefore let one among you now stand forth,
Who dares to speak a word before this people,
Some noble champion of this injured Mazze,
Who fears not aught that tyrants can inflict:
Let some such then the Mazze's counsel be—
And ask of her the causes of her sorrow.

ANTON OWLIG (*steps forth from the crowd*).

If for the Mazze ye a pleader seek,
Ready and glad I am to act as such.
I recognise in her my much-lov'd father,
The Landesrath, and our dear Fatherland.
The sorrowing Mazze therefore will I question
Who may have brought on her these bitter woes,
And she the deadly enemy shall name,
Who long the people's anger has deserved.
[*He gives the* Tambours *a sign, and a rolling of the drums ensues.*
O Mazze, speak! Who is it that has burned
Thine eyes with caustic? Who is it has closed
Thy mouth? Who that has crowned thy head with thorns?
Is't they of Silinon, who once this land
Did rule? [*The* MAZZE *remains motionless.*

SEVERAL VOICES.

The Mazze speaks not: they are not at fault.

[*The drums are beaten a second time.*

ANTON OWLIG.

Speak! Was it others? Was it the Am-Hengart,
Who long o'er us authority did wield?

[*The* MAZZE *remains motionless.*

OTHER VOICES.

Neither are these the Mazze's enemies.

[*The drums are beaten a third time.*

ANTON OWLIG.

O Mazze! speak then. Is it they of Raron,
Who now with harshness lord it o'er the land?

[*The* MAZZE *bows low; murmurs among the people.*

Is it the Captain-Gen'ral, the o'erbearing,
The proud and haughty baron, Guiscard hight?
The noble who is housed in Beauregard?

[*The* MAZZE *bows repeatedly; the murmurs among the people grow louder and louder.*

O folk of Brieg! the Mazze now has spoken!
The traitor to his country stands disclosed,
Wherefore do ye delay revenge to swear?

[*After a pause.*

Death to our foe! the traitor to his country!

[*While* ANTON OWLIG *continues speaking the people repeat these words with increasing fury.*

ANTON OWLIG.

Who tramples on our country's customs all!
Concludes and breaks treaties to please himself!
Barters our land away to foreign counts!

THE PEOPLE (*louder*).

Death to our foe! the traitor to his country!

ANTON OWLIG.

Himself appropriates the land's revenues!
He keeps the troops without their hard-earn'd wage!
And drives the poor man from his wealthy seats!

THE PEOPLE (*yet louder*).

Death to our foe! the traitor to his country!

ANTON OWLIG.

Without a cause our Swiss allies he hates!
The people's liberty by force suppresses!
And fills our land with mourning and with sorrow!

THE PEOPLE (*with fury*).

Death to our foe! the traitor to his country

ANTON OWLIG.

Our Landesrath by guile he has suppressed!
In dungeons dark the noblest men confined!
And them by cruel means of sight deprived!

THE PEOPLE (*shouting in inexpressible anger*).

Death to our foe! the traitor to his country!

ANTON OWLIG.

Now, sturdy men of Brieg! ye erst have sworn
Deserved revenge upon our country's foe,
That soon shall fall upon his haughty head!
And now, in confirmation of our oath,
Which, spite of all our savage foe may do,
Inevitably shall be carried out—
See, in my hand I hold an iron nail,

The sharpest and the longest I could find—
This nail I now into the Mazze strike,
In token of our troth and our resolve.
[*He strikes the nail into the club with a hammer.*

MANY VOICES.

Our oath of vengeance we're resolved to keep,
Long as the nail shall in the Mazze hold!

ANTON OWLIG.

But, noble folk of Brieg! your vengeance must
Fall terribly on the insulting foe;
For see! the Mazze's fixed upon a club,
Cut from a strong and knotty stem of wood:
Thus also with a club your enemies
Must smitten be—like to a savage bull,
Struck, beaten down, and slain by some strong giant,
And who—who is the giant? Who the club?
The giant is the men of Upper Valais!
The club—what is it but the Landessturm?

MANY VOICES.

Hurrah! the Landessturm shall be call'd out!

OTHER VOICES.

Hurrah! hurrah! the monster we will slay!

ANTON OWLIG.

A work it is that no delay will brook,
Seeing we have with violence to strive,
With treachery and guile. Within seven days
The Landessturm must be prepared and arm'd,
Ready to sweep the Valley of the Rhone,
Where every dungeon then shall be unlocked,
The castles of the tyrants all destroyed,
The eagles' eyries burned! Then will we hold
Due reck'ning with the foemen of our land,

Who now too long have trampled on our rights,
Then shall our Valais once again be free!

THE PEOPLE.

Then shall our Valais once again be free!

ANTON OWLIG (*in a loud voice, to the* MAZZE-MASTER).

Now, Mazze-master, up! and lead the Mazze
To every village of our Fatherland!
Let her be seen beneath the lofty Furka,
Where fresh and clear Rhone's icy sources flow;
Let her be seen in the deep Visperthal,
Where towers aloft the peerless Matterhorn;
Let her be seen on the great Aletsch Glacier,
Whose ponderous masses fill the Lötschenlücke.
Yes, everywhere the Mazze shall be seen,
In every place she shall assistance beg!
And as at Brieg we now have sworn our oath,
The people everywhere shall swear—in Goms, in Mörel,
In Visp, in Sierre—and in all the "Tenths."
Mount unto Mount, vale unto vale shall call:
"Valais has risen in righteous indignation!"
Then will be brought to pass what Thomas Bünden,
The hero-giant in the Gomserthal,
Spake as he stood beneath the Bishop's Rock:
"*The Mazze's day; that is the day of freedom!*"

[*The drums are sounded, and the* MAZZE *is carried rapidly away, whereupon*

THE PEOPLE (*shout in a voice of thunder*):

The Mazze's day; that is the day of freedom!

[*Omnes exeunt.*

This, the town in which the above was enacted, has been called the "key" to the mountain roads; it certainly commands the two great mountain routes the Simplon and the still more lofty *Furka*,

but perhaps it would be more correct to say that Brieg was the "lock" to these, for in days of old the "key" was held by one, Kasper Stockalper by name, who placed it in the safe keeping of a sturdy guard of seventy stalwart custodians, stanch and true. Whether it were the efficient manner in which these henchmen guarded his interests and the levies he made upon all passing through, or what may have been the cause we cannot accurately say, but certain it is that this same Stockalper became immensely wealthy. It is indeed said of him that when so disposed "he could journey from Lyons to Milan and rest and lodge every night on his own property," for Kasper's motto was: *Nil solidum, Nisi solum*, and he consequently invested his great wealth in landed property. Truly he was a man of importance, this Kasper Stockalper, "Baron of Duin, Knight of the Holy Ghost, and of the Order of St. Michael, Colonel in the Piedmontese service, and captain of several companies in the French, Spanish and Imperial armies, and he lived in the seventeenth century. He it was who built hospices on the heights of the Simplon and in the dreary and wild gorge of Gondo, "for the reception and relief of travellers overtaken by storms or fatigue"—under the circumstances, rather a good commercial investment. He it was who canalized the Rhone for a considerable distance near Colombey, thus draining and reclaiming to cultivation a large tract of land, and lastly, it was his munificent donations which enabled the dwellers in the upper Valais to build the

important church and convent of the Jesuits. Yet with all this he was a man of simple habits and simpler attire. His costume, indeed, was that of the country, made of rough woollen cloth woven in his own house. In this dress he appeared even among the splendour-loving, wealth-worshipping nobles of Milan, but the gibes which they at first bestowed upon him ceased when one of his magnificent horses cast a shoe and it was seen to be of solid silver. From that moment he was spoken of as "the rich Count from Valais." We are therefore somewhat interested to visit his palace, which we soon find ourselves opposite on re-entering Brieg. It is surmounted by three large towers—the badge and armorial bearings of the family—and we get the best view of it in passing through the gateway of polished serpentine. As we have said, religious disputes raged in the land. Brieg fought against the reformers, and even against the arrogant oppression of the Bishops of the Valais, in all of which Stockalper was of the greatest assistance. He founded still two more convents, and the old faith was upheld, whilst two of his daughters entered one of them—the Ursuline. Yet, nevertheless, so persistently does the wheel of fortune revolve that even rich Kasper met with his reverses, as we are told that "the Count's great wealth excited the envy of his fellow-citizens, and he, the greatest benefactor of his native province, was driven from his home and deprived of the greater part of his wealth." After six years spent in banishment he returned.

Many restored to him what they had wrongfully taken, others besought his indulgence, and we are told, almost in the words of a moral fairy tale, "to most of his persecutors he magnanimously made a free gift of the booty they had stolen," and we are to assume that "he lived happily ever after," for he had not been entirely ruined, as we should see if we looked in at this old palace on any Corpus Christi day. Then we should see an altar set up in a niche constructed for the purpose, and in this altar the art treasures of the Stockalpers displayed. Of these old heirlooms the most deserving of mention are a representation of the Magi Mazze in embossed silver, a masterpiece of Benvenuto Cellini's, together with some early Gothic candlesticks. The present owner is at all times kindly ready to exhibit these treasures to visitors. The large collection of family portraits in the spacious knights' hall, and the old carved furniture, are also worth seeing. While looking at them we are carried back in fancy to the days when the things we have recounted were actually taking place, to days that have long passed. Perhaps the most interesting of all these pictures is that of the great Stockalper himself.

But that we must be moving on recalls us to our own times, and to the time of day. We will therefore "oil up" outside the Hotel d'Angleterre, and at once get away, which reminds us that we cannot do so *too* early in the day, for there is an "element" in the Rhone Valley unusually antagonistic to the cyclist sluggard, an antagonist, indeed, which we

cannot lightly reckon with—we refer to the Rhone wind. This springs up, and comes up the valley with surprising regularity—ay, even punctuality—and usually with such force as entirely to neutralize the here friendly intentions of our old master, Gravity. We came down the Rhone Valley perhaps half a dozen times, and always encountered it sometime after 10 a.m., so that we would advise our cyclist readers not to neglect making an allowance in this regard if they intend to catch the steamer, as we did, at Villeneuve—and lost it. This muscle-exacting wind might, we think, be aptly termed the *Zeitdieb*.

As we leave Brieg, we look back to see it with its background of mountain and valley, and its queer-shaped minarets and cupolas, looking much like an Eastern town dropped into an Alpine vale. The valley here is fertile : we pass by green meadows and shady orchards as we skirt the Rhone, the youthful river here assuming a steadier, albeit energetic, gait than it has done in its childish gambols, its boyish impetuosity, and exuberance of spirit, in rushing along and making the valley resound with its laughter and turmoil through the district of Goms lying between this and its birthplace. A short half-hour,[1] skimming along sometimes near the centre of the valley, sometimes close up under the lofty rocks of the southern side, but almost always between weird, regularly spaced, and pointed poplars, and we find ourselves at Visp,

[1] Nine and a half kilometres.

Vispach, or Viége (Fr.) (2,160 feet), where the valley of the Visp joins that of the Rhone. Visp has several old mansion-houses and handsome churches; but we will pursue our way, which is over one of the most picturesque objects in the village—the old covered wooden bridge over the turbid Visp. We soon see above us, to our left, the little pilgrimage church of Wandfluh, which is reached by a winding path flanked with oratories, past Raron, with its old church on a rocky hill, recalling the victim of the Mazze, to Gampel, a little village with deserted smelting works lying at the narrow mouth of the *Lötschen-Thal*, by which good walkers—preferably with a guide—may go by the *Lötschen Pass*, joining the *Gemmi Pass* route just before entering Kandersteg, and thence to the *Lake of Thun*. Almost immediately we enter Turtmann, Tourtemagne (Fr.) (2,080 feet), and find that we are now in the broader and more cultivated part of this varied valley.

A full half-hour after leaving Turtmann[1] and we are in the quaint and romantic-looking village of Sierre. It was the end of October, and darkness had just set in. We had slept the previous night in the Hospice on the Simplon, where we had retired drenched in every thread. We had risen this morning under the necessity of breaking up our clothes a bit before we could get inside them, for they were frozen stiff. Still, we relied upon internal rather than external heat, on exercise rather than fires;

[1] Thirteen kilometres.

so, with a young priest, we had descended to the huge wood cellars, chosen a "lumpy" log, tied it behind our mount, and skimmed down the hard, frozen zigzags of the pass, imbibing richly-oxygenated, crisp, and cutting mountain air, which quickly warmed up our lungs, at a speed which quickly warmed up our body and—oh, tripey sensation!—melted our clothes. Nevertheless, as we passed down through the high-perched village of Berisal and met the diligence, which had left Brieg betimes, changing horses, we espied in the *coupé* an Englishman, wrapped up in a fine fur overcoat, evidently trying to see the magnificent views through windows which were incrusted with a thick coating of light-obscuring hoar-frost. Yet we were positively hot, and he cold. We wished him to convey a message—not a love one by any means—to mine hostess of Iselle, so opened the *coupé* door. "Hullo!" said he. "You English! Well, I never saw a fellow towing a heavy log by land before!" We exchanged cards; he promised to use his very best Italian in "skying" the hostess, and directing her where to send our valise she had so carelessly neglected to put on yesterday's diligence. The five strong and stalwart horses, newly *attelées*, loudly stamped their great hoofs with impatience on the frost-bound, iron-like road, the driver gave a terrific crack with his four-yard flagellator, we slammed the door, and the great cumbersome coach, which was to travel but a short distance before its passengers were to be transferred to a similar cumbrous body upon a sledge, moved

laboriously upward. As we watched it, down went the window, and out came the head of our friend, with the inquiry: "Suppose it'll be jolly cold on top, eh?" "Yes, indeed; we should strongly recommend you to walk." And now, not without a feeling of satisfaction, we put the brake on our own frail diligence, and dismounted before the medieval door of the picturesque Hotel du Château Bellevue.

We were both surprised and pleased to find that our hostess was English. Said Madame Zouffrey: "I have sons and daughters of my own, and it will be very strange if we can't fit you up with all you require." And fitted up quickly and comfortably assuredly we were. Everybody has his own idea of what he likes in the way of hotels; as for ourselves, we like, when abroad, to find them resembling exteriorly their surroundings, not carrying urban design and regularity up the sides of the unartificial, unconventionalized mountain, nor endeavouring to emulate it as to size. Interiorly we like them with a simplicity not incongruous with the simplicity of life and manner of the district, for this merges naturally with a comfort recalling that of our own old English hostelries, when manners were more simple in *their* surroundings—alas! yearly becoming more difficult to find.

Here in this old château-hotel, one portion of which—the old Château la Cour—was built as long ago as 1650, and whose exterior is quite in character with the centuries old house-fronts of the narrow High Street, when one has dined and "retired"

to the smoke-room — a queer word this in this relation, for it is precisely in the smoke-room where the man is found the least retiring—we feel ourselves so much at home as almost to forget that the cold wind whirling round in the little square outside the windows is that of the Rhone Valley, were it not that we are toasting our toes by the ruddy glow of a great wood fire, such as we feel only justified in putting upon our own hearths on Christmas Day, and this in a far less artistic and medieval manner than we see the logs here piled beneath the very handsome new, but old style, chimney, one of those huge projecting *cheminées* which tower up like a steep Teutonic roof to the very ceiling.

There was, however, yet another thing—we beg his pardon—which served to keep our thoughts to the Alps, and this in the pleasantest manner—the presence of Mr. Edward Whymper, who was then busy completing a little book on Zermatt, which has since been published. Between the puffs of a long churchwarden Mr. Whymper recounted to us some of his daring mountaineering exploits, with a freedom from ostentation and a wit in rendering very pleasing to his hearers. As to his hearers, by the way, we were all English with the exception of mine host, who, however, speaks it well, and, having been *courier* to the last of the Napoleonic Emperors, has many an interesting tale to tell—to a select few—for he is of a retiring disposition even in the smoke-room. Then we numbered among us an artist; but Mr. C—— was also a botanist, especially of the Alps,

and his conversation was as interesting as his specimens; he was amusing himself in painting panels for the Grand Salon, in which many varieties of Alpine flora appear. Sport was a topic not neglected, it need hardly be said, as we all sat in a semicircle around the blazing embers, the radii of which culminated in a small round table, upon which stood, like a pivot to the wheel of conversation, a bottle of "Scotch." The presence of this bottle in a land wherein the nectar loved of the English, as well as the Scotch, is almost invariably dispensed in liqueur glasses, not thumb-glasses—for they would assuredly not permit the insertion of that useful digit—and this at the price of from half to a franc each, standing like an *aiguille* in a mist of curling smoke, vibrating in sympathy with oft-repeated guffaws of laughter, looked English-like indeed. Sport was *en evidence* in the person of Mr. S——, who came hither for trout-fishing, this being his fourth winter in pursuance of that sport in the glacial hurrying Rhone. He is a man of some—— but he will doubtless tell you his age if you ask him—and yet during these four winters he had never put on an overcoat. Another sportsman contributed to the conversation, and a sportswoman—his wife—her quantum, and by no means a small one, of trout to the table. It was our intention to have moved onwards the following morning, but several following mornings found us still here; for just as mine hostess had fitted us up, so did mine host fit us out, and this with fishing tackle, and we spent pleasant

enough hours by the Rhone side and in excursions.

Sierre (1,775 feet) is rapidly making ground as a winter resort. It is, indeed, a *station climatérique* and a seat of the "grape cure," not necessarily for invalids, for those with pulmonary trouble stay but a night or two here on their way to Montana, with its Hotel du Pac, six miles west and over 3,000 feet higher. Sierre itself is situated on the north side of the valley, so that it is exposed to the sun practically for the whole day, whilst it is effectively sheltered from the cold north winds. It is indeed quite strange to stand here after luncheon on this little terrace in October or November glad to get shelter from the sun beneath the trees whilst resting from a long morning of delightful *lugeing*, which we have had just on the other side of the valley, and feel quite appreciative of the cooling effect which the beautiful half snow-clad wooded gorge of the Navigence gives as it recedes from us in a sinuous and upward course towards the acute and deliciously cool-looking *Rothorn*. From here we survey perhaps the prettiest spot in all the Rhone Valley. Before us are the gently-rounded mountains forming the southern margin of the vale, broken by the gorge referred to. In the centre of the broad valley and on the very edge of a precipitous monticle is a convent, the *Chartreuse de Géronde*, now untenanted, but which since its foundation in 1331 has at different periods afforded shelter to the *religeuses* of almost all the monastic orders. To our

right the valley gently slopes away towards Sion.[1] Behind us the Valaisian Mountains, and behind them, again, those of the Bernese Oberland, present a splendid variety of contour. Near their bases we see cultivated patches and terraced vineyards, man's kindly but not disinterested attentions towards Mother Earth being here and there entirely repelled by the inquisitive and unwonted thrusting through her meagre cloak of hard and barren rocky nodules. Dotted among the vineyards and pastures we see whitewashed churches, with their square towers and extinguisher-like spires, snow-white cottages standing out from the background of green, and picturesque clusters of weather-browned timber châlets. Above these bands of cultivation are zones of dark-green fir-trees, whilst above these, again, we have the barren and angular mountain-tops silhouetted against a cloudless sky. Looking towards the head of the valley, we see close to us, perched on the summit of a monticle, the tower of a ruined castle, beyond it the rocky ridge of mountain summits, looking much like the teeth of a saw; whilst if we advance into the centre of the valley, we see it, as it were, blocked up by the snow-capped and majestic Monte Leoni, of the Simplon group.

Swiss vales, like Swiss Oberlands, are at their best about sunset, and we should be on the terrace to see this. The sun is just going off the valley, and his rays, which have all day flooded it, appear suddenly to be bent heavenward; his face is hidden

[1] Ten miles.

behind the serrated range, but his golden rays, like angels' ladders, dart up in straight lines toward heaven, throwing the azure sky above their arid edges into a halo of golden glory. Looking up the valley, we see the sombre-hued mountain-tops fantastically streaked and mottled by a white network of snow suddenly lighted up with a brilliant amber, which rapidly increases in tone as it diminishes in its depth of covering until their apices are of a rich rose colour. Alas! too transient, for while we yet admire, it leaves these noble earthly excrescences, and is alone reflected in ruddy splendour from the realms of space, where but an instant before space had been represented by an ethereal refraction of a most delicate blue-green or green-blue, call it which you will, for it is impossible to paint it in words. We should remain here yet a few minutes after the valley has become veiled in the soft mauve of eve, for when all colour has fled from us here below we still see the pure snow of the *Rothorn* illumined with gold, merging by imperceptible gradations into warmer tints as the ardent, glorious source from which it steals its glow sinks to rest unseen.

With a fine, mild winter climate, the railway to the door, and lovely surroundings, Sierre is a pleasant enough place for a restful stay. Everything, indeed, about it seems restful, everything seems to move so slowly, lazily, contentedly; the very front of the old hotel seems just as it was three or four centuries ago, whilst the little square in front recalls a stage scene set for a rural operetta. We noticed that

visitors lingered and sat in the old quadrangle, and we did not wonder at it—it was deliciously cool, quaint, and with just enough life to add to the interest of contemplating a sixteenth-century scene. There stands the old château, with its façade of two tiers of arched windows, in front of which, like a beautiful curtain of Nature, depend the long, straight fringes of ruddy Virginia-creeper, its quaint cupola-surmounted roof looking so demure beside the more lofty medievally-shaped belfry dominating its wing, its stone-mullioned windows glazed with tiny squares of crinkled glass and guarded with jalousies.

Surely all this is preferable to the incongruous importation of a colossal Northumberland-Avenue-like erection, with great, long, draughty corridors stretching from end to end, in which you can get neither rest nor privacy, with perky pages, be-buttoned boys, be-chained and bumptious butlers, railway-like uniformed lift-men, and golden-capped *portiers*, who are alternately suave, saucy, or grovellingly obsequious, their insolence consonant with the amount of gold braid on their coats, their pandering varying with their estimation of what it will bring. We certainly don't want the lift-man here, for the ninety bedrooms are contained on two floors; and we don't want the resplendent *portier* with his ear-racking cab whistle, for the cabs wouldn't come, and he wouldn't be in character either with the quaint exterior or the irregular interior. Our sympathies would go out to the shade of poor old Mr. Pickwick if he happened to drop in

for a night and lost himself here as he did at Norwich in trying to find his bulky repeater. And we certainly don't want the perky, soprano-piping pages, for it is ten to one on it they are looking out for you to deliver a letter or telegram you don't want. And who *are you* in a vast hotel? Listen to the "nipper"! No. 333: "Number three 'undred and thirty-three, three 'undred and thirty-three, three——" That is *you*, just as if you were a visitor of that number in Her Majesty's hotel on that healthy moor where flows the "silver Dart." You're a nonentity; you're a cipher. Who wants this open-to-everyone flunkeydom; who wants any business-letters in this quiet Rhone re—— We were about to write retreat, but that sounds so much like the polite way of writing madhouse; and surely people must be far from mad who choose such places for sober pleasure or health recuperation.

What little there is going on in the little High Street before us seems sufficient for us just now. The little square looks like an empty stage; the background "cloth" has painted upon it the façade of a queer old house, that of the *berg-meister;* on it is a queer sign of the sun, its roof is composed of neither slate nor tiles, but fantastically-shaped slices of stone, heavy enough, one would think, to stop where they are by their own dead weight, without being, as they are, pinioned down with a small larch-tree. On the "prompt" side are some quaintly-shapen houses, one with a pigmy balcony, and a rough-hewn stone spout for the ejection of waste-

water—dirty water, probably, from the scouring of floors. On the coign hangs out a board marked "Coiffeur," and you expect to find a hairdresser's, but you don't; you find instead one of those rural sell-everything shops. What a conglomeration! toys, chocolate, photographs, alpenstocks, shirts, baby-linen, stationery, petticoats, cigarettes, perfumes, and dolls. Yet you get your shave there; and very queer you feel as you recline gazing at the ceiling, with your sunburnt nose peeping out from a sea of foaming soap, as a young lady comes in to buy a yard of elastic, or what not.

The "o-p" side is occupied by the post-office; but you would not know it, were it not for its pigeon-house, with pagoda roof and rings, whereon perch, not white pigeons, but white insulators, and from within fly out, and from without fly in, not birds, but invisible messages. Outside stands the state carriage of the Federation Mails, not brilliantly red like those of our own revered Majesty, but a clean creamy yellow. In place of the authoritative letters H.M.S., we see a volute post-horn, whilst inscribed within a garland of oak and myrtle is the Swiss cross.

For a moment the stage is empty, but you hear a low rumbling, and then enters a sage-faced old cow, swinging her great sober head from side to side as she comes up the little hill, and with it her great tintinnabulating bell. You think she is alone, but she is not, for presently she brings on her queer V-shaped cart, just like two rough-runged ladders tied together. This is piled up with some kind of

green stuff, and on it sits a chubby, bronze-faced little fellow, looking supremely happy in a bright red cap. Another rumbling, and a lad appears with his Alpine cap bent down on one side for the sun, with bare legs and feet thrust in great sabots; he is feebly cracking a whip, but appears to be driving nothing more substantial than the wind, until we see leisurely following him at a considerable distance a donkey with a load of rough stone. Then comes a pack-mule, evidently bound for Montana, balancing pannier fashion two small casks of wine—and quite enough too for mountain-climbing. Then two cows leading an old woman, like Mary's lamb, for wherever they went she was sure to go. Now a very old man leading by a long rope a pack-cow, carrying two of those queer-shaped panniers more usually seen on the backs of equally hard-toiling women. Then a horse—but he is more of a rarity—drawing a small dray, on which is mounted a great tun of wine, kept quiet on a bed of dried maize-stalks. Then more mules with the most heterogeneous loads they are pleased to carry, though we can hardly say this even with certainty, for if you look into their somewhat sleepy eyes you seem to read there nothing but silent resignation.

A gentle "cooing" causes you to look upwards, and there you see some beautiful white fantails strutting pompously backwards and forwards on the narrow belfry ledges, impatient for you to admire their fully-distended tails. And when you do, the word seems to be passed round — by that silent

telepathic transference of which we know little—and eh, presto! there is a line of nine all profusely bobbing and cooing and all as white as snow; some even come down to "show off" around your very feet. How the poor smoke-dried and smutty pigeons who similarly disport themselves in the tympanum of the British Museum would like to change places with these if they only knew! Yet things are not always what they seem; are these innocent birds as free from care as they appear? No! in the midst of their coquetry and apparent *insouciance* they cannot dissociate themselves from the inexorable laws of Nature—the survival of the fittest, the vanquishing of the weaker by the stronger. They find it indeed necessary to be ever watchful, not only of their fine feathers, but of dear life itself, and may it not be dear to them as to us, and may there not be hidden away in that venerable belfry little families of soft fluffy mites, with big, wide-open beaks, who have to be tended, fed and cared for? And well do both fathers and mothers know that not so far above them on the mountain-side are hawks and buzzards, whose extraordinary powers of vision are only equalled by the phenomenal speed with which they appear on the scene—apparently from nowhere—and, swooping down with terrible precision, seize upon and soar far aloft with their terrified and impotent prey, to be seen—in far less time than it takes to write it—as mere specks above the mountain-side. E'en far stronger and less dainty birds must needs be alert, for but a few minutes

since our genial landlord called our attention to a noble eagle, from the rocks above Montana, soaring overhead, in graceful gyrations, apparently listlessly, but in truth scanning with his fierce, bright, golden-rimmed eye the whole valley for duck or fowl, or even kid or lamb, his golden wings harmonizing well with the azure of the sky.

Then from above us, also, we heard melodious strains of the organ coming from the little chapel—originally that of the Courten family—a tiny place seating about thirty, with its pretty altar always decked with fresh flowers by the Zouffrey family, with no pulpit, but a *calorifère*, which looks much like one. We knew that the pretty sister of the chaplain discoursed this, and we went in for closer inspection preparatory to a ramble in the valley as far as the blue lakes, little patches of water remarkable for their hot springs and the deep-blue tint of their waters.

You cannot ramble in the Rhone Valley, even in the most cursory manner, without the conviction being forced upon you that long years since it formed the cradle of a gigantic glacier: there are the glacial scorings; every stone you pick up is rounded over. The light and stony soil of both the bed and of the irregular hillocks is nothing less than the *detritus* of long since quiescent moraines, brought here by slow glacial advance from the Upper Rhone. This glacially-disintegrated soil is rich alluvial, and to-day provides nutriment for good crops of the omnipresent maize and barley, as well as for the

prolific and extensive vineyards upon which the sun has here uninterrupted play.

As we go back and darkness is coming on, we think we will look in at the church, which stands at the end of the village, with a spire the nearest thing we have seen to a Sussex steeple, its shape indeed being quite correct, but that it is of stone instead of cleaven wood shingles. As we pass under the fine weeping willow we hear singing, and enter this Nôtre Dame de Marais. It is dimly lighted by candles, and we are surprised at the unusual spectacle of a church service going on without a priest. Priests in Roman Catholic churches perform most of the ceremony upon their knees and with their backs turned towards the congregation; we waited, therefore, expecting to see one bob up from somewhere, but no, the church did not shelter a priest at the time. The congregation was made up principally of boys and girls, lads and lasses, with a sprinkling of old and decrepit women. The males stood or knelt on one side of the central aisle, the females on the other, and whilst the one enunciated, the other responded. We found that another service was going on below, or would have been going on had anyone attended, so we descended into the crypt, also dimly lighted. This subterranean altar is enclosed within a heavy cage formed of strong wooden bars, carried between massive wooden pillars. It was decidedly dismal down there, and as we turned to come away we experienced something in the nature of a shock, for there, stacked up in

bins, tier above tier, were thousands of skulls. They seemed all, with their hollow eyes, to be eagerly looking out through the bars that withheld them, their grim jaws resting on their thigh-bones.

It was close to Sierre where we met with our first bicycle mishap, the breaking of our chain, a *contre-temps* which we had not prepared for, but invariably did afterwards, by carrying a few spare links. Needless to say, there are no bicycle repairers hereabouts in the Rhone Valley, but we were informed that one *Grenette Andrioli*—a skilful smith, of Sion—was the man we wanted. We were glad to hear it, but felt that the forge and tools of *Grenette* would be much the same thing to us, and consequently set out to walk the ten miles to this the next old town.

Andrioli was soon found, and as soon decided that he could quickly forge us a new chain-block out of an old file; this he did, and very well, too. He had, luckily, a little drilling-machine, and the making of the links, and the "drawing out" of the pins also from a steel file, did not present any particular difficulty to the *habile* Grenette. Our brake-block had worn down to the metal, and that was certainly not a blacksmith's job, but having tried in vain to purchase a good thick bit of rubber hose-pipe with which to make a substitute, we decided, with Andrioli, to get some good sole-leather, fold it four-fold, beat it hard on the anvil, and then get the cobbler to sew it. This was successfully done and the block fitted, but despite the old English saying,

"Nothing like leather!" we found that its wearing capabilities as a brake-block upon a pneumatic tyre fell far short of rubber. The repairs were effected in the open street just outside Andrioli's little forge, and very picturesque was the scene, with the curious boys and girls, old men and women, standing round.

Andrioli's bill was surely as moderate as his work had been skilful. A new chain-block, couple of links and pins, a new brake-block, three hours of his own and son's time, the thorough cleaning and putting together again of the machine, use of his forge and his tools, 2 francs 80 cents. We said with confidence we could recommend him, and we here beg permission to do so. We are not aware if he made any charge to our interested audience.

A stroll through Sion was pleasant. We were not particularly impressed with the cathedral church, but saw several quaint street scenes and picturesque corners. Although the weather was cold, it appeared to be the practice to carry on many trades entirely in the street. Outside the gendarmerie we saw a book-binder at work; he was hammering together the leaves of a book about to be stitched upon an anvil-iron fixed in the pavement. Many a time had the old man, whose movements were deliberation itself, so hammered, for both his anvil-head and his hammer-face were polished as a looking-glass. The re-making of mattresses seemed to be another outdoor trade. Large mattresses standing upon trestles were opened, their internal anatomy taken out, the flock recarded, the springs reset, and

the whole reconstructed. Whilst men attended to the more mechanical work, women sat busily carding the flock or hair with a primitive-looking "devil" or oscillating carding-engine. Under the colonnade of the Town Hall, however, we noticed quite elaborate carding appliances. This old civic edifice, by the way, displays on its front a quaint and elaborate three-dial clock.

The wee-est of children appeared desirous of emulating their elders, for there they sat in the gutters, their tiny fingers busy in learning knitting, and even sewing. Speaking of gutters reminds us that a mountain-stream, the Sionne, runs down one of the principal streets, the *Rue du Grandpont* covered over with boarding. Sion is very picturesque to see from the valley, whilst when in it one has no trouble in finding many a *point d'avantage* from which to obtain fine views of the latter both upwards, towards Leuk, and downwards, towards Martigny.

A pleasant three-quarters of an hour run and we are at Saxon, or *Saxon-les-Bains* (1,570 feet). Here are iodine springs and baths. The old Château Saxon is picturesquely placed high up on the valley side, which here is dominated by a pointed summit, the *Pierre à Voir*, looking like the bastion of a Titanic castle. Surely it is well named "the look-out stone," for the view from it must be very extensive. It is 8,123 feet in height, and is easily ascendable, preferably from Martigny, in about six hours; the descent may be made to this village

(Saxon) by sledge in one to one and a half hours.

A little lower down the valley, opposite Riddes, we see the little white village of *Iserables*. It is far up on an almost barren mountain, and its isolated position amid such inhospitable surroundings inevitably causes a pun, in which the word "M-iserables" occurs, almost to escape our lips. Half an hour from Saxon brings us to Martigny, where on one occasion we joined our reader,[1] being ourselves *en route* for Italy over the Great St. Bernard. Opposite Martigny the valley makes a sharp bend, almost at right angles. The valley-bottom here is flat and a little dreary; formerly hundreds of acres of it had run to waste, from the fact that it was intermittently flooded by the then devastating Rhone. This now has been "corrected," as the French-Swiss put it, the "Rhone Correction" having had the effect of reclaiming to cultivation much that was otherwise useless. We find ourselves here again on one of those ugly poplar-regiment roads.

Although this is true of the valley-bottom, we should not forget to add that the mountainous sides remain as beautiful as ever—indeed, we think more so, for they tower up more steeply as we continue down by this point, whereby their grandeur is enhanced—still the vegetation continues in its wonted exuberance. "The Highland or Cumberland mountain bears its honeyed feathers or scented

[1] "Across the Great St. Bernard."

ferns, but the mass of the bank at Martigny or Villeneuve has a vineyard in every cranny of its rocks, and a chestnut-grove on every crest of them."[1]

Martigny (1,560 feet) is a busy old town in summer, being the starting-point for coaches going towards the St. Bernard, of carriages going over the Tête-Noir, and of saddle-horses starting to cross the *Col de Balme*, otherwise there is nothing of particular interest. It has a shady market-place planted with trees and adorned with a bronze to Liberty, and a large Roman building which has recently been excavated here.

From here for the next 25 or 30 kilometres there are many interesting things to see. We seem scarcely to have got fairly shaken down into the saddle and admired the fine old castle of the Bishops of Sion high above us (1,985 feet), and known as *La Batiaz*—which was inhabited by these powerful princes, as they were called, from 1260 to 1518, when their own overbearing sway brought about their own downfall—than we find ourselves abreast of the entrance to the imposing *Gorges du Trient*, a ravine cut down by long years of hard work on the part of the torrent Trient. This we should dismount to inspect, especially if we have not seen the still more impressive Gorge of Pfaffers,[2] in the Engadine. We are enabled to follow the course of this precipitous and perpendicular gorge for some half a mile, by means of a wooden gallery projecting from the rocks

[1] John Ruskin. [2] Near Ragatz.

above the noisy torrent. Mounting again, we are quickly at Vernayaz.

Vernayaz (1,535 feet) is the starting-point of two routes—pedestrian routes we were about to say, although carriages do go—to Chamounix, the one by way of Salvan, the other by Gueuroz. The little village of Salvan is reached by a steep path-like road with many windings in about an hour and a half. It is a picturesque climb overshadowed by fine chestnut and walnut trees. The air up here is very fine, and has won for this pigmy and primitive place quite an enviable reputation as a summer resort. Another recommendation, as mathematically explained to us by the father of a long family, was undoubtedly the phenomenal economy with which one can live there. We had the pleasure of seeing some of his long family, two of them fine strapping girls who appeared capable of doing themselves justice and the viands a considerable amount of damage; nevertheless, as we understood it, these could be housed and fed for something approaching nothing.

The calculations conclusively established the fact that the cost diminished inversely as the number of persons increased, and fell to so small a figure in the case of the long family that we all but completed arrangements for entertaining a goodly number of our best friends in this high-perched, low-priced Alpine nook for a whole year, whilst we completed our herculean literary labours in connection with the writing of this little book; for, according to our

friend paterfamilias' process of arithmetical exhaustion, it would have been possible without using any "unknown numbers," but simply by stating a sufficiently long period and a sufficiently great number of friends, to have lived there for a figure actually reaching nothing. It was merely our devoted sense of duty and, *par suite*, the necessity of visiting more places that caused us to desist fom this retrenching step, or rather cessation of steps. Close to this desirable spot is another, Finhaut, or *fins-hauts*, which we take to mean the top of the climb, and this second village runs Salvan close in all respects.

Scarcely are we in the saddle again than we seem to feel the spray of the falling *Salanfe*, which here descends in a lofty and beautiful cascade, the brusqueness of its name, the *Pissevache*, serving well to show the simplicity of manner and openness of expression of the former dwellers in this pastoral valley. It is 230 feet in height, and Baedeker tells us the best light to see it in is the morning—another argument in favour of early rising.

We are now in that "reach" of the valley which takes an almost northerly direction and looking directly towards the Lake of Geneva, but we cannot see many miles down it, for, on account of the very singular contraction which we shall presently notice more closely, it is but as

"Far as St. Maurice, from yon eastern forks,
Down the main avenue my sight can range;
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks

Within them, church, and town, and huts and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange."[1]

Another five miles puts us into the narrow streets of the picturesque old town here mentioned by the poet. It seems to consist of merely one long and straight street—Roman streets were always straight, and this, it appears, was the Roman *Agaunum*—having previously been called *Tarnaïas*, but subsequently *Agaunum*, an abbreviation of *Agones Martyrum*, martyr's agony—in allusion to one of the most sanguinary episodes in the history of Christianity. Just before entering the town we pass a chapel, that of St. Véroilley, and it was close to this that St. Maurice, who was commander of the Thebaic legion, according to tradition, suffered martyrdom. Close here, also, so says tradition, the terrible massacre took place in the year 286, the appalling outpouring of blood being entirely due to the fact that a mass of humanity—the "Theban legion"—declined to oblige one Maximian in some such small details as bowing down and worshipping idols, when the common-sense within them revolted at such mockery. The remains of the sainted captain-martyr and Christian leader are still preserved, set in precious stones, here in the ancient abbey of St. Maurice.

"Maximianus, Emperor of the West, it will be remembered, made a speciality of persecuting Christians; and some time between 280 and 300 A.D., he seems to have distinguished himself by an act of

[1] Wordsworth.

more than usual barbarity There was a legion passing through this Agaunum, on the way to Italy, which had been recruited from Thebes in Egypt, and was commanded by an officer, Maurice. The men were all Christians, therefore they refused to help Maximianus in his work of extermination. In return, the Emperor had them surrounded by other troops, and massacred to a man. Hence the name St. Maurice. As a Roman legion of that day numbered about six thousand men, some doubt has been expressed as to the accuracy of the tradition. Almost as much ink has flowed in this controversy as blood could possibly have been spilt in the massacre.[1]

"Certain it is that Christianity was already firmly established in the Lower Valais during the fourth century, for in 381 there is mention of a Bishop Theodor, or Theodul, of Martigny. This prelate founded an abbey in memory of the martyrs, probbably the first in point of time north of the Alps. It was richly endowed by Sigismond, King of the first kingdom of Burgundy, and by Charlemagne himself. Here a Margrave (Rudolf), in 888, crowned himself King of Transjurane Burgundy. At all times, too, the abbey was a great resort for pilgrims on their way over the Great St. Bernard."[2]

Of the ancient and original abbey it would appear

[1] Nevertheless, but a cursory survey of the rocky environment and the "lie of the land" points both to the probability of its having taken place and to the appositeness of the site.

[2] McCrackan, "Romance Switzerland."

that all that remains is the massive square tower, capped by a small octagonal pyramid, with four cones at the corners and several tiers of rude Romanesque windows up the sides. The abbey is now tenanted by Augustinian monks, who will show you what remains of the ancient treasury of the abbey; some of the art treasures being extremely valuable, attest the great former wealth of the monastery; among them are a vase of Saracenic workmanship, a golden crozier, a chalice of agate, Queen Bertha's chalice, and a rich MS. of the Gospels, said to have been presented to the abbey by Charlemagne. Roman inscriptions are to be found in St. Maurice, notably on the walls of the churchyard and on the tower of the venerable abbey-church. One often sees the Augustinian monks adding picturesqueness to the valley of this most religious canton as they go about with quiet, thoughtful mien, clad in rough and heavy dark-brown gowns with very large hoods, the uncouth garment confined at the waist with a thick girdle of white rope, from which depend their cross and rosary. Fine-looking men some of them, with large bald heads partially covered with a little skull-cap worn well to the back of the head, their bronzed faces adorned with immense bushy whiskers.

On a rocky slope not far from the station is a hermitage—of *Nôtre Dame du Sex*.[1]

Exactly at the position occupied by St. Maurice we notice that the Rhone Valley very suddenly con-

[1] Sax-rock.

tracts, and offers precisely that favourable strategic advantage which would have been seized upon by the bellicose Romans; so narrow is it that there is but room for road and river, the rail having to pass by means of a tunnel. It has been fitly termed the "key" of the valley.

> "'Twas dusk, and journeying upward by the Rhone,
> That there came down, a torrent from the Alps,
> I entered where a *key* unlocks a kingdom;
> The road and river, as they wind along,
> Filling the mountain pass."[1]

As we pass along the roadway between rock and river, with the noble and acute *Dent de Morcles* close beside and towering above us (9,775 feet), and are about to turn sharp to cross the bridge, we notice an old castle with a rather alarming manner of painting its doors and shutters. We shall, however, get used to more alarming paintings in similar positions as we journey through Switzerland, and learn that it is merely an unwritten way of proclaiming that the particular building is the public property of the particular canton in which it finds itself.

Here we should certainly dismount to visit a very interesting natural object, such a thing as the unscientifically inclined are contented to call a "freak" of Nature, when, as a matter of stern and demonstrable fact, it is anything but a freak, being actually a consequence of a process governed by Nature's unalterable laws. It is known as the Fairy Cave (the *Grotte aux Fées*).

[1] S. Rogers.

Grotte aux Fées

It seems a queer way of entering a fairy cave to walk up several flights of stairs to the top of a frowning cantonal castle, yet this is the way you gain admission to it, after the formality of paying for your ticket. This ticket, however, you have to bear with you a short way up a steep and tortuous path until you come to a little hut-like domicile, where a meek-looking nun, in an array of stiffly-starched and snow-white linen, which we only wish our town washerwoman could see when she sends us home uncalendered shirt-fronts, for if it would not put her to the blush she must be hopeless indeed. This meek and sad-faced nun will relieve you of your ticket only to wrap up your lady friends in thick and cosy-looking cloaks, and to present you with a top-coat of similar cold-defying construction. The thermometer being 80° or 90° in the shade, we ventured to rebel, but in dulcet tones she impressed upon us the palpable point that that was the greater reason, for the thermometer within the cave stood below freezing.

Then a stentorian-voiced guide takes you and yours in hand, lights a small regiment of oil-lamps, takes one in his hand, and places one in each of yours and yours. Is this clear? If so, it is more than you will say of the narrow embouchure and trachea of the cave. We should not forget to ask the guide to take his magnesium lamp in with him, and, as he will know that the lamp in the hand means a franc in the pocket, he will take it—both, in fact, with alacrity—and anything else you

may choose to give him. But we must have patience, for the cave is no cave, being merely a most interesting crack, a mere flaw some 500 yards in length; but it is wonderful how soon you get used to such things and to their inherent pitchy darkness. Our Indian file subterraneous tramp is varied every few yards by something of interest. It is spoken of as a stalactite cave, but in this it is disappointing, especially to those who may have explored the caverns near Buxton and Cheddar, undoubtedly the most perfect stalactitic and stalagmitic collections in Europe. Here the stalagmites are wanting, and the stalactites poor, but they make up for it in their quaintness. For example, we have not gone far before we stop in front of one resembling a crocodile, curiously agglomerated with a pair of lion's paws. Then we pass and peer up into some lofty *cheminées*, great fissures running up many feet, nearly vertically. We have spoken of it as a gigantic "crack" in the rock, which, by the way, appears to be very uncertain as to what material it wishes to be considered to be composed of, for here we have it limestone, there we have it black marble. Although a "crack," it is certainly not a cleft; there is no evidence of fracture, but, on the other hand, there is abundance of proof that this long, narrow and crooked tunnel has been formed entirely by the erosion of the persistent stream of icy-cold water. Indeed, it is still at its work, and until comparatively recently its abnormal presence made an entrance far into the cavern an impossibility. Now, however, thanks to

some small amount of dynamite blasting, the water is made to take another course, and the fissure is at all times open to visitors. Having penetrated some distance, we come to another fissure branching off laterally. This is liberally supplied with CO_2, as the chemists would say, carbonic acid gas, which of course renders the air irrespirable, and would, were we to enter it, first put out the flame of our oil-lamps and then our own. The *cheminées* are very interesting, for they are great upright spaces formed by the washing away of the rock by vertically descending water. What is, perhaps, still more interesting is that the first one or two are now practically without water, this having quite naturally, and without any artificial assistance, diverted its own course. It seems wonderful when we reflect that this honeycombing is going on incessantly in millions of places in the bowels of the earth. The interest of these well-named chimneys culminates at the extreme inner end of the passage in a huge dome, thus forming a great natural cupola, 80 feet in height, from the apex of which comes tumbling down, shower-bath fashion, into a little lake a light cascade of thread-like streams of water. This would be but poorly seen by the aid of our own dim oil-lamps alone, so our communicative conductor here mounts with us on a little rickety wooden gallery, and then we appreciate the wisdom of having asked him to bring in his "magnesium"; for here he lights up, turns the brilliant beam upwards on to the falling water-drops, and we see a pretty little natural scenic effect, which

in itself well repays us for our visit to the Grotte aux Fées.

We were sorry not to have met the fairy herself—fairy Frisette, whom, we are told, becomingly arrayed in white drapery, flies in and out of her narrow cave, and across the river, to the hill of Duin, where in days gone by she used to visit the ladies of the castle "to smile upon their babies." May our readers be more fortunate, and may she smile upon them! but we are rather doubtful, for the good villagers are beginning to feel that she has left them for aye, since she has not been seen for some time, and she has taken away her jewelry, her beautiful gems and her precious scintillating stones, with which the walls of her rocky abode were made resplendent. Now we see, the villagers dolefully tell us, but her beautiful tears congealed into weeping stalactites.

St. Maurice, which we must now leave to sleep on in the pious memory of its ancient martyrs, is the junction, both by road and rail, for Bouverey on the south and Montreux on the opposite side of Lake Leman. We wish to go to the latter, and also to the little town of Bex, which lies on the north side of the valley. Consequently we cross the river by the lofty masonry bridge, just opposite the castle door, and, turning to our left, find ourselves in twenty minutes dismounting under the big shady tree in the garden of the Hôtel-Pension des Alpes.[1]

[1] Mr. Riekert, the proprietor, who speaks a little English, although occupying himself principally with "pension" guests,

From Bex our direct road down the valley is that on the north, or shall we say east, side, for we are steering due north-west. But we propose to visit a very interesting spot on the opposite side of the Rhone. For this purpose we leave by the church of Bex, and, following a flat road for about 5 kilometres, we cross the Rhone by a longish bridge, and then, passing under the roof of one of those very picturesque timber-covered bridges, we run into the High Street of the rather busy little town of Monthey; for it has a beet-sugar refinery, glass-works, and close by a large stone quarry supplying the entire district with granite, not from the mountains themselves, but from the so-called erratic blocks, samples of which we have come here specially to see. We leave our mount in charge of the hostess of the Hôtel des Postes in the broad High Street, and at once make our way up the steepish pathway to the chestnut grove, twenty minutes above, where some of these huge boulders are to be seen.

One of the most interesting is the *Pierre-a-dzo*, which is balanced on another stone, presenting to it a foundation surface of but a few square inches.

Though we have not the space, nor would it be consistent with the nature of this little book to enter at any length into details of the geological

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or, as they are somewhat ambiguously termed, "pensioners," is at all times pleased to see cyclists and attend to their wants promptly. His charges are very moderate.

formations of this, or of any other district of this entrancingly interesting country, we cannot refrain from advising the general reader to spend what little leisure he may have in studying and considering this matter, the ponderings upon which cause such visions of pre-historic, glacial, and terrestrial formation and transmutation to rise up before the mind's eye as can only be excelled in all-absorbing interest by the intelligent contemplation of the gorgeous celestial space when night has gathered over these same valleys of the Alps. The formations themselves generally, their "faults" and surprises, their disintegrations, their rearrangement, their transfer from place to place by water-carriage, the transport by ice-carriage of vast masses to whose positions, rather than to themselves, the word erratic so justly applies—for are not these *blocs erratiques* found in the queerest of locations?—here poised high and unstably on a mere point like the stem to a great mushroom, there deposited in such an unlikely place that it would seem to have been effected for the sole purpose of creating surprise—add to these the natural embalmment, as it were, of such for the edification of subsequent generations, the fossils, the prehistoric remains of man and beast—ay, and even of petrified fish, and you will find they make up a study not to be excelled in interest by any branch of science. As to the latter, Professor Heer has graphically remarked, that the Swiss people, without undertaking a long journey to the sea-coast to study the living forms of marine life,

can, close to their homes, make themselves masters of ancient oceanic natural history. They cannot gaze on vast tracks of sea water, but the upheaval of the bed of the ancient ocean in their own country has laid bare before them treasures formerly concealed beneath deep sea-waves, and the collection made there by Nature during thousands of years reveals a richer, a more varied fauna than any coast can *now* offer. Whilst as to fossils generally, how interesting are the relics of lake-dwelling periods, as well as of other aids to ethnological research. Nature has certainly been lavish to the studious Switzer!

The formation hereabouts is of the Miocene or Swiss Molasse period, overspread by the sandy and pebbly débris from the huge Rhone Glacier, then far, far larger than its present self, as we saw it recently. The irregularities of this valley's surface are indeed due mainly to the mechanical and eroding influences of glacial pressure and glacier-born streams, and subsequently rivers acting through long, long ages.

The Swiss Molasse, which forms the bed of the central Swiss plateau on which this locality rests, may be briefly divided into three layers. The lowest and highest contain remains of only fresh-water animals; in the middle one are found impressions of marine animals alone. The rocks which constitute it are sandstones, marls, conglomerates, and limestones, the last-named being found only in the marine portion. The depths of several of the Jura valleys are filled with molasse

overlying a ferruginous Eocene, and in some places on the central plateau its deposits are of great thickness, rising on the borders of the Alps even into mountains, one of which is the Rigi (5,906 feet), and another the Speer (6,417 feet).

On this Swiss Molasse, or Miocene, lies what is often called Diluvium or Glacial Drift. This varies in character: there is that which covers the surface of the country generally, and which we see around us, and saw more particularly at Sierre, taking the form of *stratified* deposits of sand and more or less rounded pebbles, varying in size from that of a walnut to that of a man's head, and which we may often see in gravel-pits opened for mending roads, and which is also exposed where cut through by brooks and rivers. Another variety of this drift occurs heaped up in large *unstratified* masses of sand and stones without any order, some of the stones being partly rounded, and others sharp and angular, occasionally bearing straight scratches or striæ on them like those of the monticles at Sierre, whilst a third kind is seen as angular granite blocks, some of enormous size, lying more or less isolated on the mountain sides, bordering the valleys such as we see here at Monthey.

The great point of interest in connection with this subject is, How did these enormous blocks of granite, as well as the other materials just described, travel from their known sources fifty or sixty miles away and reach their present sites? The explanation offered, and the researches which led to it,

have laid open to the world one of the most wonderful episodes of geological history. To the Swiss naturalist, Charpentier, is due the giving of a scientific basis to the theory which, by the researches of Agassiz, Forbes, and many others, may now be considered as a conclusive solution of the problem. This result has been obtained by means of a careful examination of the existing glaciers of Switzerland; and the brief references and descriptions of their nature we have elsewhere given will serve, we trust, to convey some idea, not only of them, but of the entrancingly interesting phenomena involved.

A careful comparison of the phenomena connected with these modern Swiss glaciers shows a perfect analogy with what occurred in the enormous glaciers of the Great Ice Age, and to these causes, on a gigantic scale, must be ascribed the diffusion of the Alpine rocks and débris to such vast distances over the lowlands of Switzerland. Seven of these huge ancient glaciers can be traced in this country; but the largest of all came from what is now called the Rhone Valley in Canton Valais, where we now stand, this great Alpine district having furnished by far the largest number of affluents. It was this Rhone glacier which once filled, not only the Lake of Geneva, but the broad valley in which Neuchâtel and Morat are situated, carrying with it the vast accumulations which now form their undulating surfaces.

Let us, therefore, give an outline of the course

taken by this ancient glacier, pointing out the source whence it obtained its débris and rocky accumulations, and the places where it ultimately deposited them as the vast river of ice travelled along and finally melted when the Great Ice Age passed away.

At the culminating period of its existence the glacier filled the whole of this the principal valley of the Valais, and also its many lateral valleys, attaining to the height of several thousand feet above this valley bottom, as evidenced by the polishing of the rocks there, and the accumulation and dissemination to these great distances of rocks from those heights by this vast glacier.

After issuing from the Rhone Valley it extended itself, as we have said, all over the Lake of Geneva as far as the Jura Mountains, attaining its greatest height at Mont Chasseron, up which we should climb[1] in due course, a little beyond sleepy Yverdon, as shown by the erratic blocks to be seen there, and whence also a line of blocks indicates the extension of the glacier in a curve to Gex, near Geneva, in the south-west, and in the direction of Bienne in the north-east. The incline of the curved glacier in its north-easterly direction is shown by its highest point being 3,100 feet above the valley bottom at Mont Chasseron, 2,400 feet at the Chaumont above Neuchâtel, 2,000 feet at the Chasseral, and sinking as low as 700 feet at Orvin beyond Bienne.

The direction of the moraines over this enormous sea of ice has been determined by Professor Guyot,

[1] See "Across the Great St. Bernard."

who distinguishes two periods in the movements of the glacier. In the first, or period of greatest extension, it and its subordinate glaciers spread themselves in the distant and high valleys of the Jura Mountains as well as in the broad valley running through the cantons of Vaud and Neuchâtel, the terminal moraine being ultimately pushed as far forward as Aarwangen and Zofingen. The *right lateral moraine* would naturally pass along the heights of the mountains of Fribourg, where the erratic blocks can be seen to consist chiefly of the gray sandstones of the Dent de Morcles, close to which we passed at St. Maurice, whose disintegrated rocks would fall on the *right* lateral moraine as it descended this valley. The *left lateral moraine* conveyed the Alpine granites from Mont Blanc by means of the Valley of Trient, and may be traced on the Savoy Mountain sides as far as Geneva. The *central moraines* brought firstly white granites from the upper part of the Rhone Valley, to which were added lower down the serpentines and granites from Monte Rosa, and still further along the granites from the Val Ferret, near the Great St. Bernard Mountain. Following the widening of the Rhone, at its issue from the Rhone Valley, the *intermediate moraines* spread out in a radiating, or fan-like, manner, their materials being conveyed to the slopes of the Jura, as above indicated, on whose pastoral *côtes* we may still examine them.

Briefly stated, the second extension of the glacier above referred to—after a period of melting of the

ice due to increase of temperature—was far smaller both in length and height. It is this extension which accounts for the great masses of erratic rock to be found on a lower level near Lausanne, Montreux, etc. When it had come to rest its moraines deposited—here at Monthey—some 400 feet above the bottom of the valley and for a distance of about five miles, a rampart 500 to 800 feet thick, in which the many blocks lie one upon the other in a most singular manner, such as is only seen among the rocky *débris* of Swiss glacier moraines.

Monthey is especially worthy of a visit by those who feel any degree of interest in this subject, for many of the isolated blocks scattered in the chestnut woods hereabouts measure from 20,000 to 50,000 cubic feet. One, called the *Pierre-a-dzo*, is a gigantic mass of granite resting on a space only a few inches square, whilst the *Pierre des Marmettes* near it is estimated to measure 6,500 cubic feet. A little further on are the *Pierres des Mourguets*, consisting of two enormous blocks, the upper one of which is split in two by falling on the lower; in the latter is conspicuously chiselled the name of Mons. de Charpentier, to whose elaborate researches for our knowledge bearing upon these erratic blocks and upon glacial history in general we are so greatly indebted.

For the purpose of visiting this geologically interesting as well as very pleasant spot, we had, as we said, to make somewhat of a *détour* from Bex, and consequently we must now make our way back across the valley, unless we wish to strike Lake

Leman on the Savoy or French side. Consequently, we steer towards the town of Aigle. We leave Monthey by the street passing between the *Hôtel du Cerf* and the church. We continue on the south side of the valley, however, as far as Colombey,[1] where is a nunnery, from which a fine view is obtainable. Here we must turn to the right by the church, and we can then take a short cut across the footpath —rideable—to the main road. Here we cross the Rhone by a long and very spidery and swingy suspension bridge 70 yards in length to *Ollon St. Triphon*, with an ancient tower. The tower of St. Triphon is seen upon a rock, itself looking much like a *mur denté* behind the village, which we see to our left. We join the main road coming from Bex at the cross-roads, and, turning to our left, follow it, which in gradually descending brings us into Aigle.[2]

Aigle (1,375 feet) is a small town rising from vineyards, noteworthy as producing the white wine much appreciated in Switzerland, and known by the name of a neighbouring village, Yvorne. Aigle was once a Roman cavalry station, and is said to possess at least the remains of some fine Roman stables in black marble, but these we failed to find. We saw, however, its large twelfth-century *château*, which at one time served as the residence of the Bernese bailiffs, who governed the district until the Helvetic Revolution, when they were displaced; to-day it serves the useful purpose of the district

[1] Two kilometres.
[2] In from two to three kilometres.

prison and poor-house. Aigle is an interesting little townlet on the rapid *Grande-Eau,* and a good starting-point for many valley places of interest, such as *Ormonts-Dessus, Villars, Château d'Oex,* and *Diablerets.*

Leaving Aigle, we have six miles of the least attractive scenery of this beautiful valley, for it is flat and marshy, and its vegetation is coarse and rank. It is, indeed, but a delta, formed first by a glacial flow, and later by the deposits brought down by the river. The formation of the delta is still going on, and the murky, turbid, and black-looking water, as it runs into the lake, is in striking contrast with the limpid and clear dark-blue of the larger body of water. We strike our old acquaintance Lake Leman after having been jolted over the terribly uneven paving-stones of the little village of *Villeneuve.*

It is summer, and on this occasion we are bound for Geneva direct, and we would advise our readers also, in summer and fine weather, to embark both themselves and their mounts on one of the fine "express" steamers which go the whole length from this little village of *Villeneuve* to Geneva. *Villeneuve* offers little to detain us, for it is less remarkable intrinsically than it is noteworthy by reason of its many poetic references. To step on board a swift steamer is certainly less romantic than to charter a small craft to be sailed to our destination by a sturdy and communicative Switzer, but modern exigencies must be obeyed; we must perforce bow

to modern innovations. We have at least the satisfaction of knowing and observing that here at—

"*Villeneuve* the bark is waiting with the oar
To bear us swiftly over shining seas,
Seeking beyond the mountain-shadowed shore
The isle of waving trees.

"The poet's toy—a glittering rock of green,
Byron's and *Shelley's* haunt—its branches lie
Over a single emerald, set between
Sapphires of earth and sky."

And if we have the time, we should certainly hire the staunch Switzer and his bark, and allow him to carry us, by oar or by sail, to see this little emerald isle loved of the poets, and which, small as it is, could be seen by the unfortunate life-prisoner from within those grim walls yonder, for does he not say:

"And then there was a little isle
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

This was our fourth visit to this beautiful lake. We had spent six pleasant weeks at Christmas here, we had cycled all round the lake, we had explored most of its many places of interest, we had descended into the drear dungeon, climbed the hills, and

become familiar with all aspects of the lofty, acute *Dents du Midi*, so that, as happens with every place where one has spent a happy visit, to be again on the lake seemed like meeting an old friend.

"Familiar *Leman*, with her summer wave,
Glittered before us on *Geneva's* strand;
Again her gentle waters seem to lave
The shores of fairyland.

"Now *Chillon's* portals overlook the deep,
And Freedom's late uplifted banners float
O'er the grim gates, long used to guard the keep,
The dungeon, and the moat.

"Bid ghastly memories of the past adieu.
Far snows of *Dent du Midi*, clear of stain,
Let no man longer mock the pure deep blue
With rusty bolt and chain."

The dreary-looking marshland behind *Villeneuve* is soon well in our wake, the pointed and regularly-spaced poplars dying from our view. The lake-gulls are whirling in circles, so that their long white wings pass close to the upper windows of the Grand Hotel just above Territet Pier. But it is in vain; they attract not either attention nor food, as they are wont to do in winter-time. The sun-blinds are all out, the heat is intense, and all the visitors have gone to the mountains. We go to the "after" sponson to watch the mingling of the effervescent foam with the deep blue of the quiescent water, to catch the cool breath of air as it is churned up by the paddles.

As we watch the hurrying, bewildered eddies, lulled by the rhythmic pattering of the fast-revolving floats, they suddenly stop, and we are abreast of pleasant Ouchy. The little breakwater has upon it many a devotee of the gentle art, as both he and she contentedly sit with legs dangling from the parapet, half mechanically watching the tiny floats, which seem themselves in too lazy a mood to bob up and down, as sometimes they are pleased to do with tireless vigour, for the face of placid Leman is as that of a polished mirror. Then we turn about and make for the Haut Savoy, calling at Evian, where the ladies, such as are left, are looking very charming in their white gowns, as they sit half exhaustedly beneath the trees, or stroll very gently down to the little pier to watch the arrival and departure of the crowded steamer—exceptionally crowded to-day, for proud and happy parents are taking back homewards by the boat dozens of schoolboys, all dressed in their neat scholastic suits like little cadets. All are looking very happy, and many of them proud as well, as they—not, perhaps, without pardonable ostentation—walk about the deck with their brightly-bound prizes. Some are in charge of jolly-looking old priests, who, as far as we could observe, were bent on having a right jolly time as they sat at their repast in the saloon surrounded with a galaxy of wine-bottles. When we come out on deck again we see we are near the end of our tour, for we have passed picturesque Nyon and its four-yard-thick walled castle, and are ap-

proaching Coppet, which we have already visited a-wheel.

"*De Staël* and satire greet us, as we sail
Where *Coppet's* spires and village hamlets shine.
Thou hadst thy wrongs, fair wit,[1] yet who could rail
At exile such as thine?"

As the steamer's stem is turned out towards the opposite bank, and we catch sight of Cologny's vine-covered hills, our thoughts must needs revert to Byron:

"Upon thy blue expanse again
I look'd; and right against the glittering villa
Mounted on *Cologny's* vine-cover'd hills,
Beneath the Alpine heights and proud *Mont Blanc*,
By *Diodati's* fond Miltonic name
Hallow'd, and yet again on modern rolls
With beams more brilliant blazing, by the memory
Of mighty *Byron's* sojourn long, where all
The Muse's charms were ope'd to his embrace."

We try to contrast this calm lake, lazily reflecting the bright rays of a powerful sun, sleeping, as it were, contentedly beneath a cloudless sky, with its utterly changed appearance and demeanour when in wild and angry mood, such as most delighted the responsive heart, the storm-like, passioned temperament, and the ardent headpiece of the restless poet, for Leman's moods are as changeful, as fierce, and as diverse as were his.

[1] See reference to Madame de Staël in Chapter III.

"Then on this lake he frolick'd, thence in storms
His rous'd soul most delighted with thy waves
To battle, and to hear the thunder roll,
And his rent sails all shivering, and his mast
Dire cracking in the roars and blasts of wind;
Then 'cross the conflict of thy billows he
To *Coppet* pass'd; and there a strife far other
It was his lot to battle sharply with—
The conflicts of the mind; the strong collision
Of mental wit, and readiness, and point
Of art, and flow of words, and confidence,
And vanity, and self-conceit inbred
From childhood, and supremacy of thought
Intense, historic, and political."

Now we are abreast of the little lighthouse, now within the harbour's shelter, of which we certainly have no need to-day; and as we step off the steamer, we feel we can with confidence recommend the taking of this tour by the cyclist reader, whilst we feel that this voyage upon Lake Leman makes the pleasantest imaginable finish to a fine run by hill and vale.

CHAPTER III

BY LEMAN'S PLACID WATERS—MONTREUX, LAUSANNE, GENEVA.

AT the Montreux end of Lac Leman we find the scenery somewhat grander than at Geneva, the southernmost horn of the crescent. The rugged mountains are more rocky on the one side and more wooded on the other, both rising sheer from the water's edge. The depth of a lake may generally be pretty accurately judged by considering the slope of its hillsides, and thus we should expect the profundity here to be very considerable. Such, indeed, it has been found to be, for—

> "Lake Leman lies by *Chillon's* walls;
> A *thousand feet* in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow;
> *Thus much* the fathom-line was sent
> From *Chillon's* snow-white battlement."

It is "Chillon's snow-white battlement" one sees just out in the water soon after the cyclist has jolted and bumped over the very obtrusive stones of Villeneuve. The Castle of Chillon has been immortalized

by Byron, as well as its unfortunate prisoner, Bonnivard:

"*Chillon!* thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By *Bonnivard!* May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God!"[1]

To-day it is thronged with happy sightseers, who flock, laughing, across its bridge, climb to its ramparts, and descend to—

". . . Dungeon floors beneath the wave,
Channelled and worn by pacing to and fro.
And yet how mournful are the records there:
Captivity and exile and despair
Did they endure who now endure no more—
The patriot, the woman, and the bard,
Whose names thy winds and waters bear along;
What did the world bestow for their reward
But suffering, sorrow, bitterness, and wrong?
Genius, a hard and weary lot is thine—
The heart thy fuel, and the grave thy shrine."[2]

In a few minutes we draw up before the imposing front of the Grand Hotel, Territet, most charmingly situated well above, yet with its *terasse*, gardens, and tennis-courts extending down almost to the water's edge.

But half a century ago the number of buildings about this spot might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. Then there stood here a mere

[1] Byron. [2] Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

auberge—the Hôtel des Alps. Though vastly extended, this now forms but a wing of the great hotel, throwing in its *quota* of half a hundred *chambres à coucher*. Pleasantly overhanging the lake is a massive *dépendance*, contributing also a score or two, whilst both are dwarfed by the size of the hotel proper.

Why this great change? one is forced to inquire. And one word will answer it—a word more often spoken and spoken of, praised and maligned, than probably any other word in the English vocabulary—the weather! The weather has made Montreux. And well can we believe it, for we are penning these lines on New Year's Day, comfortably ensconced on the balustraded terrace outside one's bedroom windows—French windows, sensible windows, over ten feet high, of glass in iron doors—not bits of warping wooden frames slung on ever-breaking sash-lines, which, after herculean effort, you manage to throw up, only to bang your head against their sharp edges as you essay to cross the threshold. So bright is the sun one can scarce look at the paper, whilst so hot is it that we are glad to have the sun-awnings put out.[1] But this is moderate heat when compared with the dry-air, life-bestowing health resort of *Caux*, high up immediately above our heads. Opposite, on the *parterre*, old ladies—some of whom, unfortunately, have already seen their threescore

[1] Newspaper reports tell of London in a *dense fog* costing scores of thousands of pounds per day for gas and electricity, trains delayed, and hunting runs stopped by mist all over our little island.

years and ten, and who assure one they would be coughing in their beds in England — are sitting beneath parasols; whilst from below pleasantly ascend the merry voices of the tennis-players, who now come trooping up in their flannels, nodding and saying: "Hullo, old chap! still at it? Phew! Isn't it jolly hot?" Indeed it is, and Old Sol takes a mean advantage of one; for not content with belabouring one's head, he bounces his rays up from the calm waters and hits one in the eyes.

Directly before us—

> "Lake Leman woos us with its crystal face,
> The mirror where the stars and mountains view
> The stillness of their aspect, in each trace
> Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue."[1]

Still, from the point of view of the lover of Nature, Montreux must be considered as disappointing. A collective designation of what is now a place of considerable size, but formerly consisting of a number of villages scattered partly along the banks and partly on the hillside, Montreux includes *Clarens*, *Charnez*, *Vernex*, *Elion*, *Colognes*, *Veytaux*, *Vernex*, and *Territet*. These have grown and become united, the lake-board for miles being lined with villas, *pensions*, and hotels, all looking quite clean and new; for buildings lose their youth with remarkable procrastination in this lovely climate, where scarce anything is burned but wood. Thus, the rural and picturesque aspect of the place has long since disappeared, and modern "improvements" are here

[1] Byron.

en evidence to an obtrusive degree. For is not the shore road disfigured by an unnecessarily hideous overhead tramway, the dingy, lumbering, and noisy cars of which herald their approach by the cries of inharmonious " syren " horns? Shades of Byron! what would the bard have said had he seen " Chillon " staring from below the side of a dusty chocolate tramcar, with its great " dash-board " bearing a hideous " chocolate " advertisement?—we mean the advertisement, not the chocolate, for that is very good. Therefore we feel it better, in a town which is a cross between Brighton and Ambleside, to leave Nature severely alone, and amuse ourselves with the artificiality around us.

Qui amuse s'amuse! And why not *qui s'amuse amuse?* One has but to look around in a great hotel to see that the reverse is true as the obverse. " All the world's a stage," said the great " Bill," and all the people actors; very true in a general sense, but in a great hotel another subdivision may be made, for in addition to the players there is to be found the *audience*. Now, the audience is an essential part of the play in a playhouse, for no player is at his best in an empty house; moreover, his *raison d'être* would be entirely wanting without it, but the hotel audience we could well do without. It consists of that uncharitable, shallow body—to be found at such places, unfortunately—who in themselves are quite incapable of affording any pleasure to others as actors, yet quite incapable of taking care of their own business, utterly incapable also of any appreciation of merit in

others, or of allowing them to pursue the "even tenor of their ways." In short, a hotel audience is one—whether their criticism is prompted by jealousy or a sense of their own incompetence we cannot say—which appears to have a dread of any body of persons, especially young ones, becoming *too happy*, and which finds an effectual veil for each actor's *éclat*—an effectual wet-blanket for every spark of *bonheur*—in their own restless, quizzical, uncharitable, and ofttimes slanderous, tongues. Such an audience is, we regret to say, composed chiefly of spinsters *passé*, widows reconnoitring, and even married—unhappily married, probably—women, representative of that vast mine of mock modesty and hypocrisy of which, unfortunately, our own country holds the greater number of shares.

As a rule, we do not look to the audience for amusement; in a hotel, however, whether you look for it or not, you see things *amusant*—unless, indeed, you close your eyes—and hear things—generally the reverse, if you have a spark of charity in you—unless, indeed, you plug your ears. A bachelor, as a rule, can afford to laugh as he sees the array of analyzing opera-glasses turned upon him, but, unfortunately, he cannot afford to bring his fair companion within focus of the relentless field of view. For although the audience flatter themselves into the belief that they make their analyses in an *habile* and accurate manner, they never disclose to their inner conscience—if they happen to be possessed of such—the fact that they perform their

synthesis in a manner grossly dishonest. What they really see—or imagine they see—in their mental spectroscopes, and what they *tell* the other members of the audience *they saw*, are widely divergent. Whether this divergence be towards harmony or discord in relation to the true colouring depends very much upon how the bachelor culprit may have deported himself before the eyes of that particular unit of the audience, and more especially how his vicious course may possibly affect the unit's *own* interest.

Now, all this time practically nothing has actually happened but what has been perfectly innocent, and, indeed, unconsciously acted by both players, and thus it comes about that by the unwonted and pernicious presence of the audience, men, be they bachelors or benedicts, are prevented from performing little pleasantries, from administering to the comfort and happiness of those to whom that very audience expects them to act in such chivalric fashion. Thus it comes about, also, that much happiness—of which the social cornucopia is never filled to overflowing—is destroyed by the uncharitable wagging of tongues, controlled alone by brains shallow and designing.

Even in the matter of social amusement the chill of the wet-blanket is palpably felt. The same audience which will begrudge the admission-fee to a professional performance will not hesitate to make the most unkind and openly-expressed comparisons —always invidious—disparaging to the *amateurs*, or

some of them, whom they themselves have *pressed* to minister to their amusement. Thus it comes about, also, that girls—of medium talent—decline to come forward, whilst the men—brusque, ill-behaved men —say let them go to—to their own drawing-room and amuse themselves, which they do in the manner we have above described.

Speaking of spinsters *passés* and married women, what can it be that ofttimes makes such a wondrous difference between them, a difference apparently both psychical and physiological? Look at that dried, parchment-skinned splinter of humanity sitting in the corner, apparently reading; but she isn't, for the leaves of her book have turned back without her observing them to the title-page. Harmless as she looks, we would guarantee her against the vivid, vermilion, hissing, carbonic acid fire-extinguisher just beside her, for, like the valve of the fire-extinguisher, one turn of her tap-like neck suffices to put out a roomful of smiles. Now, look at that dear old lady!—she is a widow—with her fresh complexion contrasting pleasingly with her snowy-white locks coquettishly arranged. Her full lips are ever ready to curl up at their corners and join forces with her twinkling eyes in instantaneously shaping a pretty smile, which is at once reflected on every face within reach of her magic mirror. And look what a lot *are* in reach of it. On the same settee is that jolly Mrs. ——, whose laughter is good to hear, and sets everybody else off; and her daughter, who is, perhaps, a thought less lively than

she appeared to be before she became engaged to Mr. ——. Poor girl! how she did suffer at the hands of the audience because her fellow-actor did not make his entrance as the man who *has* "popped" quite as soon as they thought he should have done. "Really, my dear, the way those two carried on before they were engaged, when, for all *she* knew, he might have left the hotel and her in the lurch, was di-s-gusting!"

What a deal the audience know, after all, of what is passing behind the scenes! On the hassock at the old lady's feet that pretty blonde, Miss ——, with rippling, wavy hair, like sunshine on a golden lake, looks up in pretty pose—quite involuntarily made—into the old lady's bright face; whilst handsome Miss ——, with a red flower, which Dick —— bought as we came out of the Kursaal, nestling remarkably prettily in her jet-black hair, every now and then glances with her dark, flashing eyes along the corridor, as if she feared the parchment extinguisher might come along before jolly old Colonel ——, who is leaning over the back of the settee, has finished his tale. The Colonel is a "dab" at telling stories exactly cut to measure for ladies' ears. Now, it does one good to hear the hearty laughter, and to observe it convulsing the amply-covered and nicely-rounded figure of the jolly widow.

The *mélange* to be met with, not only of nationalities, but also of types of each, is at least amusing. You haven't far to seek before you find the hotel lounger, for he has never been known to get farther

than the Kursaal. There he sits—or, rather, lies—in a wicker deck-chair beside the little tiled-top table in company with his whisky-and-soda. The exertion of several changes of clothes per day is about as much as he is equal to. It is morning—11.30—and consequently he is dressed in a Norfolk shooting-jacket, knickers, Highland stockings, "browns" and spats. Thus "got-up," he can with comparative ease rest his back against the terrace balustrading, and whilst retaining a glass in one eye, he can continuously whip his right leg with a "swagger stick" and smoke a cigar, slowly raising his head up towards the mountain crest as he blows out his "Bock," and then slowly depressing it, at the same time removing his "weed," turning it end for end to deliberately examine the ashy extremity, only to replace it, elevate his visage towards Glion, and go through the cycle *de novo*. But this is tiring work; he commenced it at eleven, and now, of course, he is where we see him. He will do another half-hour's "exercise," and then it will be time to change for lunch, for which he will appear in a blue-serge suit, patent leathers, and a red tie, all very neat, but spoiled by the shiny-peaked yachting-cap, which would be more apropos at Cowes or Cannes. This rather nautical get-up will carry him through the exertion of an afternoon's *piquet* with a group who, except for meals, are never seen outside the card-room.

Then there is the old-young man, with gold spectacles, long hair, and a far-away look, who is

perpetually wandering through the corridors noiselessly, and planting his feet down cat-fashion, as if the tiles were hot, or he feared to crack them, at each step giving his back a sudden bend inwards and his head a little jerk, which shakes his curls. He, like Pollie, says little, but is said to think much. Then there is the athletic chap—one we had was 6 feet 7 inches. He is in for everything. In the morning his shoulders show above a fleet of "bikists," in the afternoon he is skating, in the evening he is playing billiards—he never uses the rest; a yard or two more or less is nothing to him. Next morning he is off, his luncheon in his pocket and his *luge*[1] on his back. All the fellows with "go" are in his party, and there is no lack of girls with "go" also.

Speaking of girls and out-door sport, how well our girls come out! Their physique appears to be incomparably better than that of their Continental sisters, whilst even a "mere man"—and bachelor—can see how much better suited their neat and simple costumes are for vigorous exercises. A girl in a "picture" hat on the tennis-court, for example, is about as incongruous a combination as would be a man in a "chimney-pot." Happy tourists! we have seen but a single "topper" for three months, and that was yesterday—being New Year's Day—on a sweep in a procession. Yet that is the kind of thing a French girl has on her head at tennis; whilst, as regards other parts, there is an immense

[1] A little sledge constructed to carry one person.

amount of tulle-like stuff which flops about the shoulders, with a kind of box-pleated dress—accordion-skirts, we think they call them, though they certainly can't control them *accordion* to their fancy, as a British girl appears to be able to do. The result is, they flutter about over the court, making ten times more noise than the hundred lake-gulls above their heads, and soon get hot and tired. A *chic* little Parisian brunette told us seriously that she hated to play tennis because it "incommoded" her "confection," whilst other French girls said they never rode a "bicyclette" because the dust and dirt ruined their costumes, and they looked untidy half an hour after starting. Speaking of this to an Austrian authoress, a keen observer, we were somewhat surprised by the expressive reply. "An English lady wears her dresses," said she; "the Parisian dresses wear the ladies, for those incased in them fear to rise from their chairs, even to fan themselves, in case a bow or a ribbon should go awry."

In the house, however, for grace of deportment, vivacity of converse, and in other ways, Continental ladies are the more interesting. In this relation it was always a great pleasure to us to converse with the charming Austrian authoress, for, apart from the fact that she was a well-read lady, possessing a truly remarkable memory and fluency of expression, her vivacity, her ever-changing expression of countenance, and her constant and graceful gesticulation, were very attractive. Ever changing, indeed, were her bright visage and flashing eyes. Usually smiling, her expres-

sion would assume a sternness whilst occupied with a thought of moment or solemnity; now, indeed, momentarily vindictive, as she would recite some disability under which she considered women to smart, now merrily laughing on describing a play or scene particularly pleasing to her, almost always emphasizing her narrative with graceful gesticulation unknown to English women. Speaking softly, the very effective intonation was accompanied by one or both hands being slowly waved in graceful curves, generally ceasing at the end of an expression of opinion with the palms of the hands extended upwards, as if she emptied both her mind and her hands of that particular matter at the same time. When at a loss for a word, she would rapidly strike her forehead with her index-finger, whilst in speaking of a subject apparently above the range of thought, she would extend her arm—and it was a very white and well-shapen one—above her head and flutter her hand—symbolical, perhaps, of the fluttering wings of angels.

All this was very pretty, and added to the conversation, at every moment evidencing originality of thought—dirigeable balloons propelled and steered electrically by induction from the earth being one of her favourite themes—a piquancy which caused us to spend more time in her company than the conventionalities of society, and probably the unwritten laws of the "audience," covered, or the lynx-eyed members thereof approved. Referring to this, we received the assurance that she "cared not," and,

moreover, that she liked such conversations on subjects novel and interesting, for the average "drawing-room man" said always the same things —*toujours, toujours*—which to her "was as the buzzing of bees, and sent her to sleep." She was quite free from the prevalent taint of cant and false modesty, and it was pleasing to hear from her the high respect in which the British and their institutions were held, at least by herself—a competent judge, for she had travelled much in our isles. "You English are a great people," said she; "not alone because you have so much conquered, but because you possess the ability to hold such vast possessions." Our troubles on our Indian frontiers doubtless gave rise to this expression of opinion. She was passionately fond of music, and the quiet attention she gave to any performance—her enjoyment of it being silently but eloquently testified to by graded changes of expression—would serve as a much-needed reprimand to the unseemly behaviour of some English ladies who *pretend*—for in nine cases out of ten it is mere pretence—they love music.

Gay as the Parisian opera is, in her opinion a rendering in the London opera-house was incomparably more solid. "They may be equally brilliant," she would say; "but looking down upon that *coup d'œil splendide* at Paris we must not reflect too much—we must not ask ourselves who it is who are wearing those precious jewels and scintillating diamonds, for then our admiration must be reserved for the English opera-house. There the jewels lie

gracefully and appropriately on the breast of many a highly-respected and virtuous woman, but here who are they that the men have beside them? Ah! if men must be vicious, why cannot their vicious practices be kept from the sight of the virtuous? If women be evil and depraved—which men make them—why should their faults be paraded before the pure and stronger-minded?"

This observant and talented Continental authoress was good enough to give us her impressions of English girls—impressions so very flattering and favourable to these "December roses," as she prettily styles them, that we feel that we cannot do better than give her views in a translation of her own words. She says:

"In the Montreux streets we meet young and graceful women, dressed in a manner half suitable for winter, half suitable for summer; these are "December roses" who refuse to believe in hoar-frost—young English girls, with cheeks red with the rouge of health, bright blue eyes and golden hair (golden naturally, not dyed), dressed into a thick knot at the back of the head, and crowned by the inevitable straw-hat, wearing a thin, scanty blouse, over which is thrown a fur; into light shoes are thrust woollen stockings, and the gloveless hands hold a huge muff. Amusing incongruities! but who pays much attention to these apparent absurdities when looking at these fresh and beautiful girls? The perfume of the roses is most enjoyable midst the snow and ice, and perhaps this extraordinary

mixture of clothing lends an additional attraction to the Englishwoman. French women, more like the fascinating, pale tuberoses and gardenias, seem to be at their best when fluttering lightly through the halls of the Kursaal and the hotel ball-rooms, for one seldom encounters these hot-house flowers in the streets. Their element is the ball-room. Their appearance, charming in totality, is individually repulsive. Look close at these superb little creatures. Get them to open their lips in conversation; notice their grimaces for smiles, the red and white paint which covers their features. These artificialities nauseate and disgust, while a suffocating perfume emanates from their dresses, as though it would hide some odour of the tomb already surrounding these living corpses. For something of death, or of decay, or, at least, of utter weariness, is to be read in these black eyes so unnaturally brilliant—something convulsive in the clear, carefully-modulated laugh and quivering nostrils. They should be studied when dancing, these Frenchwomen; watch and see what pleasure they get from it; notice the way in which they know how to use their little steps. To the observer it is truly a dance of death. See these sylphlike creatures, squeezed in at the waist almost to the extinction of breath, leave the arm of their partners, sometimes languidly, sometimes excitedly, casting towards him a killing glance, which becomes in turn loving, angry, and then full of pardon, promising and refusing many things at the same time. They appear to us almost like charming

personifications of chastisement, these fickle creatures, conjurings of a fashion in decadence, who (without too much brain under the flaunting feathers of their hats) are but advertisements in beautiful silk dresses for their *modistes* and *couturières*.

"However, they are always excessively *chic*, certainly the best-dressed women after the Americans; for the question of dress with the Yankee girl is one of the most important, and places her on as conspicuous a pedestal, though for the contrary reason, as her sister the German woman. It is quite true that if one asks, 'Who is that frightfully-dressed woman?' the answer is, 'She is a German.' For it is a fact that it does not do for us (Germans) to compare any part of our dress (from aigrette on the head down to the boots, not excluding the underwear) with the Frenchwoman. We who in our intellectual faculties are very superior to the daughters of Jonathan, and we who know, too, how to copy all the fashions, are guilty of unpardonable negligence in our clothes, and lack even the originality which the English can boast.

"But let us glance again at these proud daughters of Albion, often of an undemonstrative beauty, dressed with an interesting originality, of which the dominant outline has scarcely been revealed to us yet, except in the novels of Ouida and Miss Braddon. Let us study this beautiful race of blondes, which in health and magnificence surpasses all others, and then we shall understand the slow but victorious journeyings made by them all over the Continent.

Does one want reminding that it was an Englishwoman who was the Queen of Beauty at the Baden races, the *belle* of the Ostend season, and the glory of Hyde Park? That it was a young Englishwoman (Princess Henry of Pless) who, by the heritage of her father's millions and that beauty for which her mother (Mrs. C. W. West) was universally renowned, became a German Princess, and is now the most brilliant star of the Prussian Court? Must we remind ourselves of the incomparable beauty of the Czarina, whose charming face, amid the halo of her golden hair, did so much to raise the enthusiasm which burst from the French people as she entered Paris by the side of her impassive young husband? And again of that English-Spanish beauty who for a little while governed France, the most beautiful woman who had sat on a throne since Hélène, the inconceivably lovely Eugenie de Montijo; and yet again of another who led the fashion of half the world, Cora Pearl? Is it necessary to cite these examples in order to prove in an incontestable manner that England, beyond all other nations, has given the world high types of irresistible feminine beauty?

"Naturally, he who frequently visits the fair shores of Albion does not need these reminders; he has but to cast a look at these exuberantly healthy girls, with rosy cheeks and graceful, supple figures, playing lawn-tennis in the early morning, or to watch them at a dance, many, without affectation, given over to pleasure, unmixed with hysteria

and sentimentality, smiling brightly and agreeably, clad, it is true, in unsuitable dresses, but in spite of this vandalism of good taste remaining always charming. The dance finished, look at them walking in the *couloirs*, which are open to the air, without any fear of cold draughts or damp, leaning on the balconies admiring the night, and then you will not be able to resist admiring these plucky islanders, who in mid-winter take the form of a natural phenomenon, and become the sisters of our much-prized flowers, the December roses."

On our first visit to Montreux, in October, it was by no means crowded, and of the visitors one might say that three-quarters were foreigners; yet among those of our own nationality there were many whom we regretted to leave and wished to meet again. Consequently, after putting in another thousand or so miles *tout seul*, we timed ourselves to return on the eve of Christmas, and then we found, to our delight, the hotel full, and the percentage entirely reversed, for now surely 90 per cent. were British, and we were very pleased to find ourselves at Christmas dinner amid such a happy throng, doing homage to old-established British customs.

We have ventured a few remarks as to the men, why not as to the women? In proportion to their greater numbers was their greater variety. You will scarcely succeed in getting through the first corridor without meeting the inevitable *mannequin dossier* lady—and ofttimes girl—an animate apparatus, apparently constructed for the sole purpose of giving a

short airing to the contents of her *garderobe*, whither the resplendent plumage now rustling by us will shortly be deposited to make place for another equally elaborate. This *genus* is generally incapable of imparting any pleasure to others, for, as a rule, they are not accomplished, and lack the ability to become so. Beneath their beauteous breast-feathers beats a heart whose pulse can be most readily accelerated by the sight of a *nouvelle en confection*, or perhaps "a duck of a bonnet." Beneath their Rembrandt hats is a haughtily-carried head, containing the *cerveau d'un oiseau*.

We have mentioned one or two of the older ladies, and the idiosyncrasies of this class are often amusing enough. There is, for example, the old lady who, with irritating perversity, will talk of *nothing* but her maladies. Unhappily placed is he who finds himself her partner or *vis-à-vis* at table; thrice unhappy is he if he should so far forget himself as to suggest a remedy. His opinion—for which, under the circumstance, he can make no charge—will be asked daily. Bumps on the hands—nice gouty excrescences—will be rapidly exhibited with: "I suppose, Mr. ——, you could not tell me how to get rid of these? Now, you know, seven years ago—seven years, though, would it be, dear?—yes, about the time Amelia was married—seven years ago Dr. ——, whose opinion was certainly not the same as Dr. ——," and so on. We appealed, after about a week, to our charming neighbour, a lady with whom it was a great pleasure to converse, to say what was

best to be done, and she, who had the true bearing of an English—or Irish—lady and the mien of a successful hostess, suggested as antidote the diplomatic and apposite introduction of gentle "chaff." The prescription was tried with consummate skill by a jolly old General, who thus turned evil into good and much merriment.

Then there is the dear old lady who always *will answer* for her husband. Offer him a cigar, asking, "Do you smoke, sir?" and *she* will answer: "Oh yes, George commenced soon after we were married, and I think I might safely say that not a single evening since . . ." etc.

Quant à les jeunes filles, being but a mere bachelor, and *per se* inexperienced, we hesitate to say much about them, despairing of conveying in words any approach to their charms. There they are, however, an ever-flitting bevy—fair and pretty, dark and handsome, tall and graceful, short and comely. It would appear, however, that they are divisible into two classes: the lightsome—the more "giddy," as the audience would style their acting—and the more sedate, of higher intrinsic worth, and by no means the less charming. The former class are analogous to gorgeous butterflies, so bright and superficially winning that they are followed in their flittings by male moths, who mistake them for the lights they seek, and who ofttimes find their mistake after getting their own wings singed.

We should not, however, be too severe on these light-hearted sirens in their halcyon days, nor desire

to see them women. That stage, with its attendant anxieties, will come all too soon. Moreover, the girl in the hotel is not the girl at home; the constant change going on around her, the *embarras de richesse* of male admirers to compare and make choice from, destroy the almost instinctive regard for domestic duties, which, nevertheless, may be innately hybernating within her, whereas the surroundings at home act as a tonic in strengthening the true attributes of women. Girls are quick to adapt themselves to their *environment*, and we can recall girls, charming in manner and conversation alike in the morning, who were so changed by the electric glare and their *décolleté* attire the same evening that their very mode of address was utterly changed—for the worse—together with their general bearing—also for the worse—for it then became stiff and unnatural, and consequently inartistic—and this to such a degree that the uninitiated would have dubbed them haughty and cold.

We noticed in the case of one pretty and dark-eyed—empty-headed the audience would have called her—girl that her almost invariable reply to one's questions was, "Don't know; never thought about it." Scarce could she tell one how she spent her time when at home; it appeared to glide away. Happy girl! there is but one thing you need—an occasional disappointment or trouble, merely for the good effect it would have in bringing out in their true brightness the colours of the happy picture of which you form part. Nevertheless, sincerity was

written on her face and love was in her eyes; and though she may have been "empty-headed," and thereby more nearly a child of Nature, it is probable a man's future would be perfectly secure in her keeping, for when the responsibilities of the wife and mother come to her she will, with lightning rapidity, summon to her aid, not knowledge gained of books, not knowledge born of reflection, but that all outweighing resource, a woman's intuitive instinct. Then will she be illumined with a halo of earthly glory—a halo which men may see, worship, and yet not understand, as they lie stretched out on a bed of sickness. The "blue stocking" can show nothing to compare with this.

The brains of man have been, not inaptly, likened to a bunch of keys: the more used the brighter they become. A woman's mind, however, appears not to require such exercise or experience. How nobly, for example, and with what apposite discretion will the apparently listless girl-wife behave when illness steps into her happy home! The bloodhound sleeps in perfect content, his noble head and ponderous frame producing the impression that nothing could spur him into vigorous action. In truth, however, what little suffices! One whiff of the invisible and incomprehensible "scent," and the whilom dormant hound is a lion, in pursuit of his quarry in awful earnestness. And so does it seem with women: the listlessness, the want of purpose, the weather-vane vacillations of the light-hearted, and, as we are apt to think, lighter-headed, girl may arouse in our mind

something akin to scorn ; but we should reflect that at the first "scent" of duty arising from the "trail" of sickness or "drag" of adversity these girlish attributes may vanish in an instant, to give place to a devotion unattained by man, and which arouses in him feelings of love and admiration, springing from that same breast which previously was unable to find place even for appreciation of the sweet angel now ministering to his comfort.

The more one reflects on such things, the more one tries to *understand* love and affection, the more one tries to probe into the mysterious depths and *manie d'agir* of the psychological phenomenon styled by psychologists "telepathic transference," by which the emotions are transmitted from one individual to another—be the intervening space great or small, ethereal or material—the more hopeless does the task appear to become. Moreover, the scientist is tantalized by the consciousness that all his instruments—recondite soever they may be—all his chemical *reagents*, all his spectroscopes, microscopes, and every other kind of scopes, are powerless to enable him to analyze—ay, and even to understand—a girl.

The essential difference between the lower and upper animals, between whom it is impossible in this relation to avoid drawing analogies, is conversation, and in this regard there is no more useful laboratory wherein to experiment than a hotel. For some time our neighbour at table was an unusually bright, well-informed, and well-travelled lady, and her

place was never—to us—so advantageously refilled after she left. Unlike many ladies, she travelled with an intelligent appreciation of the natural phenomena around her. She was fond of reading—Tyndall, Lubbock, Lyle, Geikie, Ball, etc. She was of that age which had cost her a good many stiff drawing-room evenings and vapid conversations, until, as she herself said, "the conversation of nine out of every ten men bores me, so commonplace is it, and so great is the wearying reiteration that I can often guess what is coming some time ahead, and, indeed, am often rude enough to give an answer before the question has been fully put." This we may find to be but too true if we have merely the patience to listen. What, then, of pleasure is there to look forward to in the average dinner conversation? Do we admire a musical work if it always fulfil our pre-conceived ideas? Nay, if bar by bar, as we follow the melody, we are able to anticipate with tolerable exactitude the modulations the next will give rise to we naturally lose interest in the rendering. If, on the other hand, the originality and genius of the composer have been such that surprises are in store for us, then we appreciate and look forward with pleasant expectation to more harmony from the same pen, because of the anticipation of further unfamiliar, if not novel, revelations. So is it with conversation. If, as in the case of the bright lady, we feel we already know the modulations which will be rung, that it will merely consist of a sequence long familiar to us, we can neither look forward to nor enjoy the *causerie*.

The pleasant conversationalist, therefore, is, like the favourite composer, the one combining fecundity of resource with something of originality and the courage to introduce modulations of novel *timbre*. In this relation we think the men are most to be censured. They are too prone to think that *frivol* alone will entertain women, and should the conversation turn upon anything but "sport" they appear restless, and anxious to withdraw into the shell of their smoke-room. There they "give tongue," but it is nearly all sport and "banter," until they arrive at that age when they can no longer take active part in the sports themselves; then they turn more to politics and to the professions they formerly practised.

There sits the bumptious retired merchant, whose knowledge of things in general, outside of "sugar," is of the most meagre, and whose faith in the "almighty dollar" is pathetic—and why should it not be, for has it not carried him through everything, even the aldermanic council-room of his native town? He contrives to turn the conversation invariably to *Mammon*. Close to him sits a studious-looking man, of whom the former says his head is no more use for *business* than a turnip; he shows equal ingenuity in bringing the conversation round to the one or two subjects upon which he feels he is a bit of a specialist. This man, however, like Sam Weller, "doesn't get much forrader," for the weighty and monetary words of the merchant fly past him—heard but not understood, seeing that they are all about "bills of

exchange," "percentages," "discounts," and "days of grace"—to light upon the capacious waistcoat of Sir Gregory, a shrewd, all-weighing, and successful man of affairs—always successful in money matters, even in getting a considerable chunk of the "root of all evil" when he married plain Miss ——, the Mayor's daughter. He says out bluntly all men are fools who don't do the same. He weighs everybody on his mental weighing-machine, as though they were so many bales of *esparto;* he appears to have the entire "Stock Exchange Year-Book" in his head, and an utter void of affection in his heart or emotion in his breast. *He* talks like this: "Yer know about the time of the 'Crimmear' War stocks in the —— could be bought for a song," etc.

Then there is the old boy of good family and noble connections who knows from which "parsley-bed" every soul sprang up. *He* talks like this: "Why, I knew his mother when she didn't scale 6½ stone—a slim and graceful blonde. I can see her now at the meets round Leamington—never saw a woman sit a horse better in my life; she was mostly there, too, when the 'brush' was coming off. Young —— was a dashing youngster, too. You know he married Mrs. ——, one of the —— stock. She was the widow of ——; bit old for him, perhaps, but there were *reasons*. Strange thing about that family; the mother and daughter married two brothers, and so you see young —— is really related to ——," etc.

Out of earshot in the corner, with his note-book on his knee, but just now biting the end of his pencil

and contemplating the ceiling—for he is hatching out some *bons mots*—is the jolly chap who recites. What a job he has to pacify the ladies! They evidently think he has the whole British Museum library in his head. Just passing the window is that quiet chap, who has never been known to speak to another man; you can always find him on one of the more secluded seats in the corridor, not far from a girl, or silently following one as she goes in that direction. What a lot of girls he has, in this poodle-like fashion, followed, even since we have been here! But there, he's such an undecided chap; if he only meets you on the stairs he bobs about in front of you as if he were dancing a *pas seul*, simply because he can't make up his mind which side to pass you on. On the terrace you can nearly always see the "greenery-yellowy Grosvenor-Gallery" young man, who reads other people's poetry, and finds it necessary to wear an olive-green velvet coat and his hair on the top of it to do it in.

Panting up the little rise to the hotel door from the *finicular* station is a jolly old fellow who habitually overfeeds for three months and then does "Aix" for the next three, for whom Drs. Exercise and Meagre Diet could write the best prescriptions. However, he quite appreciates this, laughs, points to his "bread-basket," says he "always treated him too well," pants upstairs and dresses for dinner.

Then, lastly, there is the man—well informed, generally—who from his youth upwards has ever taken an intelligent interest in most things around

him, and is a specialist in others, especially natural phenomena — the man who has always found pleasure in endeavouring to grasp the secrets held in the tightly-drawn purse of Dame Nature, and, in consequence, the man who has known the fewest lonely hours. A man who reads and observes can always find amusement, for Nature's book is always lying open before him, though it may be impressed in hieroglyphics difficult to understand—to whom, indeed, *ennui* is altogether unknown. He has a pleasant face, is much teased because "his hair is gray, but not with years," and speaks quite without ostentation in giving a description for which he has been asked. One frequently hears one of the more sedate ladies remark: "Now, I should very much like to know the *cause* of that; we must ask Mr. ——." They do, and his dissertation upon it leads from point to point, so that we find him in the evening entertaining the same pleasant *coterie* around the bonny old lady on the settee that we noticed last night.

As to the conversation of the ladies, the kindest thing we can do for our brother cyclist is to invite him to come and sample it for himself. Variety is charming, and he will find it here among the ladies. Some he will, with the greatest reluctance, leave behind him; some he will undoubtedly enjoy; some he may not admire; some he may even avoid—for example, the girl whose mother disappears from the room each time he happens to sit on the same settee with her — the girl. Perhaps also the girl who,

during the second evening's conversation, suddenly says, "Oh, pray don't! someone might see us, and you know they do talk so!" though you may not have stirred a finger. Perhaps also the bewitching young widow, who, when she knows you a little, says —it gives you quite a turn: "Sir, you have compromised me!" "Eh?" "Well, when you took me up to my corridor last night after the electric lights were out *several* people saw you!" There's a picture for you! Well, brother cyclist, "yer pays yer money and yer 'as your chice"—you can marry her if you choose!

"The pleasantest things fade fastest," and the most enjoyable of visits seems the shortest, so now our faithful "mount" must again be our sole companion. We are soon under way, Lac Leman by our side—

> "Fair lake, thy lovely and thy haunted shore
> Hath only echoes for the poet's lute;
> None may tread there but with unsandalled foot,
> Submissive to the great who went before,
> Filled with the mighty memories of yore."[1]

Going cautiously along the main street of *Montreux* —for are not the electric tram-cars and their attendant rail-plagues the veriest *bêtes-noirs?* — we find ourselves in Clarens, immortalized by Rousseau, whose "Bosquet," however, has long since disappeared, though we may go up and obtain an enchanting view from its successor by the *Château des Crêtes*—the Castle of Crests. This road might well

[1] L. E. Landon.

be called the "poet's walk," and, for that matter, the *rivage*—the "poet's row." Several of these our country claims, but since Byron and Shelley, in 1816, spent a week sculling and sailing along the foreshore the former has, alas! all too keenly felt the effect of the modernizing pruning-knife. Still, every one of the charming little towns now nestling so closely together just at this part of the lake, because they are there so much more sheltered from the *brusque* and bitter *bise*,[1] are pleasant enough places for a stay, and pleasant enough sojourners does one meet in them. Before we have time to think which of them — the sojourners, we mean — have most pleased us, we are in Clarens.

"*Clarens!* sweet *Clarens!* Birthplace of deep love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above,
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks."[2]

Rising up a little among the hillside vineyards, only to descend again almost to the little wavelets lazily lapping its pleasant front, we enter Vevey—

"Vevey, so long an exiled patriot's home"—

restfully spread beside the Veveyse, which also comes hurrying down to the lake. From here, the scene

[1] A wind peculiar to Lac Leman. [2] Byron.

of Rousseau's famous romance of the "Nouvelle Heloise," written 1761, before the time of great *fabriques de tabacs*, infants' food, chocolate, and "Swiss milk," we get a fine retrospective view of the lake end. Here we may visit the very pretty gilded and azure-hued interior of the ornate little Russian chapel, and perhaps the art and natural history collections of the Musée Jenisch, after having been initiated into the mysteries of the art of Swiss milk and baby-food fabrication.

On again—or, rather, off again—towards Latry, —for, for some reason which to us is inexplicable, the cyclist is not allowed to ride through the village of that name—we soon find ourselves in Lausanne. For reasons also inexplicable to us, it seems that the Switzers of these particular parts object to cyclists, and are said—we heard it from several—to occasionally cast a handful of tacks upon their federal highway, a proceeding as scandalous as it is disconsonant with the fact that their not remote lake-end town (Geneva) is said to be the home of the Switzer cyclist, having, we were informed, the highest percentage of machines per head of population of any town upon the Continent. It was dark when we passed, and we risked tacks and evaded the tack-tics of the *Sergent-de-ville*, arriving sound and unpunctured in Lausanne—

> "Lausanne, where Gibbon, in his sheltered walk,
> Nightly called up the shade of Ancient Rome."

To our mind Lausanne is a most disappointing

place, for nothing could look more Swisslike and romantic, rising from the pretty lakeside Ouchy, on an undulating wave of ancient buildings, crested and dominated by the characteristic spire of its old cathedral, than this same Lausanne.

Alas! it has been *so much improved*—broad boulevards, broad bridges, smooth pavements, and staring posters, the wire railway—or the "string," as the Lausannese facetiously call it—trains and tramways, tunnels and turmoil, combine to force you to forget you are still on Lac Leman. So in desperation you seek out the quaint and steep staircase, roofed for its whole length, which leads you up to the old cathedral, some portion of which you may be able to see through the maze of scaffolding with which it is enveloped, presumably during "improvement." We hope you will find this *Escalier du Marché*, for it is quaint, but we hope you will not find it on a *Marché de fromage* day, for then it is otherwise impressive.

Up we go, steps after steps—160 of them—landings after landings—we forgot to count them—till we are well above the town, and can then shake off the ill-effect of the "improvements," and then

> "Once more, once more, the heavenly heights environ,
> Here in the land remembering *Rousseau*,
> Thrilling with songs of *Shelley* and of *Byron*,
> And lovelier songs of lives purer than snow!
> Beautiful mother[1] of the brave and free,
> Mother of deeds that live eternally,
> A beacon, like thy sunlit spires up yonder."[2]

[1] Lausanne. [2] Hon. Roden Noel.

Exteriorly, the Lausannese seem bent on making their cathedral look as new as possible; interiorly, on making it look as bare and cheerless as possible. "There," you are told, is "where this or that stood; here the spot from which this or that has been removed." The glory—and it was a venerable glory—of the cathedral was before the cold severity of Calvinism had invaded it. To-day it is cold and gray, perhaps even more chill and colourless than St. Pierre of Calvin's chosen town,[1] which reminds us that it was here, within these venerable walls, that one of those great disputations to which the Reformation gave rise took place in 1536, in which the reformer Farel, his *colaborateur* Calvin, and Vivet were embroiled, and this resulted in the separation of Vaud from the Romish Church, as well as in the overthrow of the supremacy of Savoy.

In architectural style the cathedral is Gothic, and is considered to be the finest specimen in Switzerland. It is remarkable for its symmetry, and its nave is lofty and imposing, with its vaulted roof carried upon twenty clustered columns of different design.

It requires a strong effort of the imagination, however, to picture things as they were some time between its building in the thirteenth century and the change made in the sixteenth, for things have been materially disarranged. Look how out of place that long row of handsomely-carved choir-stalls looks away from the choir, out in the cold, as it were, and arranged

[1] Geneva.

sentry-box fashion along the wall! Look how bare the imposing semicircular colonnaded choir looks without them or the former high altar, which we try to picture there! It was an altar of almost world-wide celebrity, for upon it stood a figure of the Virgin Mary, and this effigy, in coarse wrought wood and coarser paint, was reputed to be possessed of certain miraculous powers, so that for centuries pilgrims came hither from near and afar to receive miraculously-bestowed benefits. . . . That they did not receive them deterred not the coming of others—and this in their thousands—to worship her and to beg of her. Always a favour craved mingled with their adorations. We see their footprints to this day, deep down into the hard stone, close by where the altar stood long years ago, when this was Notre Dame de Lausanne. The more shallow indentation is said to be that made by the feet of the women, and the deeper and farther away from the altar that of the men. Here is a question for the archæologists: Is the extra depth of the depression due to the preponderance in numbers of the men or to the nails in their boots?

Truly we are — and our ancestors were more so—justly entitled to sneer at the poor Hindoo, who bares the head and bends the knee to that from which he *knows* he receives benefits daily, when we hasten in our thousands to crave mercy and favours, always a request for something being appended, from a wooden image, carved by the hand of man, and made to look almost as hideous

as the god of the Chinaman by the gaudiness of its miserably-executed colouring!

We step to the side to look at the tomb of Othon de Grandson; we feel interested in him, because we are on our way to see his old castle on the banks of Neufchâtel. We feel sorry for him when we learn that he was buried without his hands, these having been cut off by the ecclesiastics for that he had proved himself victor in a certain combat. We understand that the hands were placed along with his body in his coffin. What satisfaction the ecclesiastics could have derived from this we cannot conceive, for if these same hands were too wicked for Othon to wear, what good could there be in putting them in with his other luggage? Had these same hands been successful in some "holy" cause, had they massacred, murdered, and slain broadcast innocent creatures because they did not "believe" according to the style and formulæ of the preponderating priests of the time, or stood equivocally to them or their pockets, these same hands, we say, would have been embalmed, not cut off; would have been encased in soft kid, smothered with costly jewels, and exhibited for centuries, as we shall often see them on the other side of the Alps.

Then comes the beautiful part of the episode. We look upon poor Othon's face, and our eyes naturally and involuntarily pass to his hands. But where are they? Well, not there. Ask the verger for them. He hasn't them, but informs you they were removed by the priests. We thought as much,

for if ever there were beings in this our wicked world who spend their lives in waging war against deception, it is the noble army of full-girthed, self-mortifying Fathers; they it was who had the marble counterfeit hands broken off, because they could not brook the thought that the public might be deceived into the belief that the crumbling remains of these said hands held their proper position in the coffin below, whereas, as a matter of fact, they themselves had had them cut off of the dead and harmless clay, from which—they themselves, again, would have told you had you asked them—the spirit and all that was to remain immortal had fled.

How, therefore, this vindictive mutilation of Othon's cast-off, encumbering body could possibly affect the figure or the future of his spirit we are powerless to say, and had, therefore, better pass on to the next things of interest. These are the old screen and carved choir-stalls. Although rather damaged, they are beautifully wrought, and we were much interested in them and what we saw carven upon them. They are lavishly sculptured with many birds and animals. We turn up one of the seats to see if the work has been carried out with Milanese thoroughness, and there we find what would be a most unlikely musician in full swing or blow, for it is a bear playing the bagpipes. Reflecting, however, upon the fact that Bruin is of a "hugging" disposition, and that to play the bagpipes a vast amount of "hugging" has to be practised, we think him less unlikely than other animals. It interested us much,

for we were not aware that this ventriculating and usually ear-torturing bag of music had been evolved from a goat-skin to the state of perfection (*sic*) we have it now, and see it here in deep relief, both wooden and mental, before us, at the date, 1509, at which these old stalls were completed. Yet there they are, and Bruin is playing vigorously upon them —or it, rather, the "musical" instrument—although a broad and stout Dutchman, who had taken the keenest interest in everything in the venerable pile, standing at the altar and giving furious vent to his stentorian lungs, to produce the famous echo for the delectation of us and others, stamping on stones under which certain bones "reposed" to see if they were hollow—the stones, not the bones—informed us, in the height of his surprise and glee, that Bruin was playing his "tutel-sac." Tootle-bag indeed! Among our friends we number a few from "over the Border," and how glad we were that none of them were present! We trembled for the little Dutchman as the thought flashed upon us—tutel-sac! Imagine the feelings of a "braw, braw" Hielander on your requesting a sonata upon his tutel-sac. Tutel-sac forsooth! As well might you court annihilation by asking him to give you a "pilbroch" on his "jelly-bag!" *Tutel-sac, ma foi!* A little farther along we noticed a bloodthirsty cock attacking a squirrel, and we noted that in those days squirrels were as large as cocks—still we thought of those tutel-pipes. Then we saw Samson, with a saintlike face, keeping agape—apparently

with the minimum of exertion—the massive jaws of a ring-tailed lion. Interesting and wonderful though this was, we could not forget that aspersion cast upon our Scotch freends. Tutel-pipes! Heaven protect us!

As we came out of the cathedral the bells were ringing merrily, and we were reminded of the fact that one of them has a queer inscription cast upon it. It appears that the bell was damaged in a fire, and had to be recast, and this is explained by the couplet:

> "Ma forme que j'avois par le flamme perdue,
> Ma de rechef esté par la flamme rendue."

The air being beautifully crisp and frosty, and the day just the one for a ride over the downs, as we may call the run over to quaint little Yverdon, we made a détour, visiting that little health resort, and afterwards the romantic Val de Travers.

The Val de Travers naturally recalls Rousseau, for it was here that he spent a portion of that restless, roving, apprehensive life, the like of which is scarcely to be equalled in romance, except that its variegations were never interspersed either with deeds of valour or charity, nor were they at any time illumined with the feeblest spark of brilliant conduct, such as could for an instant be deemed to verge upon the heroic. For when he (Rousseau) fled from Paris to avoid arrest, having been warned that further trouble awaited him if he went to Geneva, he found a haven of refuge in the romantic

valley, wherein a lady, who admired his genius, lent him a châlet rent free. He thereupon sent to Lyons for the costume of an Armenian—hardly distinguishable in contemporary pictures from a dressing-gown—and wore it when he walked abroad, and even when he climbed the Chasseron. If he were not actually hunted from pillar to post, he at least imagined himself to be. Incessantly seeking refuge, quiet, and seclusion, his restless, dissatisfied, if not vindictive, spirit nevertheless invariably prompted him so to inveigh against mankind at large, so to insult those about him, and so to behave, alternatingly offensively and cringingly, that the reaction consequent upon his demeanour caused him to imagine he was hated by all around him, to long and strive for other localities, even if he had not, either by manner, deed, or denunciation, brought down upon himself an edict of expulsion.

Here in this peaceful vale "the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," knew not peace. Peace and contentment, indeed, he could not have found anywhere, for his spirit warred against them; but before fleeing hither it had warred against others, and thus he sought protection. Here behind the Jura chain, separating him from France, he was a fugitive from King and Parliament, they having ordered his arrest and condemned to the flames his recent work, "Emile."

Yet he may have been right in his condemnation of the doings of Kings and Governments of the period, probably equally right in denouncing the

doings of the ecclesiastics; but each was a dangerous occupation, the latter being followed by a denunciatory pastoral, issued by the Archbishop of Paris. But Rousseau inveighed against all, condemned everything except that state of barbarism, of sensual, without intellectual, intercourse, which conventionalizing ethics would of themselves—religion apart—have pronounced immoral. Here for a time he lived unobtrusively, spending his days in botanizing rambles over the verdant hills, his evenings in making laces, and his nights partially in concocting his "Letters from the Mountains"—letters of the most aggressive type, which, coupled with his spirited reply to the Archbishop, stirred up religious rancour, which pursued him over the Chain.

The priests of the vale stirred up their flocks against the heretic; he was disquieted, and, to escape their open hostility, he took his flight, in 1764, to the calm little lake of Bienne. It was upon the little island of St. Pierre where Rousseau took refuge, 1765—the little island we see in the Lake of Bienne, or Biel, just off Neuveville.

> "Another island, in another sea,
> Here dwelt the visionary sage of France
> Alone, and, in the air of Freedom free,
> Wove out his wild romance."

Quietude for him, even at the out-of-the-world little St. Pierre, was of short duration; a threat of persecution on the part of the Government of Berne set him amove again, and he, like Voltaire, his

confrère, whom he was so unlike, sought an asylum on our receive-all shores. He was taken under the sheltering wing of our historian, Hume, and accepted a home at Wooton, in Derbyshire.

His warring existence is well worth briefly tracing. He was born not far from where we pedal—at Geneva —in 1712. Just as his temperament was antipodean to that of Voltaire, so was his social status at birth and his conditions at various epochs of his life. In many ways he was to be pitied; he knew not his mother, for she died shortly after "he first drew the breath which made him wretched." His father's sole companionship was unfortunate for him, for he is described as being selfish and sentimental, passionate, dissipated and frivolous, by trade a watchmaker, by profession a dancing-master.

When Jean Jacques was but ten years of age this paternal guardian, having become involved in a brawl, escaped from the city to avoid punishment, and Jean was left to the charitable care of his relations. At thirteen he was apprenticed to a notary, who, finding him "incompetent and a fool," quickly sent him back home. Then he was bound to an engraver, but his three years' sojourn with him was ill calculated to enhance either his happiness or his moral tone. He tells us that the cruelty of his master made him "stupid by tyranny, cunning from fear, and wretched by ill-treatment," and one evening, having rambled beyond the city walls, until after the gates had been closed, he found himself too terrified to face his master—for he was no Steer-

forth in pluck, though like him otherwise—and so he resolved never to return, but to throw himself upon the world, and seek his fortune, come as it would.

It is from this episode and this date, 1778, that his vagrant and adventurous career commenced. The first he encountered in his wanderings was a priest of Savoy, which is not surprising, for there were enough of them about at the time, and they, too, were eager enough to obtain proselytes from heresy, for the veil they had thrown over the eyes of the laity was beginning to become torn off in places, and Jean Jacques—with the dissembling cunning characteristic of him—was equal to the occasion; pretending eagerness to espouse the Catholic faith, he was taken in and sheltered, and finally sent off to a Madame de Warens at Annecy, to be cared for as a Calvinistic vagrant.

Hospitably received by her, he was subsequently transferred to a hospice at Turin filled with fellow catechumens. Having passed his probation, been duly initiated into the faith and baptized, and thought to be a heart-whole Catholic, he was discharged with a blessing and a few francs. Despite his spiritual *richesse* and his "few francs," he soon found himself poor, for he failed to secure employment as an engraver, but succeeded in finding occupation—and this of a varied nature—with the wife of a shopkeeper during the absence of her lord and master. To her he was servant and lover in one, but, alas for his unhappy changes! it was not for long, for

upon the return of the husband Jean was thrown precipitately into the street and on to the world again.

Domestic service—of a more *brusque genre*—still claimed him, however, for we find him as footman to a Comtesse de Vercellis, and then again, upon her death, as lackey to a Comte de Gouvon, and as nondescript amanuensis to an abbé, his master's son; his presence seems to have eventually become intolerable to his masters as well as to fellow-servants, and he was summarily dismissed. His mind, if not his heart, then turned to his former hospitable guardian, who also was a married lady; but there were no heavy boots to be feared, for she lived apart from her husband. He was nineteen years of age when he again sought out Madame de Warens, sometimes written Vorrens and Vuarrens, and she, it seems, welcomed and installed him as an inmate of her house. Madame was but nine years Jean's senior, and he certainly might have congratulated himself upon falling upon a bed of roses—and variegated ones—for we are told she was pretty and piquant.

She was kindly in disposition, she was rich in sentiment, and she was not rigid in morals. What more could Jean desire? From her he received instruction, to her he gave instruction; he was her friend, he became her factotum and ultimately her lover, and these he remained intermittently for some nine years. Intermittently, we say, for Madame was versatile, "clever, and flighty, dabbling in chemistry

and in alchemy," dabbling also in speculation, both monetary and religious ; the former impoverished her, but let us hope the latter enriched her. The sparkles of her wit and wisdom seem to have inflamed Rousseau, and he thought himself possessed of her versatility, and therefore their love—even which, we have been told, becomes monotonous—became diversified with interruptions. At first, though not proficient in the art, and scarcely able to play a tune, he set himself up as a professor of music at Lausanne, and failed. He tried composing with a like result, though subsequent developments showed him to have possessed ability in this field.

Then we find him as secretary to an archimandrite of the Greek Church, collecting subscriptions to restore the Holy Sepulchre, and then again in domestic service with an officer, with whom he returned to Paris. The magnet at Chambéry, Madame Warens, however, drew him back again to Switzerland ; there was another attraction, too, for the domestic service there was less arduous, albeit more ardent, though even his love seems to have been of the weakest.

This brings us to 1736, from which—at Charmettes—date his happiest, idlest years—years spent in a lovely retreat, " in desultory reading with his '*maman*,' in music, in indolence, in sentiment." But nothing seems to have been capable of satisfying or of bringing contentment to the selfish, insatiable spirit of Rousseau, and we find him away from his mistress, his amour, his protector, and this to his

cost, for on returning from a stay at Montpellier he found himself supplanted in her heart by one Vintzenried.

This was enough to arouse the temper—and Jean had one—of sweeter tempered men than he. Jean quite failed to see the good points—doubtless discovered by Madame Warens—of his rival, whom he describes as a "journeyman wig-maker, ugly, and a fool, who as a lover was tyrannizing over his facile mistress, mismanaging her affairs and dissipating her money." But Rousseau was not, we believe, always strictly accurate, and, looking at his rival through the yellow spectacles of jealousy, he may not have seen things in their right colours—we know those spectacles; they come from Sheffield—Madame's probably were clearer.

Thus, in 1740, he quitted his beloved Charmettes, piqued and disgusted; nevertheless, the idyllic memories of it lived in his heart for many long years, and these, picturesquely described, have survived to our day through his writings.

We next find him at Lyons, as a teacher, where we are told he taught with "lamentable incapacity." Then he set out to seek his fortune in Paris. His baggage consisted of a very light load of wealth and a few letters of introduction to Parisian notables, but he was both weighed down and buoyed up by a system of musical notation by which he expected to make his reputation. Alas for the inventor! it was ever thus. The Academy of Sciences pronounced his system "neither useful nor original," and there-

fore he had to live in a shabby, dirty inn, and to earn his own livelihood by copying the music of others, instead of expounding the method of his own.

The monotony of this employment, however, was broken by a visit to Venice in the capacity of a "cheap" secretary at the Embassy; but, as was to be expected, he offended the Ambassador, returning to his inn and his copying. Then he tried another method of varying the monotony of a copyist's life. There was other amusement ready to his hand; why not embrace it—and her? He did, in the person of Therèse le Vasseur, drudge and maid-of-all-work at the inn. Plain of feature, mean and vulgar, stupidly dense and utterly illiterate, he imagined her possessed of every grace of body, mind, and soul. Rousseau wooed her, loved her, won her, but did *not* marry her; nevertheless, he had five children by her, each of which he successively abandoned and deserted, leaving them to be cared for and reared within the vice-created walls of foundling hospitals.

Yet this same Rousseau subsequently wrote, and this most forcibly, concerning the duties of parents; indeed, assumed the rôle of instructor of the age on the nursing of infants, the rearing of children, and the education of youth. With keen observation of worldly ways, he had pointed out the defects of common methods in the nursery and the schoolroom, and his views were in a large measure carried out by such educationalists as Froebel and Pestalezzi, with whom we have made acquaintance at Yverdon. Yet this man was an avowed Christian and religionist,

and wrote, too, so potently in relation to religion as to disgust Voltaire and others whose Deistic faith—to say the least—was weak by the religious fervour and conviction he showed therein, though he horrified the Church by his scornful censure of orthodoxy and supernaturalism.

His connection with the uncomely Therèse lasted longer than that with the former loves. We find him still at the inn in 1749, where and when he made his first distinguished appearance in literature by his paper, "A Discourse on Arts and Sciences," written in competition for a prize offered by the Academy of Dijon, which he gained. The subject was the question whether science and the arts had corrupted or purified morals. Herein Rousseau, with bold paradox, denounced fiercely and eloquently letters, arts, sciences, and all culture as alike proofs of and causes of corruption. Here again, in the same domicile and the same *entourage*, he first distinguished himself as a musical composer in his opera, the "Devin du Village," a novel and tuneful production, one of the airs of which, slightly modified, is the well-known hymn-tune "Rousseau's Dream." The opera was produced with success before the Court at Fontainebleau, and subsequently performed in Paris, where it won for him a popularity which his musical talent and inventive capacity were unable to sustain by subsequent efforts. He competed again for the Dijon prize, but was unsuccessful, with his "Discourse on the Origin of Inequality," in which he argues that all civilization is a state of

social degradation, that all science and literature, all social institutions and refinements, are forms of degeneration from the primeval savage life, which, with all its dark ignorance and inhuman, unsociable brutality, he audaciously pronounces to be an ideal state of human simplicity and perfection ; to this conviction he certainly acted up in his own life. The trend of his discourse is socialistic in the extreme; all property is asserted to be derived from confiscation, all wealth is crime, all government is tyranny, all social laws are unjust. The boldness of his denunciations, the novelty of his conceptions, caused him to be sought after in society, but the company of wits—especially of the home-thrusting Voltaire type—was uncongenial to him ; he avoided courtiers and despised fashionable reunions.

Although now in better circumstances, he dressed meanly, lived penuriously, and acted churlishly, for the purpose of showing his independence ; though silent and morose of demeanour, he exhibited self-consciousness not unblended with vanity. Though writing with an acute and insinuating pen, he could quickly be bested in argument, and lacked pluck in following up the battle. Retirement was, therefore, more to his taste, and he gladly accepted the offer made to him by Madame d'Epinay of a small cottage, the " Hermitage," on the margin of the forest of Montmorency, not far from her own château.

Thither with his Therèse, her obnoxious mother, and his meagre chattels, Rousseau went, and there, sauntering amidst the woods of Montmorency, he

conceived and wrote his romance, the "Nouvelle Heloise," being inspired in the composition of its rapturous passages, it is said, by a passion he had formed for Madame d'Houdetot, the sister of his benefactress, Madame d'Epinay. Here his suspicious temperament robbed him of his much-desired retreat, giving rise to misunderstandings with his patroness and to bitter quarrels with her friend, Baron Grimm, and dissensions with his own warm friend, Diderot, so he quitted the cottage for *Montlouis*, where he again found kind friends in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of Luxemburg. The "New Heloise," published in 1760, was received with applause, and Rousseau became the idol of the artificial, sentimental Parisian society; but he did not follow his success to the gay capital. He remained to write his "Social Contract," published in Amsterdam to escape French censorship, and then two months later appeared his "Emile," with the result of which we are already acquainted, and which drove him over into this Val de Travers. Nevertheless, he did—after his stay in England—return to Paris.

As years rolled on, his frame of mind became even less enviable. In England, where he had a safe asylum and a firm friend in Hume, he still believed that both he and all his truest friends were acting with the most sinister of designs. He rested contentedly for a time, writing his "Botanical Dictionary," but more especially in compiling his "Confessions," from which much of our knowledge

of his life is derived, and wherein he determined to write his memoirs, to expose his enemies, to reveal himself—in spite of every fault which he resolved to own—as one of the very "best of men."

By this time he had quarrelled with almost every one of his friends; he thought the British Government sought his life; he thought himself everywhere dogged by spies. With his "Confessions" still incomplete, he suddenly quitted Wooton, crossed the Channel, and sought shelter from the Prince de Conti and the Marquis de Mirabeau, living at Trye under the name of "M. Renon," until he considered he had been insulted by the domestics, and, moreover, that he was suspected of poisoning a servant.

After various changes, we find him at Monquin, a retired spot, where he completed his "Confessions," evincing him now to have attained a still more morbid frame of mind. In 1770 he returned to Paris, lived unmolested in a fifth floor in the Rue Plâtière, ekeing out a living by his old mode of life as a copyist at ten sous a page, maintaining a surly independence, distrusting friends, rebuffing admirers, snapping at and insulting customers.

Delusions crowded upon him; he thought the very children in the street hated him, and he begged refuge in a hospital. In 1778 he accepted the last of the many kind offers of shelter of which he had been the recipient in his lifetime, and retired to a cottage given him by M. de Girardin on his demesne at Ermenonville, twenty miles from Paris.

There his various delusions caused him suffering,

and the conduct of his Therèse, who now emulated his own example of faithlessness,[1] added to his unhappiness, until, with a suddenness which has given much ground for suspicion of death by suicide or by foul play, Jean Jacques Rousseau died on July 2, 1778, and was buried in the Pantheon. It is interesting to note that, after the lapse of more than a century, this point has been fairly satisfactorily cleared up, and that only recently, whilst we were making our little trip, a commission appointed by the French Government to examine the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau visited the Pantheon at Paris—December 18, 1897—and, having completed its work, and having found both sets of remains in "excellent preservation," reported: "It has been said that the bones of Voltaire were never deposited in the Pantheon; this is an error. It has been said that Rousseau remained at Ermenonville; this is an error. It has furthermore been said that Rousseau was killed by a pistol-shot;[2] that is a third error. We have this evening ascertained the truth on these points."

Returning again to Lausanne, and continuing our journey towards Geneva, we ride on—

> "Still by the *Leman* Lake, for many a mile,
> Among those venerable trees we went,
> Where damsels sit and weave their fishing-nets,
> Singing some national song by the wayside."[3]

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[1] This may have been a delusion.

[2] Neither bullet nor puncture was found in the skull or elsewhere.

[3] S. Rogers.

Our pedalling, however, was not to continue uninterruptedly to our destination—Geneva—for we were tempted upon another *détour* to visit Voltaire's village.

"Lausanne[1] and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name:
Mortals who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame;
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder and the flame
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign to more than smile."[2]

In the centre of the quiet Villette we see in bronze the "Patriarche de Ferney," and such he certainly looks. Looking on his patriarchal presentment, it is somewhat difficult to connect it with his appearance, as he circulated planet-like amid that gay Parisian firmament, studded as it was with stars of greater or lesser literary or scientific magnitude than his own, but all representative of either wit or wisdom, his own person scintillating with sparkles of satire and wit which his companions found it difficult indeed adequately to reflect.

"Voltaire was fire and fickleness, a child
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild—
Historian, bard, philosopher combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,

[1] Our Gibbon lived at Lausanne. [2] Byron.

The Proteus of their talents; but his own
Breathed most in ridicule, which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, *laying all things prone*—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne."[1]

Voltaire's brilliant wit, dash, and openness of character formed an antipodean contrast to the timid, vacillating, and uncandid character of that other great *littérateur* of Geneva's lake, whose name —alone for his works, let us hope—is to-day equally lauded and revered, for it was

"Here[2] the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath that made him wretched."[3]

Like the latter, Voltaire—or, rather, François-Marie Arouet, for that was his correct name—was intended for an *avocat*, but, also like him, soon discarded his studies to that end for that of a man of letters. He had, however, the advantage of nobler parentage and a far better education. At an early age of his youth he was introduced into the best French society of the period, and in such circles, at once witty and wicked, young Voltaire—himself deficient neither in wit nor wickedness—may be said to have been in his element, and to have prospered amazingly. So unexceptionable—from his own point of view—was the *coterie* he found himself in that he would ask, glancing round the table, "Are we all, then, either princes or poets?"

[1] Byron. [2] At Geneva. [3] Byron.

Such a life is, to say the least of it, expensive, and we find him sent by his father to Holland with an embassy; here he became involved in a "love affair," apparently of an honourable description, though it ended not in marriage, as he seems to have proposed, and Paris again numbered him among her gay throng. That he was at this time a satirist of no mean order became well known, and suspicion, albeit unfounded, fell upon him regarding some piquant lines anent the Government of Louis XIV., then just deceased. This unfortunate suspicion sent him, in 1717, within the frowning walls of the Bastille, where he was confined for about a year. It was not time wasted, however, for here he, among other things, wrote—or completed—his tragedy of "Œdipe," destined the following year to prove such a brilliant success, and to confer distinction upon its author.

A second stay in the "Low Country" brought him in contact with Rousseau. Meeting as brother *littérateurs*, they commenced on the best of terms, to part, alas! as avowed enemies, owing, it would appear, to the irrepressible exuberance of Arouet's wit. An author who has just exhibited and read an offspring of his brain is certainly not in the best mood to withstand the smartings of pointed arrows of wit, however well they may be levelled, however accurately they may hit the mark, for in doing so they may strike home. Thus it is not surprising that, having just recited his "Ode à la Postérité," the candour of his critic's retort, "Mon ami, voilâ une lettre qui n'arrivera jamais à son adresse," was

sufficient to produce an uncementable fracture in the previously solid friendship.

In those days, when small aristocratic circles held such a scandalously potent sway, it was not safe to vigorously resent an affront from a member of such, even if one were prepared to try conclusions at the sword's point, for then a nobleman and a gentleman were by no means so synonymous as they are to-day, though they might with advantage be still more synonymous. This Arouet found to his cost, for, having spiritedly resented an insult put upon him by the Chevalier de Rohan, who, finding himself ignominiously worsted in a war of wit, as many another did in breaking a lance with this versatile wag, he, the Chevalier, avenged himself in a most unchivalric manner, for some days after he caused the wit to be publicly thrashed, and this by lackeys.

Subjected to so gross an outrage, Voltaire retired for a time into quiet and private life, the while assiduously setting himself to master the wielding of the small sword instead of the pen. This done, he courteously entreated the Chevalier to a meeting in the *duello*. The knight, however, feared Arouet's pointed sword as greatly as his printed satire, and dealt with the matter in the same gentlemanlike style as he had previously adopted, the bold *littérateur* in due course receiving, not a letter of acceptance, but a *lettre de cachet* consigning him once again to the Bastille. It was only under sentence of exile that he was able to escape durance, and he sought that asylum which has offered shelter

to so many, deserving and undeserving alike, the shores of Old England.

Hither he came, having assumed the name of Voltaire, and we find him associating with our best men of both letters and science. The talents and speculations of these were much to his mind, and he diligently studied the philosophical dissertations of both Locke and Newton. He would appear also to have rubbed shoulders with men possessing British *commercial* talent, and to have gained by it, for we find him, having pocketed a comfortable sum of some £8,000 brought in by his "Henriade," returning to France and investing and speculating in *corn* and *bacon*, or, indeed, whatever appeared to present the probability of a good return for the merchanting. Big army contracts were little things in his way, and he appears to have netted, more from mercantile bookings than from writing books, as much as £7,000 a year, an income at that epoch nothing short of princely. The gay society of Paris, however, still claimed him, whilst his love seems to have been claimed by a Madame du Châtelet, a grass-widow living *separée*, but nevertheless on polite terms with her husband, an existence, at that date, not wholly Parisian—or now. Madame was apparently a lady of many parts, for she was a most fascinating "woman of the world," though *assez spirituelle*, whilst her intellectual accomplishments caused her to be dubbed the "bluest wonder of the period," covering as they did abstruse mathematics and a mastery over the recondite mysteries of Sir

Isaac's "Principia." Newton in petticoats appears to have been much to Voltaire's *goût*, whilst the husband also would appear to have been a bit of a philosopher, as well as a man of fashion of the time, for a venerable and secluded château of his, in Champagne, was put at the lovers' disposal, and within its strong walls they lived together for some fifteen years, studying Newton, yet not forgotten by the husband, for he, too, looked in occasionally.

Alas for the further elucidation of the "Principia"! a gay Lothario, in the person of M. de Saint-Lambert, apparently of lesser sanctity than his prenomen would imply, appears to have extracted a "root"—or, at least, circumscribed a heart—without recourse to abstruse mathematical speculations, for he carried off that of Madame. Then was it Voltaire's equation to prove himself at once a true philosopher and a true lover—discarded. He did both, for he abdicated with complaisance, yet with unquenched ardour of affection. At the death of his "divine Emilie," as he was wont to style her, in child-bed, his grief was inconsolable, and in the agony of his bereavement he touchingly reproached Saint-Lambert with the words: "Eh! mon Dieu! Monsieur, de quoi aviez vous de lui faire un enfant." Shocking as this phrase now sounds to us, we fear it was but typical of the morals of that patrician-swayed epoch.

Voltaire found comfort in travel, and we find him proceeding, in 1750, to Berlin, on the invitation of the young King of Prussia, Frederick, subsequently

styled the Great, with whom he had long corresponded. Voltaire's position at Berlin, for a man of his temperament, was surely, as he might himself have put it, in scientific *parlance*, one of "unstable equilibrium," for was not his royal friend at once King and poet? Did not he produce verse said to be as profuse as it was execrable? And, above all, was it not Voltaire's duty to correct and criticise such poetic emanations? Surely, then, it should not surprise us to learn that very shortly they detested each other with a mutual sincerity, and we know that Voltaire amused and avenged himself by writing a scandalous chronicle, the "*Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*," found among his papers and subsequently published, as, it is to be surmised, the poignant satirist desired it should be.

Well, years were rolling on, and Voltaire was beginning to look as we now see him before us, there upon the pedestal of posterity, and, moreover, commencing to long for tranquillity. Here, in this rural and sleepy, pleasant, and far from the throng *buen retiro*, he found it. Here the "patriarch of the village" lived in comfort and quiet, as his sun slowly declined towards that horizon from which its subsequent rising, if such there be, is not made visible to us of this planet. Its gradual descent was not unillumined by good deeds, and might possibly have been prolonged had he not acceded to the pressing entreaty of his niece, whom he had nurtured and educated with care and affection, that he should accompany her once again to Paris. To the volatile

capital he went in 1778, but his venerable frame, having now borne the weight of fourscore and four winters, was scarcely fitted for further travel or for continued excitement, and his sun had set before the year was out.

> "*Ferney*, far south, silent and empty now
> As now thy once luxurious bowers."

Having viewed the château, a pleasant run, sharply descending, brings us to the pretty lakeside village of *Versoix*, where we may enjoy delightful rambles, get a fine view from the château, or angle the *Versoix* for the most delicious of trout, and, indeed, taste them if we so desire, at the little village of *Divonne*. From here, in order to stretch our legs a little more, we may proceed along the shore to Coppet, a place not always so quiet as it is to-day.

> "Then 'cross the conflict of thy billows he[1]
> To Coppet pass'd; and there a strife far other
> It was his lot to battle sharply with—
> The conflicts of the mind; the strong collision
> Of mental wit, and readiness, and point,
> And art, and flow of words, and confience,
> And vanity, and self-conceit inbred
> From childhood, and supremacy of thought
> Intense, historic, and political."[2]

Here we may dismount and visit the château of Monsieur the Duke of Broglie, once the residence of a certain Genevese merchant, which has since become of historical interest. The said merchant's name was Necker, and he had a daughter, Anne

[1] Byron. [2] Brydges.

Luise, his eldest, both of whom subsequently became famous. It came about in this wise: Probably on account of his acknowledged financial and commercial ability, M. Necker was appointed Finance Minister to Louis XVI., at a time almost immediately preceding the Revolution. Brought up by her mother with a severity and discipline almost puritanic in its rigour, Anne came to possess an affection for Madame Necker of but a lukewarm description, whilst for her tender and indulgent father she entertained the most ardent love. Consequently, as she grew up—her inherent talents undergoing precocious development — she took the keenest interest, as intelligent as it was eager, not only in the conversations of the *savants* who visited at her father's house in Paris, but in affairs of State generally. At twenty years of age she became the wife of Baron de Staël-Holstein, Swedish Ambassador at the Court of Paris. Consequent upon her knowledge of the excesses and inhuman oppression exercised by the Court and by the aristocracy generally, Madame de Staël at first strongly sympathized in the Revolutionary movement, but this sympathy subsequently gave place to a reaction of horror as the later enormities developed, her abhorrence of such being vividly set forth in her "Considérations sur la Révolution Française." Her high-spirited father stood manfully but impotently by his King, whilst the daughter proved the most gallant defender of the unhappy *Marie Antoinette*. Her grief was extreme at the frustration of the attempted escape of the Royal Family, and she actually engaged in a

secret scheme for effecting their flight to England. It failed, however, and the execution of the King inexpressibly shocked her. She sought a means to save the Queen's life by a vigorous publication, "Réflexions sur le Procès de la Reine par une Femme"; this, however, appeared too late to be of service. She fled Paris during the Reign of Terror, when its streets ran blood, and the grim Bastille fell at the hands of one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty hoards of rabble that probably ever congregated — rabble, albeit, justly infuriated — to return again in 1797, when something like order had been established under the Directory.

From the first Madame de Staël distrusted the designs of the first Consul of France, and her *salon* became the headquarters of the anti-Bonapartist faction. The "Corsican's" *modus*, as we know, was to rid himself of an enemy without fighting, if possible, and in Madame de Staël's case conciliation was first resorted to. It was discovered that some 2,000,000 *livres* had been due to her father since 1788; she scornfully declined the bribe. Neither fear nor favour could lead her to disguise her hostility to Napoleon, made dangerous by her talents. The first Consul was hated with a sincere hatred by many, but none exceeded in its depth and sincerity that of the Baroness de Holstein. Her *feuilletons* were as bombs against which the ordinary artifices of the great master of modern war tactics were powerless. He sought some alleviation from her persecutions by exiling her from Paris, and subsequently from France

altogether, whereupon she took up her residence in the château we are now approaching.

Here, indeed, she had quite a miniature court of her own, a court of muses, philosophers, and nobles—the high-spirited Prince August of Prussia, Elizabeth de Recke, Lord Byron, Shelley, Schlegel, Tieck, and such were around her. Her banishment she felt keenly, however, and continued to long for her native Paris. Thither went her son Baron Auguste, then seventeen years old, to intercede on her behalf. Received in the Tuileries, the Emperor made that inexorable deliverance, containing words which so incontestably proved the dread he had of Madame de Staël's puissant and proselytizing pen : "*Non ! Non ! Avec l'exaltation de sa tête, la manie qu'elle a d'écrire sur tout et à propos de rien, elle pouvait se faire des prosélytes ; J'ai dû y veiller.*' Coppet, therefore, still held her.

Constantly chafed, however, by the *surveillance* she saw was exercised over her here, she sought freedom in travel—in Austria, Germany, Russia, England, and Sweden—returning to her native Paris to die, the restoration having in the meantime taken place. In corroboration of her literary talents, it may be mentioned that she was welcomed in her travels by such men as Schiller, Goethe, Heider, Wieland, as a kindred spirit of like *status*. By her will a curious and romantic episode of her life was revealed. Madame de Staël was one of those possessed of desires infinite and hopes impossible, which render life to those of such temperament and genius little else

than a "sad, unfilled longing." Her touching passage, "*Jamais, jamais, je ne serai jamais aimé comme j'aime,*"[1] must have been a wail from a heart possessed of an aching void.

It has been said that in the combination she exhibited of a force of intellect such as few women have shown, with a depth and tenderness of sentiment displayed in an impassioned rhetoric, she might well be likened to a female Rousseau—yes, the woman whose picture—as Sappho—delineated by David, we see before us now on the château wall, was a woman of great power, deep emotions, and genius. Her remains now lie in the chapel of this peaceful little village of Coppet; there also lies her father—

> . . . "in that dark untrodden grove
> Sacred to virtue and a daughter's tears!"

Madame de Staël had been brought up—as we have mentioned—with solicitous care, having had in her youth, the most celebrated instructors in every branch of learning. Among others were the famous philosopher, Dr. Tissot, and our own historian Gibbon. Of these the following incident is recorded: Tissot, entering one day the study of the lady before Gibbon had finished his lessons, said to her: "Madame, when you are sick of his philosophy my medicine will cure you." Upon which Gibbon promptly retorted: "Madame, when his quackery has killed you my philosophy will immortalize you." And undoubtedly it has served to do so.

[1] Never, never can I be *loved* as I *love.*

From Coppet we can return by a good and level road skirting the banks of the lake. A poetic shore assuredly it is we are pedalling along, replete with memories of those of literary genius, as Byron himself thus tells us:

"*Rousseau*, *Voltaire*, our *Gibbon*, and *De Staël*—
Leman, these names are worthy of thy shore!
Thy shore of names like these, wert thou no more,
Their memory thy remembrance would recall;
To them thy banks were lovely as to all.
But they have made them lovelier, for the love
Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall
Where dwelt the wise and wondrous; but by thee,
How much more, Lake of Beauty, do we feel,
In sweetly gliding by thy crystal sea,
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,
Which of the heirs of immortality
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory real!"

Leaving Ferney, a few more kilometres along the *rivage* of Lac Leman brings us to Geneva. In doing so,

"Now thro' *Cologny* we pass again,
And once more *Byron's* residence salute.
Was he more happy in these scenes of grandeur,
With lakes and mountains such as in his childhood
Fed his romantic fancy, than in scenes
Of Italy, Venice, Ravenna, Pisa,
Perchance less stirring to imagination?"[1]

Situated on the lake's extremity, and protected by a breakwater through which large white steamers constantly come and go, whilst steam and "petrol"

[1] S. E. Brydges.

launches flit across the calm harbour thus formed—often "crab-fashion" in their efforts to stem the rapid stream—is Geneva. "A breakwater and harbour of shelter on an inland lake!" you exclaim. Yes, and needed, for has not Leman her moods and tempers—widely diverse—of which not alone Byron, but bards of other nationalities have ofttimes sung? Leman's fickle temper, indeed, should make the inexperienced lover of the wave slow to trust her, remembering that

"Some there be
Make them blue pillows on *Geneva's* sea."

The town forms a desirable resting-place, and as such it is used rather than as a place of long resort, especially by those journeying to or from the mountains, and we know not of any other town which might prove a more fitting starting-point for the cyclist, with this one reservation, that he will not be led up by gradation to the grander and more mountainous districts of the country, as would be the case if he set out from nearer the "Jura-gorge," from Pontarlier, Verriers-Suisse, Basle, or Neuchâtel, for example, for in less than his first day's run he will find himself amid scenery of Alpine grandeur such as has furnished so often and so long theme for the eulogia of poets and philosophers alike from all countries.

Pleasant enough days, though, may be spent in Geneva, especially upon the lake and in making excursions in its vicinity. Having *fait le tour* of its somewhat bumpily *pavé* and asphalted streets and

bridges—'ware projecting tram-lines—running out as far as Chèvres and the confluence of the Arve and Rhone, the cyclist may make many a pleasant and interesting *petite excursion* in the vicinity of the town, or he may make a longer one—all collar-work, and following the course of the turbulent Arve almost up to Chamounix—to the footstool of the master of the mountains.

Geneva is often considered to be the birthplace of the Rhone, in which case the difference in colour of the two strong streams, which here commingle, would be accounted for by the one being mountain-bred and the other lake-born, and thus does the murky Arve lament and contrast her parentage, the poet being clearly under a misapprehension as to the actual birthplace of her friend :

"From your blue lake of birth
You came a laughing child.
I, stained and dulled with earth,
Down from my mountains wild.

"You leapt into my arms,
Clear as your infancy,
And all your heavenly charms
Felt my impurity.

"Now we together go
Merged and for ever one;
The waves that loved you so
Have sullied all your own."[1]

The "sights" of a town are more conveniently seen afoot, and in Geneva, although a city of some

[1] John Addington Symonds.

size (1,243 feet, population 80,000), and the largest town in the Swiss Confederacy, this can be done with facility. The cyclist who has sufficient time to "do" the towns as well as the country will, of course, consult his guide-book—his "Murray" or his "Baedeker," for there are none better—and in Geneva will probably visit the new Opera House (1872-79), a handsome building on the lines of the Paris house, and next in size to it; the Musée Rath; the quaint Hôtel de Ville in the Florentine style, with its incline by way of a staircase up which councillors—infirm or indolent—were wont to be carried in litters; the College founded by Calvin (1558), with its 70,000-volume library; and the Musée Académique. In exploring the higher lying portion of the city—with its steep and narrow streets, in striking contrast with the broad, regular, and handsome modern quays—he may stroll into the old but much-restored and rebuilt Cathedral of St. Pierre.

What to do with one's evenings is a not unimportant consideration to the tourist, whether he travel by wheel or otherwise, and in this regard we feel prompted to make a confession of a fact—a not very courageous act, perhaps, for in scanning the following pages the reader would probably have found it out for himself—that we are passionately fond of music. A bookbinder need not possess literary talent, a house-painter need not be an artist, and so manufacturers of musical-boxes need not necessarily be musicians. The Swiss are manufacturers of musical-boxes, but they are not a

musical nation. No, if we want to observe music sincerely appreciated, we must pedal a "pass" leading into the land of the Teuton; if we desire to hear music—the music of romance and passion—intuitively acquired and artistically rendered, to find it flowing in sympathetic and expressive cadence from the inmost soul, we must cross the Alps into sunny, sentimental Italy.

Though we shall be unable to do this, or to enjoy the strains of any great orchestra of high repute—in addition to musical-boxes galore—we shall be able to hear music rendered by the most glorious instrument yet constructed by man, for in some of the old cathedrals of Switzerland we shall find organs whose rich and plaintive voices have been mellowed by long, long ages, and to these it will be a pleasure to listen.

At this moment the little world of Genevese Society is fluttering with excitement, consequent upon a flying visit paid by the "divine Sarah," and very brilliant and gay did the Opera House look, perhaps two-thirds of the audience being English. But posters announced as well a "Concert" in the venerable *Cathedral de St. Pierre.* Thither also we went, having the pleasure to be accompanied by a dark-eyed and sympathetic Mexican girl, who assured us that she, too, adored music. The mode of entry to the sacred building was not quite in accordance with English ideas of reverential respect, for, having climbed up the tortuous, narrow, cobble-stoned alleyways, and entered the cathedral by a Corinthian portico out of all character with the architecture of

the remainder of the structure, we were confronted by a "pay-office," into which the heavy "cart-wheels"[1] were noisily falling, and change and tickets were being given with Drury-Lane businesslikeness.

Passing under the lofty arches, supported on circular columns, imposing in their girth, we are in the body of a great church, very dimly lighted by feeble oil-lamps, carried here and there upon small consoles. A large notice informed us that the old, dark, carved stalls, on which once sat rotund priests, when they—the stalls, not the priests—were in their proper place, the choir, were "reserved for civic dignitaries," which we thought, in this guest-supported land, was not in the best of taste, for is it not the visitor who "pays the piper" and probably the organist? The performers, a soprano and a bass, a flautist and a 'celloist, were invisible, for they were about to discourse sweet music from the organ-loft.

There is no place in the world where music can be heard to finer effect than in a spacious, lofty, reverberating cathedral. The organ was disappointing, for it was not old and mellow, whilst its "tracker" work was so defective that all soft--and mezzo-piano—passages were marred by the irritating noise made by "the works." In our opinion the programme was not judiciously chosen, for it was entirely lacking in variety, and the same might be said of the organist's playing; he appeared also to lack the courage of varying his combinations so as to show off the capability of his instrument. His choice of

[1] Five-franc pieces.

stops appeared also at times to be unfortunate; thus, in the accompaniment to a flute solo, he employed a "flute" stop, rendering it impossible to follow the artist's execution.

Of all instruments to be heard in a church, perhaps the most effective is that so perfect and so glorious a one—the human voice. Certainly it proved so this evening; the beautiful clear soprano tones echoing between the massy walls, and the rich, deep notes of the bass reverberating in the vaulted roof, had their effect upon the listeners. We watched the face of our handsome companion; little by little her large rich hazel eyes were raised, and then her olive Southern countenance, until they contemplated the dim, heavy capital of an opposite column. This she steadfastly regarded, as if it were the head of a supernatural being with whom she was holding communion. She was dressed in a high-necked dress of black velvet, with some rich white lace about her shoulders; she had thrown on her head a small Spanish mantilla of black lace, nearly hiding her hair, and resting in an effective point upon her white and ample brow. She sat at the foot of one of the great pillars, and appeared to be not only in her element, but in complete harmony with the sanctuary. At the conclusion of a number, when out of reverence for the place no applause was offered, but a ripple of whispered comments passed, she would slowly turn her handsome head—how very slow and deliberate are the movements of those denizens of tropic climes! —and with eyes exhibiting a wondrous depth of

feeling, she, in a deep, rich voice, would express her opinion on the performance. Her only regret was the shortness of the "concert," with which and her surroundings she was deeply impressed. Whilst leaving the old church, some lingered to make their genuflections and offer up a short prayer. She, when about to do the same, gently took one's arm—as if she had had long acquaintance—and, regarding one with confiding, if not with imploring, eyes, fearlessly said, "Do you likewise." The music had spoken to her heart, as it can do, more eloquently than the ablest preacher. Such recitals can do but good; pity it is they are so scarce with us, that the melodious, soul-touching voices of our own ancient organs—of inestimable worth—remain so long mute.

The effect of this old cathedral, so dimly-lighted, was impressive, but by daylight the prominent impression—as is the case with all the Swiss Protestant cathedrals and churches—is that of bareness. It was not always thus, however, for St. Pierre is a Romanesque fabric, completed in 1024, and for centuries was more comfortable-looking, with its highly-coloured gewgaws of Roman Catholicism; it had, indeed, been a Bishop's seat from the fifth century.

A change, however, was in store—a change to be effected by a child preacher, one of a family of ecclesiastics, a chaplain in the cathedral of his native town, *Noyon*, at twelve years of age, who, when he grew to man's estate, was characterized by a combination of great mental activity with a grave

serenity of demeanour, winning for him the cognomen of "Accusative." His midnight studies and his diurnal meditations led him gradually away from Roman Catholicism, to enter with ardour into the "new learning." This was when he was John Calvin, an obscure student in Paris; but Paris itself was exercised in its ecclesiastical—and, indeed, regal—mind on this same subject, one not congenial to many in high places, amongst them the King.

Calvin's voice had been heard on the subject of Protestantism, and in those days voices were often silenced by the expeditious and effective method of severing the windpipe, so that a hasty flight with his head on his shoulders appeared to Calvin preferable to having it dropped into a gory basket. To effect this, it is recorded he tied his sheets together, slipped down them from his bedroom window, assumed the garb of a vine-dresser, regained his native town, resigned preferment in his Roman Catholic Church, and entered upon a nomadic life.

In due course the paternal estate devolved upon him, but he desired, he himself said, to give himself up to his "own intense thoughts and private studies." With this in view, he sold his estates, and, in company with his brother and sister, set out for Strasburg. To avoid the army of Charles V., he chose a circuitous *route* by way of the Savoy and Geneva. This *détour* had subsequently an important bearing on the cause of the "Reformation," for here in Geneva one Farel, of like views, was at work, with an enthusiasm undermining his strength, endeavour-

ing to promote a reformed religion. To us it appears that the name of Farel has been unduly overshadowed by the name of Calvin. Farel was a devout enthusiast, a man of determination and of forcible persuasive ability, subsequently spoken of as "*a soul of fire and faith*," whilst contemporaneously he was described as "a man of small stature, with unkempen red beard, burning eyes, a tremendous voice, and a natural eloquence simply irresistible." He was born in the North of France, was a student in Paris, became a wandering preacher, then a reformer, and died—after suffering repeated persecutions and several imprisonments—at Neuchâtel. Farel begged Calvin to join him, but the latter, still desiring to carry out his project, declined, whereupon, in the all-absorbing ardour of his enthusiasm, Farel cursed him in the name of God as neglecting to perform a heaven-born mission.

> "One thought on Calvin heaven's own spirit fell,
> Another deemed him instrument of hell."

The denunciation sank deeply into Calvin's heart. It seemed, he said, a Divine menace: "It was as if God had seized me by His awful hand from heaven." He abandoned his intention of pursuing his journey, and eagerly joined his brother-labourer in the work of reformation.

Thus did the great reformer here commence his career, and find himself linked to the destinies of Geneva. Success crowned the efforts so enthusiastically put forth. Hierarchical authority had been already overthrown before his arrival; the citizens

had asserted their independence against the Duke of Savoy and his alliance with the corrupt Episcopate. The Genevese—magistrates and citizens—eagerly joined with the reformers in the first heat of their freedom and zeal. Here in this cathedral a "Protestant Confession of Faith," drawn up and approved by the "Council of Two Hundred," was signed. Great and marvellous changes were wrought in a very short time upon the manners of the people; where license and frivolity had reigned, a strict moral severity began to characterize the whole aspect of society. The strain, however, appears to have been too sudden and too severe; for, although individuals imbued with the fire of a righteous enthusiasm may move rapidly, the momentum of a multitude is great, and its movement consequently slow.

The Genevese were galled by the unaccustomed puritanical restraint; a spirit of rebellion to the rule of Calvin broke out; the so-called "Libertines" refused to yield to the sway of the reformers, and both Farel and Calvin were expelled hence. Calvin retired to Strasburg, and engrossed himself in theological study. Three years rolled on, and the Genevese learned that the want of rule and order was more pernicious than the excess in severity of the *régime* of Calvin, and consequently they begged him to return. After some delay upon his part, entered upon for the purpose of putting to the test the sincerity of spirit in which the inhabitants were acting, he returned.

He now succeeded, after long delay, in establish-

ing his plan of Church government, and thus, in 1541, did the gewgaws disappear from this cold, gray cathedral, and it assumed its present severe simplicity. Calvin died here in 1564.

Strife and turmoil had had frequent place in the town of Geneva from the time when Romans and Helvetii waged war over its possession; its environing fields—for in medieval times it was well fortified and stood within a mural *ceinteur*—had ofttimes been battlefields, when liberty-craving inhabitants fought Burgundian Kings and Princes, and after, when Burgundian Dukes fought liberty-loving citizens. Then did the rugged stones of the steep and narrow streets we have just climbed often and often run blood; the very stone slabs of this cathedral on which our feet now rest have been gore-bespattered.

Arising out of such bloody affrays is a pretty tradition concerning the Château of Montricher, hard by in the Jura Mountains, and once the home of an assemblage of marauding knights, associated together for the purpose of making onslaught on the peaceful town of Geneva, in the hope of becoming its masters, and of gaining, by its surrender to the Duke of Savoy, his favour and subsequent rewards. These Knights of the Spoon, as they were called, from the strange device they had chosen for their arms (their compact, it is said, having been made at the supper-table), became a source of such terror and aversion to the industrious Genevese that they even renounced the use of spoons in their households. The unprovoked and brutal attacks of the

incursors had the effect of rousing to reckless courage men and women alike. Of these, a young girl, rendered desperate by the murder of her brother in one of these ferocious onslaughts, donned the garb of a soldier, and joined the ranks of the defenders of the city. Unhappily, she was taken captive, but, her life being spared on account of her youth and fragility, she was kept prisoner at the Castle of Montricher, and guarded by the son of De Pontveyre, chief of the depredator band. To him she confessed her sad history, and he, charmed by her courage and her beauty, avowed his ardent love for her, which she was fain to reciprocate. To her indirect influence was due the cessation of the attacks on Geneva, though, says tradition, not before the young girl, realizing that her lover was actually the son of her brother's murderer, fell dead of the shock, whilst he, in his remorse and sorrow, stabbed himself rather than survive her.

Geneva, indeed, had been

> "Cradled in storms, until the iron will
> Of her great preacher bade the waves be still.
> Cold Protestant, the stream of passion flows
> More calmly in the haven of repose!
> Even in thy welcome there is something chill,
> As if the glaciers of the far white hill
> Crept round thee. He who made thee so
> Moved in a narrow path, yet mounted high.
> Rock-rooted is his creed; he learnt to know
> Nothing of Nature's magnanimity.
> His sword-like spirit, darting keenly, made
> His name a portent, and the world afraid."[1]

[1] John Nichol.

CHAPTER IV

LAKES AND CITADELS (NEUCHÂTEL, MORAT, AND AVENCHES)

IN this mountainous Switzerland one can yet journey far across the length and breadth of the land by a mode of progression impracticable in our own island; for, if we wish, we can in some directions select a *route* and forge ahead by alternations of road and lake in which the mileage of lake traversed will form a not inconsiderable proportion of that by land. Something of the kind, however, may be done in Scotland, especially through the Trossachs, where we seem to be no sooner afloat than we are again a-*char-a-banc*.

We consider the cyclist a-wheel through a country should, with some degree of sincerity, keep to his own, and, moreover, should give those of the stifling and stuffy trains as wide a berth as possible. This, however, we do *not* say in regard to the steamboats; on the contrary, we feel that this mode of progression is so exhilarating, it gives such a fine opportunity for the careful survey of the scenery passed

through, and it lends such a pleasant variety to the tour, that we make a point of placing our mount against the bulwarks of the lake steamers whenever occasion arise, and we trust our readers will do likewise, and embark with us.

These Continental inland seas are as varied in their extent as in the type of their scenery, and one notes that the size of the steamers is in fitting keeping with their own. One recalls that on *Lago Maggiore*, for example, we embark on nothing less than a ship, with its upper and lower decks, great saloons and dining-rooms — everything but berths. On Constance's wide expanse we may be tossed about—indeed, made sea-sick—without any extra charge, in a steamer of considerable size, and the same may be said of Lucerne's mountain-hemmed lake or of Geneva's blue waters. Then there are other lakes where the steamboats are of the most modest proportions—*Lugano*, to wit—whilst on other miniature inland seas flit about little steam-propelled things, perhaps best designated as launches.

Making sleepy and therapeutic Yverdon our starting-point, where we shall have been interested in the strong and frowning old castle, the display of ancient, medieval and modern clocks, and in the monument to Pestalozzi and his doings — who founded the modern educational system—we pedal across the river *Thiele* towards the west shore of the Lake of Neuchâtel, where we find ourselves keeping company with the long chain of the Jura Mountains.

We join the lake, and are in thevillage of Grandson, close to which rises in picturesque solemnity the Castle of Grandson.

This château, built about the year 1000, is rich in the memories of legendary and historical events which took place about the middle of the fourteenth century. It was a troublous epoch, a time of constant war and violence, of brave deeds, and ofttimes of noble self-sacrifice. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, one of the most powerful of medieval feudal lords, a class of marauding and quasi-chivalrous knights, ambitious and restless, whose constant waging of war upon their neighbours, usually for the purpose of plunder, was a principal cause of their being treacherous and cruel, raided the adjoining territory of the less bellicose Switzer, whom he found to be a far more formidable defender of his native soil than he (Charles) had anticipated, a misreckoning which cost him dear, e'en—as leading up to his disaster at Nancy—life itself.

On one occasion, during his many invasions, he sent his advance guard, under Count Romont, to take the town of Grandson. Romont did succeed in taking the little town of Grandson—by surprise—but Brandolf de Stein, an intrepid Swiss warrior, occupied the castle, which, in overlooking the lake, dominated the town. Nevertheless, certain of being able to endure a prolonged siege, De Stein issued from the castle, and, at the head of a body of his men, hastened to the defence of the town.

Finding himself outnumbered, however, and being

anxious not to weaken the garrison of the castle, he commanded his soldiers to return. But he himself was taken prisoner, whereupon his soldiers rallied to his aid, when, seeing that his men were not returning, but were essaying to defend him, he boldly repeated his command, bidding them leave him to his fate, re-enter the castle, and to defend it to the last, whilst Romont, engaged in securing his prisoner, allowed the soldiers to regain the fortress without opposition.

A few days later the Duke himself arrived, and encamped before the town, determined upon breaking down the resistance of the castle. He saw the advantageous situation occupied by the *château*, and appreciated the difficulty of its capture, whereupon he bethought him of a possible means of securing its capitulation, and this by stratagem and without doing battle. The strategetic weapon upon which he relied was the known affection of the soldiers for their brave leader. He suggested to Romont to bring his prisoner before the castle with a rope round his neck, intimating to the occupants that a refusal to surrender would form the unwritten death-warrant of their commander. His men, however, remembering his last command, remained faithful, and swerved not from their duty.

Charles then instructed Romont to put the valiant defender to death, and gave the order for the execution of his threat to besiege the castle. The siege continued, and at length—some ten days—the imprisoned garrison, acting upon lying promises made by Charles

as to their safety and upon the treacherous information of his emissaries, who falsely reported the cantons to be divided and all hope of assistance futile, surrendered to the invader, under the promise that their lives should be spared. To effect his end Charles, "the bold Burgundian," acted upon the principles now adopted and approved by officers of the French army, for he had recourse to the most scandalous and impudent of forgeries.

Charles, moreover, marked his entry into the castle by another act of perfidy, for he ordered the 412 conquered soldiers to be brutally slain, which order was carried out, for they were either drowned in the lake, having first been bound with ropes, or hanged from the trees lining the roads (February 28, 1476), despite the fact that he had here encamped along the edge of the lake no less enormous an army than 50,000 of the best trained soldiers of Europe, besides ample heavy artillery.

The avarice of the Duke was now stimulated by the report of the existence of great treasures, and among them that of a large and valuable diamond, acquired in the East during the Crusades, and deposited somewhere in the castle, or therein concealed. It was, indeed, found in the possession of the wife of its former owner, who, with her beautiful daughter, still resided in the castle, and therefore had to yield it up to his indirect threats. She could never, however, be induced to yield up her daughter to the murderer of her husband, even though he repudiated his guilt, and spared no falsehoods in

throwing the whole blame on the shoulders of his Lieutenant, Count Romont.

He went even further in order to save appearances and in pursuit of his passion for the lovely girl, and, with his usual wiles, Charles the Bold released Count Romont from an arrest he had ordered in the first instance as an apparent expiation to the family, who were to witness his execution in the courtyard of the castle. He found that they interceded on behalf of the Count for the clemency he had shown in the restoration to their arms of a beloved husband and father, for Romont had, in fact, secretly kept his prisoner near his person, more as a friend than as a captive, and had latterly restored him to his joyful family. It is but natural that this intercession was also prompted by the ardent attachment which might be expected to spring up between the grateful damsel and the gallant soldier who had saved her father, and that Charles the Bold should look upon him as a hated rival.

History further records that he secretly determined to compass his death—although his own commander—by means of an *emeute* among the soldiery, who, by the promulgation of false reports, were roused to fury against him. It is reported that they made an attack on his person when, with his bride, he was in the act of entering the church on his wedding-day, and that the blow, intended for him alone, accidentally fell upon and mortally wounded his clinging bride, while, assisted by a few faithful

friends, he escaped with slight hurt. Though he failed to witness the death of the instigator of this outrage, he turned his section of the army against Charles, and, with the brave assistance of Brandolf de Stein and all the Swiss who were roused by his exactions, their oppressor was defeated, and fled from the field of battle, as we shall recall to-morrow when we are crossing the battlefield of Morat, or Murten.

In this instance the canons of romance were justified by historical truth, which avers that he was assassinated while fleeing from the Battle of Nancy. Certain it is his body was found in a bog, embedded in ice and snow, near the latter town, fitting end to a life of rapine and slaughter. Charles *le Téméraire*, as we know, closed his life by three rapidly-succeeding disasters, two of which were enacted hard-by where we now stand. Here, at Grandson, he lost his treasures, across the Lake Morat, his men, and at Nancy, his life, giving rise to the following rhyme:

"Zu Grandson das Gut,
Zu Murten den Mut,
Zu Nancy das Blut."

The encampment of Charles the Bold here on the shores of Neuchâtel was, perhaps, one of the most splendid of the splendour-loving medieval times. At this moment, when, opposite this venerable castle, we are passing over its veritable site, we can easily picture the gorgeousness of the tents, the emblazoned richness of the standards, bearing the heraldic arms

of cavalier commanders, telling of their luxurious abodes e'en in the midst of war, the waving pennons of the component corps, the richly-caparisoned palfries, stalwart of form and with flowing manes, their broad backs bedraped with cloth of gold, richly embroidered, their *sellerie* of exquisite richness. Henchmen are scouring the battle-axes of their superiors; halberdiers are sharpening their lances; armourers and armour-bearers are burnishing the armour of their chiefs—all richly etched; cross-bowmen are greasing locks and adjusting their taut-drawn thongs. Whilst the colouring enlivens the scene, the glistening steel of piled arms against the background of clean snow chills the blood.

But those who fight for plunder lack that irrepressible stimulus possessed alone by those who fight for liberty, for hearth and home; a brave and unbought band, numerically weak but intrinsically strong, each unit a hero if need afford the opportunity, can and have successfully faced hoards of the well drilled.

How soon was this to be exemplified here! Charles's vast forces were directed against unfortified but well-placed Bern, and she, in great straits, summons the assistance of the other cantons, and in two days after the dastardly and unwarlike outrage we have mentioned, some eighteen thousand patriots were assembled at Neuchâtel, prepared to stem the on-coming tide of Burgundy's well-trained host.

As we pedal on we may picture ourselves progressing with the latter army. The vast array of

advancing men-of-arms, pressing forward with us through Foissine, Corcelles, and Concise, just beyond which, and above La Lance, Charles sees to his left, descending through the fir-trees and vineyards, the vanguard of the Swiss army. Doubtless delighted with the opportunity of encountering their enemy at some distance from the walls of Neuchâtel, the devout Switzers — for at that time they were almost superstitiously religious — extended their hands in prayer and supplication. Charles, it would seem, mistook this for a supplication of another kind, and, desiring to take a mean advantage of it, exclaimed: "These cowards are ours!" and gave the order to fire. His artillery swept down the Switzers in their numbers; nevertheless, the guard —for it was but a section of the defenders—stoutly stood their ground against the vast and numerically superior on-coming foe.

Suddenly Charles ordered his forces to fall back, presumably with the double intention of getting more into the open and of alluring his foe into descending from the higher ground. His men, however, mistook the movement for an actual flight, and their ranks began to show signs of disorder. At this most critical moment the main body of the Swiss appeared on the heights, their armour and accoutrements glittering in the bright March sun (March 3, 1476), and, arriving in their numbers, they made an imposing array, forest and hillside appearing to be alive with them. Now, appreciating that their valiant vanguard were hotly engaged, they loudly

blew their war-horns, and gave vociferous tongue to their battle-cries.

"Uristier of Uri!" "Harsthörner of Lucerne!" were the lusty shouts which, says an old chronicler of Neuchâtel, "struck such terror into the Burgundians that they took to their heels, and disappeared from sight as if a whirlwind had swept them from the earth." Seeing that the Burgundians were not rallying, the Swiss paused a short space, and, "with indescribable joy," dropped on their knees and rendered thanks for the victory. Rapidly pursuing their foe along the bank of the lake, their ardent patriotism had added to it the overwhelming desire for revenge, for as they neared here (Grandson) they saw scores of their brothers strung up to the trees by the roadside. The retreat continued with precipitation before the on-coming host of patriots, and thus the castle and the vast encampment fell into their hands.

The Battle of Grandson is remarkable for the immense quantity of spoil that fell to the victors, for Charles and his nobles were wont to carry the splendour of their Court even into their camps. Four hundred silk tents came into the hands of the Swiss, as well as the Arras carpets, and Charles's sets of gold plate and dishes—the admiration of the Sovereigns of the time. His Flemish lace and fine linen were cut up like homespun and divided amongst the rough soldiers; his money dealt out in helmets; his artillery, his beautiful swords and handguns, and, most precious of all, his jewellery, were

shared among the victorious Swiss. Of his three famous diamonds, the finest passed finally to Pope Julius II.; another to Henry VIII. of England, and thence to Philip of Spain; and the third to the Kings of Portugal.

It would require pages even to give a bare list of the spoils.[1] Many relics of these memorable battles are still to be seen in Swiss museums—suits of armour, lances, guns and banners in the historical museum at Morat; the suit of armour belonging to Charles's Court jester, who fell at Morat, is at Soleure; the golden seal of Burgundy is at Lucerne; whilst the civic library of Zurich possesses the seal of the Great Bastard, brother of Charles.

From Grandson a beautiful lakeside run of twenty miles through Concise, where many relics of ancient lake dwellings of the Bronze Age have been found; then, leaving the lake for a little, and passing through vineyards which produce an excellent wine—Cortaillod--and crossing the deep valley of the *Areuse*, where we may visit the interesting *Gorge de la Rense*, by Bondoy and Colombier—near which is the *Pierre-à-Bot*, or "toad-stone," a large and interesting erratic block—to Neuchâtel.[2]

This ancient town may also be pleasantly reached from the Val de Travers. Soon after leaving the town of that name we commence to mount by a gentle ascent, twenty-five minutes of which brings us to Portaseux; then we have a splendid descent,

[1] "The Story of the Nations."

[2] See Val de Travers.

with fine views of the wooded gorge by our side, and the Lake of Neuchâtel in front of us, to the clean village of Peseaux. We then run down into Neuchâtel, entering close to the castle.[1] In running down here towards the lake, we noticed, on one occasion,[2] quite an enthusiastic military encampment, and its unexpected presence recalled to us the sanguinary battles at one time fought in this neighbourhood; but we were not prepared for such a pleasant surprise as awaited us to-day, for we found that we had arrived on the closing day of the national *Tir Federal*, of especial splendour, on account of its marking the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment. The town was absolutely given up to the fête; no business was being transacted.

Neuchâtel, however, is at all times a very pleasant place to visit; it seems to be a new medieval town, for many of its buildings wear the same aspect they wore centuries ago, yet they look as new as they must have done the year they were completed. The town, too, has a quite distinctive and very pleasing colour. Swiss towns are almost invariably clean, and sometimes scrupulously so; often also very white, which whiteness, in the brightness of the glorious summer sun, is sometimes a disadvantage, for it is trying to the eyes. Nothing could be cleaner, nothing more trim, than Neuchâtel, yet it is not glaring; there is something pervading the

[1] Cyclists should dismount on entering, as the descent is very rapid, and the street narrow and usually crowded.

[2] July 27, 1898.

whole town, and giving it a subdued and cosy tone. What can it be? It is the agreeable yellow hue of the stonework. Alexandre Dumas the Elder has put this feature very concisely in saying that the town has "the appearance of an immense toy carved out of butter." This very tint, by the way, is said by some to have given its name to the town, for the cream-yellow-hued stone used in it is called *Neocomian*, from the Greek νεος (new), and κωμη (town). To-day, however, it might be of any colour, for it is fairly enveloped and ablaze with bunting—and bunting so very artistically arranged.

Before going down into the town itself, we turn up to the castle, a portion of which was built as long ago as the twelfth century, but other portions were added subsequently at different epochs. The old castle, always feudal of aspect, looked especially so to-day, for towering high up the massive buttresses on either side of the arched portal were trophies of arms, ingeniously and artistically arranged, the one bearing the date 1848, the other 1898, embodying in front of a background of the *drapeaux* representative of the amalgamated Swiss cantons a fine assortment of halberds, cross-bows, old muskets with their heavy bayonets, swords and sabres, pikes and pennants, beneath artistic eaves of ancient casques and helmets, long since obsolete, and recalling many a valorous regiment. Guarding the gateway on either side stood a stalwart, heavily-armoured warrior in wood. Still more grim defenders were there in the shape of a couple of cannon of more

modern date, all trained in readiness, and with their great pyramidal heaps of round shot piled near by their scrupulously scoured and brazen *embouchures*.

The castle is now used as the Cantonal Administrative Offices. The old portion of one wing has a façade in the Byzantine Romanesque style, embellished with a kind of *loggia*. A new portion contains a rather fine assembly hall for the Grand Cantonal Council, every window of which, to-day, is tastefully draped in crimson hangings, upon which is displayed in white the Federal cross.

Close to the château is the abbey church, or Church of the Collegiate, sometimes called the *Temple du Haut*, built 1149-90, and restored in the thirteenth century. One of its points of interest is a large Gothic monument to the Counts of Neuchâtel, Freiburg, and Hochberg, ancestors of Count Louis of Neuchâtel, who erected it to their memory in 1372. Sadly defaced at the time of the Reformation, it has been restored with much care. Apart from its historical value, the monument is of much interest from the information obtainable from it concerning the costumes of the fourteenth century.

On the wall opposite the monument we see the significant inscription: "*L'an* 1530, *le* 23 *Octobre, fut ostee et abattuee l'idolatrie de créans par les bourgeois.*"[1] On the terrace is a monument to Farel; he is depicted with the Bible upraised high above his head, clad in a flowing preacher's gown and

[1] "On the 23rd October of the year 1539 the idolatry of this house was ostracized and razed by the citizens."

béret, from below which his earnest face looks forward with a fiercely fanatical expression. It is the work of a Neuchâtel sculptor, C. Oguel. Near it is a piece of prehistoric sculpture recently discovered at Auvernier. In the church also is an inscription in honour of Farel. The cloisters of the chapter-house, with their ivy and grass plots, are interesting. They were first built by Ulrich and Bertha de Granges, and rebuilt after a fire by John of Fribourg in 1450, two of which personages we have seen upon the ancestral monument. We have not yet descended to the lower part of the town, and we may therefore obtain a fine view over it from the embattled terrace. Neuchâtel is not seen at its best in entering it from this side, but approaching either from Bienne or across the lake from Morat, one is charmed with its commanding position, its closely-packed, bright, yet beetling medieval aspect.

As we descend, we pass near to the venerable *Tour de Diesse*, erected in the tenth century as a stronghold to defend the lower part of the town. This, too, was damaged by fire in 1714, after which its top was rebuilt in its present form and the clock added. This, indeed, may have been the ancient tower built here before there was much town to protect, and then called Novum Castrum, which also, being translanted into French, would mean Neuchâtel. Close to it is a quaint and handsome fountain, embellished with a column surmounted by the figure of a banneret, said to represent Albert de Tissot, who commanded the troops of Neuchâtel in

their terrible onslaught at St. Jacob-on-the-Birs in 1444; it is dated 1581. The little platform above the fountain is also of historic interest, for it was often occupied as a pulpit by the reformer, William Farel, in the years 1529-30.

At the spot where the steep street to the castle bifurcates is another fountain surmounted by a kind of griffin. This, in olden times, was dedicated to St. William, the patron saint of the town; but it is supposed that his effigy was despoiled at the time of the Reformation, and replaced by the somewhat mysterious heraldic animal which still adorns it.

When, however, we again arrive at the lakeside, we find ourselves among modern surroundings, upon a pleasant promenade, embellished with a very handsome Post-Office, a picture gallery, one or two large hotels, a boulevard of shady trees, and some remarkably fine specimens of skilful carpet-bedding. We feel, indeed, we are in a watering-place, and a very pleasant and pretty one. True, the waters of its lake are not so blue nor are its *côtes* so imposing as those of the lake we have just quitted, but its scenery is justly described by the adjunct beautiful, and we long to be upon its waters.

As we stroll about the steep streets, admiring the gay decorations, we pass many a master marksman, his hat becomingly encircled in a laurel wreath of victory, with long silk streamers, telling in letters of gold and silver that he is a *Tir Federal* victor. We chatted to some half a dozen of these marksmen, and they were delighted—and doubtless justly proud—to

show us their prizes; for it is neither the sluggard nor the drunkard who can thus excel, who can cultivate the cool head and steady hand and the quick eye of pleasure to himself and of ever ready value to his country. Trophies were *en evidence*—tankards, mugs, and challenge cups—but so also were some fine samples of the skilful horological work of the marksmen's own hands—handsome gold and silver time-pieces, beautifully and suitably engraved.

The prize which most surprised us — having regard to the but moderate size of the town—was a handsome frame, enclosing a *plaque* in red plush, embedded in which were twenty golden louis, "offered by the employés at the railway-station." This spoke eloquently of their frugality, their fraternity, and their patriotism. Another very handsome and valuable prize, highly valued and appreciated by the winner, also told of patriotism and of fond and lasting remembrance of their native country by Switzers far outside its mountainous frontiers. It consisted of two handsome and intricately inlaid gold vases of Eastern fabrication sent from "Switzers in Russia."

Beyond the natural beauties, lovers of art will find much to gratify them in the *Musée des Beaux-Arts*, the *Musée Alpestre*, and elsewhere, whilst the casual visitor cannot fail to be pleased and charmed with a visit to Neuchâtel.

Following out our rule of taking boat wherever practicable, we repair to the quay behind the new and handsome Post-Office at the hour advertised for

the departure of the little steamer for the walls of ancient Morat. Time is up, but the boat is not; a quarter of an hour and she is seen to be nearing the harbour, and after a most leisurely casting of toy hawsers, bow-lines, and stern-lines, she is alongside. We do not hasten aboard, for we see a number of cattle are desirous of hastening ashore. At last the quadrupeds are off and the bipeds are on.

With the exception of ourselves and a Fiscal officer in uniform and a couple of Swiss travellers in overcoats, the rest of the passengers consist of farmers and their wives, the former clad in long smocks of blue with a tiny stripe of white running down them, the ever-present basin-like Switzer hat, the ever-present basin-like Switzer pipe, and a big rough staff carried in the hand, their wives in dresses of similar blue material, with black or white kerchiefs tied over the head. In a way as leisurely as the boat came in itself now come in immense *Gruyère* cheeses, rolled on edge down the gangway like solid wheels of a heavy-weight Saxon charioteer. With a heavy thud they are laid flat upon the deck to prevent them wandering about, and for a like purpose a poor little week-or-two-old calf is carried on board with all his four legs tied together, and also laid on the deck.

Poor little fellow! he looks very apprehensive of danger, and from time to time lifts up his baby head —which would be more at home in a folder or on a verdant Alp—from the deck to utter a "loo," so tiny it resembles the bleating of an old sheep; in doing so he shows no teeth, but a pink tongue, and

this restless member, as restless in the cow and calf as in women, he invariably distends after each bleat to carefully remove the numerous dew-drops of baby health from his baby nose, a proceeding which seems to be labour in vain, for by the time he is ready to "loo" afresh they are all there again.

He is quieter now, and he doesn't roll his eyes—showing their blues instead of whites—so often landwards, so we suspect the sage-visaged old cow who is cautiously stepping across the gangway and solemnly swinging her head from rail to rail of it is a relation of the young thing lying helplessly on the deck. The old lady is made fast to the winch, and a Newfoundland puppy, whose coat is not made of fur but fluff, and which we feel is far from proof against the cuttingly cold wind, after several careful and timid observations of the streak of water between boat and land and one or two false starts upon the gangboard, makes up his mind that there is nothing to be done but to make a dash for it to rejoin his old, brusque farmer master, whose hanging hand he licks from behind, just to let him know that he—his "protector"—too is there.

Now we are about to assume that we shall cast off and move on, and so we do; but where to? About a score of yards along the quay, and we are again made fast against a sister boat. We are now three-quarters of an hour behind time, and yet something else is to be got aboard. Well, to be sure! if they are not lifting deck-plates over the coal-bunkers, and are going to "coal" the boat. Yes, that is so, and

in what a queer way it's done! To begin with, the coal does not consist of the clean, sleek-sided, great weighty pieces thrown upon our tenders and into our holds at home, and which hails from South Wales, but of great square blocks of dull black, agglomerative coal-dust—or breeze—the same as that used in all the locomotives here, which gets into one's eyes, blacks one's face, and ruins one's gloves in travelling by train. No wheelbarrows are made use of, but the blocks are packed upon *chaises-à-porteurs* and brought aboard by two bearers, as solemn and black as if they were coffin-bearers, and tumbled down the bunker ring with a noise and rumbling affecting the whole of the little craft.

At last we are off, but a thick mist prevents our seeing the scenery and also describing it. We pitied the second-class passengers out there on the fore-deck in the bleak and damp wind; we also pitied the animals, who had not greatcoats and pipes on. The driving mist was every moment making them more and more uncomfortable; it was deposited in myriad globules on the back of the little calf and of his mother until they looked quite white. It be-dewed the face and eyelashes of the old mother as if covered with rime, so that she looked more sleepy than ever. We interviewed the weather-beaten old captain—who, like the rest of his crew, wore no uniform, so that it was difficult to distinguish him from his rough-clad passengers, all smoking and chatting together—on the subject of the fluffy puppy, and succeeded in getting him—the puppy, not the

captain—classed A1, and provided with a berth on a sack near the warm boiler. There he was as happy as ourselves, alternating his forty winks with an occasional little performance on his own account, during which he got up, stretched himself—standing on his hind-legs and splaying out his front ones on the deck until he looked twice as long as himself—displaying a pretty pink mouth and a ravishing set of white teeth in a gigantic yawn. Sometimes he would trot round, and, with dropped tail and half-interested, half-frightened eyes, watch for an instant the slowly-revolving bright parts of the engine, and then, with a little wag of his tail, just to tell you he was quite happy, he would go back, plump himself down again, with his back firmly pressed against the boiler casing, for another "forty."

There was nothing to be done, not even to take notes, in this mist. But there stood our mount on the sponson; a more pitiable sight it was impossible to imagine, for in coming down into the *Val de Travers* we had passed through a thick mist—like a Scotchman—which had damped every part of his anatomy; but the bottom of the vale was inches thick with light dust, and this rose up to greet the damp frame—and everything else of him—in affectionate embrace, with the result that the machine now looked like a petrified single-track chariot of an Egyptian dynasty, or a cycle constructed of stalactites.

Why not tuck up one's sleeves and clean it then and there? Why not, indeed, when the chief

engineer—who had asked so many questions about the pneumatic brake, sagely remarked that it was like a Westinghouse, for they both work by *air comprimé*—offered to provide us with a piece of wood to scrape it down with, and any quantity of "waste" to clean it up with. We tucked up and went for it, whilst he went for a bucket of hot water, which he deposited in the middle of the deck, with a piece of yellow soap—quite two pounds in weight—and a little tin box of "soft" soap—so cheap, yet so dear and so useful to engineers.

What a wonderful thing is force of example! When our mount looked better for his scraping and cleaning down, we felt better for our wash down in this bucket; but then, strange to say, the Fiscal officer in uniform seemed to think the same thing. He thereupon temporarily threw off his martial cloak, stooped over the bucket, and washed; a well-to-do farmer followed, and before the chief engineer had consigned the suddy contents of that bucket to the clear waters of the little river *la Broye*, connecting Lakes Neuchâtel and Morat, up which we were making "dead slow," because the mist was so thick and the waters so thin—being but a metre in depth — we veritably believe every favoured passenger behind the glass, including the captain and engineer, had washed his hands in that favoured bucket, into which the puppy often came to peep, to see if it were getting clean enough for him to drink.

Calling at several piers in the lake, where it was interesting to note the nature of the rustic wares, the

rustic persons, and the rustic ways—embarking and disembarking — we find ourselves at Meyriez, opposite our destination. We recross the lake, very pleased with the mild aspect of the gently-rising hills all around, with the town we seek sleeping—for there is not a sound as the paddle-wheels cease their turning—on a knoll near the lake edge, with its towered, spired, and turreted sky-line.

Morat.

As the little steamer came alongside the rather shaky timber pier, we appreciate for the first time that this Morat — Morat, the proud, embattled Morat—is still a fortified town ; indeed, from some points of view it must present to us to-day very much the same aspect as it did to others in the middle of the fifteenth century, when it was called upon to withstand sieges, and when its sturdy inhabitants sallied forth to win that victory which has ever since made its name famous in the land. One change in regard to its fortifications, however, must be mentioned—namely, that they formerly extended not only down to the lake—in stone ramparts—but continued far into the lake in the form of a pile-work. Yes, this antique fortress town, standing on a low hill in the midst of calm scenery, and mirrored in the clear waters of the placid-faced lake, was called upon to play a rôle of great moment in the history of the Swiss Confederation.

To every native of Switzerland these venerable

walls and watch-towers recall the time of peril to Swiss independence, when the formidable hosts of Charles of Burgundy were threatening with destruction the Switzer Commonwealth, and he recalls with pride that memorable victory, which our poet has referred to as the "Marathon of Switzerland," by which and the valour of his ancestors his much-loved, much-fought-for freedom, then imperilled, has been preserved to him. Whether we walk round upon its ramparts, explore the old castle, or stand before the neighbouring obelisk commemorating the battle, everywhere in the town and its environs we meet with reminiscences of it in its glorious medieval days. From whichever side we may approach it the little town is of pleasing appearance. Entering from Bern, the slender spire of the German church and the adjacent towers of the town wall lend picturesqueness to it.

From the opposite side, the imposing form of the antique castle, and the lofty ramparts and towers on the south side of the town, rise into view when we are still some distance off. From the Fribourg side the little fortress, built as it is on rising ground, is visible at a distance of several miles. The numerous towers and turrets, with their quaintly-shapen roofs, and the town wall, with its battlemented parapet, cannot fail to carry back the traveller's mind to the Middle Ages.

Seen from the lake, the place has less the appearance of an old fortress, although the castle is quite conspicuous, and the "Zerschossene Thurm" on the

farther side of the town is visible through the trees. The French church, with its elegant little spire rising above the plane-trees in the rear of the edifice, also presents a pleasing appearance, and the Council House, with its clock-turret and arched passages, gives this side of the town a characteristically medieval aspect. Separated from the town by a wooded slope is a row of houses, known as the Ryf, standing on the margin of the lake.

Though still surrounded on the land side by high walls and numerous towers, the town is now quite open on the side next the lake, the fortifications which formerly connected the upper and lower parts of the town having been removed.

In the olden days Morat was considered a strong fortress, but in the present age its lofty walls have a merely historical value as a reminiscence of fifteenth-century fortification. None other of the old fortresses of Switzerland has retained its features characteristic of medieval times to such a degree as this Morat, the very dwelling-houses of which, with their arcades and archways, have an antique aspect.

Before exploring it, an intimation from within caused us to set our course towards some haven from whose shelter some benefit might accrue to the inner man, and thus it was that we brought up at the *Lion d'Or*. Mine hostess—vast of girth and otherwise—a living *annonce* to her *cuisine*, with that affectionate liberality to be found only falling from the lips of these jolly-faced, buxom individuals, informed us—as usual—that we could have "anything

we liked," which, being interpreted, means "bacon." For you will invariably find—following this liberal offer—that the veriest innermost recesses of the *garde-manger* can produce on such occasions nothing else, nor more delectable. She could, however, send out for "anything." Being very modest and very good-natured, we said that "anything" would do for us, especially if it should happen to take the shape of an English steak. We then proceeded to explain by means of a piece of chalk on the bare table what an English steak really did look like, especially impressing upon her that it did not resemble that ————, drawing a thin line on the table, but the more self-respecting, comfortable-looking [———]. "Very like a brick!" hazarded she. "Yes, indeed, a common—everyday—brick, and if you will be so good as to 'cook' us one—for the Continentals always think that we John Bulls eat 'em raw—of that style of architecture and that degree of *embonpoint — un bon-'point'* steak not objected to—we shall—and meaning no offence, but rather implying a term of endearment—dub you the same—a brick."

Whilst the much-discussed steak was grilling for its sins, we had leisure to glance round the *salle-à-manger* of this old hostelry. Like so many we were subsequently to see, it was wholly of timber, but, unlike those of more rural *auberges*, the wood was painted. The ceiling—of the same material—was carried by strong beams.

The walls were embellished with prints more

highly coloured than highly artistic, but that shortcoming was more than compensated for by the moral which ran through the prints and around the room. Whether the moral had anything to do with "the tables" which we are to visit in due course "down Monte Carlo way" we cannot say, but certainly they depicted a state of things which the former are eminently calculated to bring about. Tableau I.: A father conferring his heritage upon his first-born; first-born receiving his heritage—and coin—father, son, lawyer, deed, dressing-gown—it is strange that in tableaux fathers always seem to confer fortunes on first-borns in *dressing-gowns*. Tableau II.: First-born going away. Tableau III.: First-born playing cards with "ladies" and gentlemen; first-born dumfounded at his losses—hand to head, livid complexion, etc. Tableau IV.: First-born driving swine. Tableau V.: First-born returning—presumably homeward—in his torn shirt—like Jenny Lee—pardon—Joe. This is depressing, but a glance at the other wall, depicting the happiness of married life, at once revives us.

Things in the flesh—or rather stuffing—are there too—to wit, the heads of chamois, stags, foxes, and others, in company with lake-gulls, owls, and even eagles. There was little of furniture in the room save the plain tables painted in chocolate paint and the plain forms and stiff, wood-seated chairs. In one corner was an ingle-nook distempered in terra-cotta, in another the inevitable *calorifiere* in blue tiles supported on little stone pilasters, apparently of

great age. In the meagre heat radiated from this basked a fine, handsome dog and an even more handsome Persian cat, who added homeliness to the bare, sanded floor by demurely washing each other's faces, a rather unusual piece of mutual and reciprocal service as between the two *genus* of domestic companions.

Mine hostess was as hospitable in deed as she had been in word, for it happened to be her *déjeuner* hour, and she was just about to sit down to the diurnal *pot au feu*, or *croûte au pot*, a most convenient receptacle, which is usually to be seen hanging beneath the black and capacious *cheminée*, always at hand to receive the most heterogeneous of morsels. It must be particularly convenient and apposite in the kitchen of a hostelry, and is in equal favour in French coast villages, where the hardy fishermen are composed of as many bold fisher*women* as brave fishermen; consequently the hardworked *poissonnieres*, when far out *to sea*, cannot at the same time *see to*—no pun intended—their *cuisine*. Obviously, anything cooked for the absent crews on fishy cruise is very apt to be more spoiled in the waiting than in the cooking. But *croûte au pot* seems never to be spoiled, though it simmer the year round. Moreover, from the great chunks of bread it contains—amongst the solids—it is, as the Hibernian said, "Eat and drink at the same time," and consequently, again, the fisherman's dinner is *always* ready. A sailor's dinner may therefore be said to assail a sailor whenever he may heave to. And as madame was so *gentille* as to

invite us to her repast, ours too was ready, and we ready to heave to.

We understand nothing of the art of cooking, and would ask what can be the good, especially on a freezing day, of putting good *hot* soup into a tureen perhaps not half warmed? Madame was evidently of our way of thinking, for, placing an iron tripod, squat and heavy, upon the table—not to spare the linen, for there was none, but to save frizzing the chocolate American cloth—with a wrench which would have been supernatural in most *chefs* of the feminine persuasion, but was child's-play to her, she unhitched the great black-bottomed cauldron, and deposited it with a thud on its part and a grunt of satisfaction on hers—we do not mean part—upon the said tripod. Then, sinking beneath its turbid and seething billows—upon which many a derelict hulk of crust still floated—a ladle, such as Jack the Giant-Killer brings in on his shoulder to put in the similar cauldron of his victim, she brought herself to anchor on the same form upon which we sat, and set both it and ourselves trembling for its—and her—safety.

The ladle—or, rather, a fraction of the ladle—then filled the soup-plates, which were of such shape that it is impossible to say whether the word "plate" or "saucer" be the more correct to apply to them. They were dull white, with the broad lines of blue and chocolate running round them, exactly the same as one sees in the hands of slum children as they in one hand bring away a "portion of pease-pudding,"

whilst in the other they grasp in a piece of paper of the most modest—or immodest—proportions a "chunk of *spotted*," or, rather, all that remains of that chunk after their insidious molars have delivered the opening *coup* upon the *farving's 'orth.*

It really seemed—and quite uncalled-for—we were in for a "long-*déjeuner*," for having eaten the eatable portion of the soup and drank the drinkable, the tripod was once more free, but only momentarily, for it was soon again obscured by another saucepan —this time with a long, stiff handle like a direction-post, instead of the heavy drop-down ring of the cauldron; if anything, its bottom was blacker than that of its old friend. Now, this contained what appeared to be gruel, or a *purée*, but that could not be, because one surely would not get two *potages de suites*, yet again in went the colossal ladle. But then we noticed that madame laid across the table—which was over a yard wide—a loaf—a country one, but not a cottage one—which still overhung the table half a yard on either side. Then, with a terrific *couteau de cuisine*, she bisected it—with far more alacrity than the average schoolboy in his first "go" at geometry—trisected it, and placed a huge slice on each of our two plates.

Now we saw what the white stuff was for, for the ladle was again requisitioned, and the slices of bread quickly looked as snow-clad as the Jura summits. The gruel—we forget the name—which was very hot, was very good, so she said, for the cold—meaning the weather—but we felt it would be very good

also for another kind of cold, for, in addition to being hot by cooking, it was hot by nature, being lavishly flavoured with onion and leek. We believe a Welshman would have heartily agreed with the good woman on this frosty morning. Now came a lake fish, very like a herring and equally bony and toothsome, and now came the *pièce de résistance*, the steak *à l'Anglaise*, and very English it looked.

As a rule, Continental steaks do not affect the effeminate tenderness of the Britisher—we wish they more often did—but we think this one had been specially licked into a condition of yielding tenderness to suit us, for during the absence of madame on one occasion we heard a terrific hammering, and we noticed that madame looked flushed on her return, as if she had had a few words—or blows—with somebody or something. The whole of this *entrecôte* was *entre côtes* of another place—in a very Jonah-like position indeed—in company with due potions of a sparkling beer as clear as sherry—and more refreshing—brewed at ancient Fribourg, whither we are journeying, with a promptness highly gratifying to madame, who seemed satisfied with us, with her English cooking, and with everything as she smilingly bade us adieu, and directed us to go round the corner to the right as we went out.

Round the corner to the right we went, where we found a steep ascent, and this we ascended with a deliberation consistent with our *déjeuner* and the interest of our surroundings, which are interesting indeed. For immediately above us, to our right

hand, do we not see the first of the ancient towers of Morat's rampart wall, the *Zerschossene Thurm*, and do we not see still in its face the marks of impact — deep gouged by the besiegers' cannon? Ay, indeed, and if we walk round the venerable walls we shall see not only breaches and imprints, but actual cannon-balls — stone cannon-balls, fired before iron ones were thought of—for did not these same walls withstand the cannonading of Charles *le Téméraire* and his besiegers ten long days before the great battle which discomforted them?

At the top of the short steep we find ourselves in a spacious square, in the centre of which is a fountain adorned with a statue—or perhaps it would be more correct to say a statuette. We must look at this, for though so small a figure, it is a presentment of a great man, Adrian von Bubenberg, the defender of Morat, as one of the school-children informed us, and as any of them will tell you, for is not the name a household and school-house word? Speaking of which reminds us that the large building before us—unfortunately in a style of architecture out of keeping with its medieval surroundings—is a school-house, that of the Municipality, built in 1839.

Who would expect to see so large a school for so small a town? But we have elsewhere touched upon the enlightened liberality with which the Swiss provide funds for educational purposes, and will therefore not do so here. We had a pleasant conversation, in good English—we mean on his part—

with the schoolmaster, and desiring certain particulars, prints, etc., he kindly despatched us in company with a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked scholar with a big school-satchel slung over her skirt, who prattled away both in French and German, for both are invariably taught in Continental schools, as she led us to the different tiny boxes which do duty as shops.

Morat is a fortified town, as we have said, and we cannot get into it without passing through its walls, access being given by great gates swung in the portals of great towers. From the side where we stand we enter the town by the *Lower Gate*, an imposing tower, which we see at a glance is not so aged as the fortifications by long years, being, indeed, little more than a century old. It carries a clock-dial of large dimensions, the single hand of which—all but invisible—carries the sun at one end and the moon at the other, which reminds one of the quip the guard of the Brighton coach generally lets off as the hoofs of the fine team clatter and the splinter-bars rattle through sleepy old Sussex Crawley, anent its being the longest village in the world for the same reason.

Before entering beneath this big clock, we would counsel our gentle reader to put his own mental clock back, and this for, say, five centuries. There is no reason at all why he should not do so, for it will require no effort of imagination ; on the contrary, the greater effort would be to imagine what it is in the ancient town which *has* changed during that period.

As we pass through the gateway, the very noisy style of painting of the doors attracts our attention. A dado of olive-green, from which radiates sinuous striæ of vermilion upon a white ground—or *vice-versâ*—if not artistic, it is at least Swiss. It serves, indeed, to indicate that it is cantonal property. Once through the doorway, we feel not only that we have left a few centuries behind us, but that, as we looked up to the old clock, we must have stood on the magic carpet of the East, and to have been instantaneously transported to the southern side of the Alps, for are we not in Italy? There is absolutely nothing Swiss, but everything Italian.

The gently-rising broad street before us is typically a medieval Italian *via* with present-day Swiss cleanliness, only the Italian dirt, Italian smell, and Italian language are absent. A street to-day as it was a *via* centuries ago; surely the clock has stopped in favour of Morat! Look carefully at this high street: where are its pavements? They are hidden beneath piazzas—piazzas the more picturesque because so varied. Glance at the arches: some are semicircular, some are quite rectangular, some are gracefully elliptic, some have *voussoirs*, some have none, some have them painted on; their great piers and heavy, sloping buttresses give the heavy *piazzas* and dark arcades the appearance of great strength, and, indeed, the weight they carry is not inconsiderable. Glance above them to the façades: there is the Italian sameness; the windows—most of them double—are almost identical; almost all are furnished with

jalousies of vivid green. In colour the façades are white, buff, gray, and cerise.

Look above again at the great beetling roofs, whose eaves look down upon us in many forms: some are flat, some are panelled, some are coved. Look at the great metal shoots which cast the rain down with a dreary splash into the street far below! At the end of the street are a couple of ancient houses, with their small-framed windows so promiscuously placed, and with roofs that project half across the street. Beside us, as we enter, is the omnipresent fountain, with its ever-spouting nose, the rough stone washing-troughs, and the stone slabs for the belabouring of clothes and the scouring of linen.

We note that each of the piers of the arcades, the arches of which form the front of either one or a pair of shops, has its own seat. Some of these, in stone, in the form of single and double-armed settees, are very antique. Was there ever such a town for the display of shrubs and flowers in its streets? Look at the trees and evergreen shrubs in green tubs and boxes on the pavements, the window-boxes and shrubs on the window-sills; look at the plants creeping above the arches and about the columns; look at one or two of the lofty houses entirely covered with grape-vines. In summer this street is said to resemble a "grove of oleanders, geraniums, pomegranates, and fig-trees."

The old signs, too, outside the ancient hostelries, of which there are several, are also interesting. There on the wrought-iron sign of the Eagle we

read that the venerable "pub" was built in 1476, and renovated after celebrating four centenary jubilees—yet we are not surprised. Indeed, it was in the orchard then attached to this old inn that peace was signed between the Counts of Savoy and Fribourg (July 16, 1448). In this old hostelry also the "men of Thun" refreshed themselves after the fatigue and peril of the great battle some half century later, when they ran up a score which, like that of Rip van Winkle, was "chalked up," never to be wiped out by payment, for we learn that it is still unpaid. Close by is the oft-to-be-found *Croix Blanc*[1] Hotel, with its white cross, carried in a ring, depending from the beak of a vulture.

The time-honoured practice of assisting those who could not read to effect their purchases by the painting-up of samples of the salicut wares sold at the particular shop or store here still largely survives, and forms a point of interest. Here we see a coffee-urn, a cup and saucer, and a milk-jug distinctive of a milk-shop; wine-bottles for the wine-shop; the bright brazen laving-basin hung out at the barber's; a white china breakfast service, with steaming hot rolls, at the baker's; a pair of side-springs and a pair of "Ducs de Vellingtones," as Victor[2] would say, at the bootmaker's. Here on the façade of a tailor and tobacconist in one we see a fine grape-vine in *propriâ personâ*. Close by is a gray tin hat, large enough for a Titan, at the hatter's; and not

[1] The white cross is the symbol of the Swiss Confederation.

[2] In "Ici on parle Français."

far off is a gilded glove, also suitable for him. A little farther on, at the *épicerie charcuterie*, we see the boar's head and a leg of pork; whilst from the lancet-shaped arches of his *piazza* hang large bundles of gaily-swinging sausage-skins. At a little bootmaker's shop, both quaint and venerable—for on the adjoining buttress we read the date J64-1667—is displayed a gold-bespurred *chasseur* in brilliant red. In a back-street we noticed at the shop of a wood-turner, as his sign, a couple of balls and a pair of wood mallets, whilst the crossed cues and a group of three balls is the common indication of a billiard *spiel saal*. A pair of these would do well for the Titan who wore the hatter's hat, whilst at the watch-repairer's is displayed a huge gilded time-keeper suitable for his capacious fob. At the ironmonger's and tinker's we see out-hung a large stove and the cross-keys. Another fountain stands in the middle of the central thoroughfare, whilst near the end is a third, at which old ladies are washing lettuces, cabbages, and clothes.

This quaint, old-world street will well bear walking through twice; we will therefore ask our reader to come with us to the end of it. Look at the quaint, picturesque, overhanging houses we have referred to, and then, turning to the left, we shall find ourselves under the shadow of the old walls. We do not see any means of mounting them here; but that is a good thing, as it causes us to return along a side-street, clean and ancient, where flowers and shrubs are also lavishly displayed, where vines are growing, where every house-front is different, and where

queer little dormer windows peep down upon us from the irregular roofs, all with big, overhanging eaves.

All are neat and all are scrupulously clean; many have seats before their doors, where the slowly-moving, honest, drowsily-living inhabitants come out of evenings to smoke or knit by their boxes of geraniums—boxes, pans, and even tin cans serving as flower-pots; their benches, their beer-jugs, their wine-flasks, their rough tables at the present moment standing amid a profusion of chrysanthemums, and last—but not least in their measure of happiness—their children at their knees. They are a frugal, workaday, and religious folk.

Just at the end of this little street we see the prettily-tiled, gracefully-shaped spire of their German church, close to the tower which was erected to replace its predecessor, demolished in the siege of 1476, so that the Burgundian cannon could sweep the streets of the town; but it also has its French church, a plain edifice in the late Gothic style, standing near to the *Zerschossene Tower*—our first glimpse of the old place—and in a little terrace, close to which we may enjoy a fine view of the lake whilst examining the effect of the enemy's cannon upon the tower.

However, we must first visit the German church, noting that the house on the right, next to it, was the birthplace of a Switzer and patriot poet—

"Hier warde am 4 Oktober, 1797,
geboren der volksschriffsteller
Jerennias Gotthelf Albert Bitzius.
Im hause muss beginnen was leuchten soll in vaterland."

for behind this is a venerable stone staircase, by which we should not fail to mount the city wall.

As we ascend the steps, if the reader has not already put his clock back he should not omit to do so here, for these are the steps up which the patriot besieged *bourgers* sprang when word was passed from the watch-towers that besiegers were advancing; these are the steps down which the wounded archers were carried, to be tended, with such skill as the age and place commanded, in their homes, and beneath the eyes of anxious wife and mother. As we step out under the low archway on to the ramparts, we can picture it alive with warriors, to whom stalwart lads are running to and fro past us with arms full of arrows—long, thin, and swift of flight for the long-bows; short, thick, and death-dealing for the cross-bows.

There, too, are the archers, some with their heads and bodies pressed into the embattlements, and their arms passed through the arrow-slits, laboriously taking aim, as their resilient lancewoods bend beneath their powerful thews, their anxiety being that each shaft should tell, each medieval bullet find its billet; for does not the flight of each arrow reduce the number in the town and the length of time the braves can hold the enemy at bay? Others stand back, and with cross-bow muzzle on the pavement and strained sinews again flex the stubborn cross-wand, preparatory to the insertion of the short, thick arrow-bolt.

As we proceed we splash through blood, we step

over prone corpses; the clouds of lithic cannon-balls cause not the men, but the strong walls to tremble; a hail of musketry flies o'er the ramparts, and rushes in at the *embrochures*, and the archers sink down, to be quickly removed by lads and women, that they may not bar the passage of the all too narrow wall-top. Through the breaches we see the country-side alive with archers: knights galloping hither and thither, horsemen forming up, pikemen and halberdiers marching; on the uplands gorgeous tents and armorial ensigns proudly waving.

Standing here, our thoughts recur to a similar, but less picturesque, wall—as they do also when we roam beneath the arcades, or "rows," of the High Street—to be found around our own old timber-fronted, "rowed" town of Chester. These, however, are more interesting, because not only are they embattled, but intact, and roofed the whole of their circuit around the town, whose roofs and chimneys form such an irregular aggregation beneath our feet, and at once recall us to the fact that, if not in Italy, we are *not* in Chester.

One hesitates to apply the adjective "picturesque" to a chimney, but here one is sorely tempted so to do. There are no chimney-"pots" in Morat—there are in Chester; here they are all built and stuccoed, and finished with a complete little roof, like tiny châlets or dove-cotes—their walls snow-white, their smoke-windows black, and their roof-tiles bright red. No; Chester has no such picturesque "pots" as these. There is one before us built

with a *spiral* stem—a very difficult one to build—like the Ruskin-maligned spire of Chesterfield, "that abomination . . . etc." This one, however, with its gracefully-twisted shaft, complete little tiled roof, pigmy gables, perky little windows, set on one side as if they were winking at us, pleased us much.

The very roof-tiles of the houses are quaint; they are hexagonal, and broken through them at the most unexpected places are queer, sleepy-looking, all-awry dormer windows. The very backs of the houses are pretty, with their timber balconies—some very heavy, some very light; some with a heavy balustrading, some with a light railing, but all of wood—age-browned timber, about which, self-entwined, are the tendrils and arms of vines and other creeping things, whose bloom and leaf must be refreshing indeed in summer.

We walk to the end of the wall as far as the Witch's Tower—*Tour de la Sorcière*—and get a fine view of the surrounding country from the *Tournelette*, a small turret on the ramparts. Here, looking over the little sea of roofs, we see the little Lake of Morat, Mont Vully, and the Jura range. On the other side, there lies before us the mild but charming "inland" scenery—cultivated fields, fertile slopes, and wooded heights.

Immediately before us, half hidden in trees, lies the little village of *Munchenwyler*, with its turreted castle, and, on an adjacent knoll, a tree of enormous size, overtopping all its *confrères*. This is the famous linden of Munchenwyler, fitting outpost of this old

town, for it is said to be no less than four centuries old. The three rounded eminences yonder are the three hills, on one of which stands the heraldic lion to be found in the arms of Morat. The southern hill is that of Courgevaux, in the hollow behind which is the village of the same name; the one to the south east is the once-wooded hill of Domingue —*Bois Domingue*—on which, historians tell us, was pitched the tent of Charles the Bold during the siege; whilst on the eastern eminence, that of Adera, was stationed the Count of Romont; and from thence did the old *Z*erschossene Thurn receive the stone cannon-balls and withstand the brunt of his artillery. Then we return again, to descend by the same staircase, and find ourselves, by a short street, again at the Lower Tower by which we entered.

This time we may stroll under the arcade to about half along the high street, and then, by turning to the right, we come upon the old *Rathhaus*, or Council House, conspicuous perhaps only for its size and the picturesque effect on the lake of its ancient clock and turret, the latter rising in white stucco from an expanse of red tiles, its dial having long guided the movements of the inhabitants beneath its shadow —"Anno M.D.C.C.L. Consulatu Dom. Rod. Mottet." To-day it shelters the seat of the communal authorities and the law-courts.

Continuing to the left, we are soon at the old castle. We go in through its gates—also in cantonal painting—to its courtyard; this, side-flanked with

two round towers, is the oldest, and dates from 1238. A strong wall and the bastion in front of it—now converted into a shady terrace, called the *Luidensaal* —rendered the castle impregnable from this its outer side. The lofty and massive quadrangular tower to the left is now a State prison and a debtors' prison. This castle, wherein once dwelt the gallant Bubenberg, afterwards formed the residence of the Stadtholders, and that of the Bailiffs of Bern and Fribourg. It is now the seat of the local governing bodies, for which useful purpose it has served these two centuries.

Emerging from the gate of the old castle tower, we mount, and, descending to the plain, are on our way to Avenches. Our road runs close to the banks of Lake Morat, and we note how very gently sloping its banks are, entirely different from those of Geneva and Lucerne. The thought naturally arises that in past days, when men—to carry out the law of the survival of the fittest—had to take greater precaution to defend themselves against wild quadrupeds than rude bipeds, these gently shelving rivages, with their expanse of reed and rush, must have formed fitting sites for the building of those extremely interesting lake-dwellings in which primitive man lived like birds in marshy land trees, in a position at once conglomerate of an aerial, aquatical, and terrestrial existence.

In those days the ancestors of these woods were redolent of game of a very large type; in those days man had nothing to oppose to the depredations

of these but the crudest of weapons of bone or bronze; in those days it must have been more satisfactory to have sought one's couch nest-like on the top of lofty piles projecting above the dark waters of Morat than to have found one's self on land resounding with the roarings, the shrill cries, and the deep bays of wild beasts. We find, indeed, that of all the lakes of Switzerland this Morat was the most densely populated by dwellers in lake-dwellings, one reason being the one we have given—the lie of the land; the other that the *terra firma* hereabouts was of the first to become denuded of the great mountains of ice which at one time almost wholly covered the face of the country.

In exploring the little town of Avenches just before us, we shall certainly say it is of the greatest interest historically, replete with facts and proofs—historical, ancient, Roman, and medieval—but here we go still farther back, and find Morat's foreshores of the highest interest *pre*-historically, for here have been found the sites of sixteen ancient pile dwelling-stations, and in at least one, if not in more, considerable remains can still be seen.

The stations are situated all round the lake, and at nearly equal distances apart. We can here but refer to the more important. We should visit first a spot called the Bec de Greng. It is but a short and pleasant walk, and is reached by following the public road as far as the church of Merlach (Meyriez), when a turn must be made to the right, and again in a few yards to the left, into a long, straight pathway

bordered by willows and hornbeams. Half a mile further on a sharp turn to the right must be made through the long grass, reeds, and scattered willows, till in two or three minutes the lake margin is gained.

Here will be seen projecting from the water, or just beneath it, hundreds of wooden piles, running for the most part in parallel lines. Many would also be found on the shore and for some distance inland if the sand now covering them be removed, the water having receded in consequence of drainage operations carried out in connection with the three adjoining lakes a few years since.

The piles are mostly of oak, but some are of ash, birch, fir, or alder, and they cover a space of 4,900 square yards. The platform formerly existing on the piles and the habitations thereon have long since disappeared, but the accumulation of utensils and other objects which fell from them into the water below during the centuries of their existence have been discovered in large numbers, and collections of them can be seen in the museums at Morat and Avenches.

At the water's edge the visitor will find many fragments of pottery of different qualities, the most common and ancient being a dark-reddish material containing numerous grains of quartz. On a calm, bright August morning there were picked up here by a visitor wading among the piles numerous fragments of this pottery, among which were twelve varieties, having on the lips or necks of the vases more or less crude ornamentations, besides one almost perfect

black vase of an elegant form encircled by a rude though elegant design. Several bones of animals were also at the same time picked up there. So numerous were the bones found at one place during a recent excavation where the water had receded that Monsieur Gabarel, the steward residing at the adjoining château of Count Pourtales, had several hundredweights carted away and thrown into the lake; it is conjectured this may perhaps have been the site of an ancient butcher's store. One-third of these bones were those of horned cattle, among which were *Bos primigenius* (ancient ox), *Bos taurus* (domestic ox or cow), and *Bos taurus brachyseros* (marsh cow, now extinct). Abundant horns of the stag, elk, roe, etc., have been found, but no bones of the horse. Many of these horns and bones have been converted into useful implements of various kinds, such as awls, hairpins, sockets for stone hatchets, etc. Stone or flint saws, hammers, chisels, and arrow-heads have also been met with, as well as the frontal bone of a boy and some human long bones, with marks of gnawing by the teeth of the bear or great dog. This lake-dwelling originated during the Stone Age, and was occupied during the succeeding Bronze Period, as indicated by the objects found there.

The site of the lake-dwelling of Montellier, a quarter of an hour's walk north of Morat, is interesting, as, in addition to the other objects usually found on these sites, there were met with at a great depth a large number of earthenware vessels in great

variety, displaying some skill in workmanship and elegance of form superior to those found in other lake-dwellings of Eastern Switzerland. These vases, like all others found in Lake Morat, were hand-made, as shown by the absence of the parallel striæ found in those made upon the potter's wheel, whilst in the interior are visible hollows, arising from the clay having been scooped out with spoon-shaped tools. The ornamentation on some of the vases found at Montellier shows a taste and skill such as is exhibited on vases met with in Etruscan tombs. It is worthy of note that these discoveries afford indication of a higher state of civilization having been attained here at this spot in prehistoric times, subsequently the vicinity of Aventicum—the Roman metropolis of Helvetia—and now Avenches, the little town we are about to enter, than is to be traced in any other part of Switzerland.

On a small site at Guevaux, on the opposite side of the lake to Morat, Colonel Schwabe found no less than a hundred clay vessels, some quite whole, and prettily designed and ornamented. Near Faoug there was also a large settlement, but only Roman tiles, bearing the stamp of the twenty-first Roman legion, have been found there, whilst the station at Motier has yielded objects of the Stone, Bronze, and Roman Periods.

As regards the age of the dwellings in Lake Morat, if the method of computation adopted by the late Dr. Keller, of Zurich, be followed, those of the Stone Age may date as far back as 2000 B.C., whereas

others, though founded in the Stone Age, have been inhabited in the Bronze and Iron Ages, and some were probably not evacuated till the period of the Roman conquest of Helvetia. Judging from the absence of warlike implements, these early people appear to have been of a peaceable disposition, desirous of providing means for defence rather than for attack, and for this reason, there can be no doubt, they selected such sites for their safer habitation.

Here, out in the open, our thoughts revert to Morat's historic battle, for it was chiefly without her walls that this was fought, the Swiss being so eager to be engaged with the invaders that they sallied out and themselves assumed the offensive, attacking the enemy in a comparatively strong position. We are now, indeed, crossing a portion of that battlefield of

"Morat, the proud, the patriot field! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,[1]
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
Here Burgundy[2] bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument—the Stygian coast,
Unsepulchred, they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

[1] Byron apologizes for having collected and removed some relics from this battlefield, saying: "Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is that if I had not the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them."

[2] Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

"While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making King's rights divine by some Draconic cause."[1]

A very few minutes' run and we come in sight of a large obelisk. This was erected in 1822 by the Canton Fribourg to commemorate the victory. It marks the spot where the Burgundians made their last stand, but were eventually beaten back and driven down into the lake by the irresistible onslaught of the Switzers. After the battle great pits were dug hereabouts, and the slain thrown in; but at a later period the bones were collected and placed in a chapel. There, however, they were only allowed to lie in peace until 1798, for in that year the troops of the French Republic, advancing from Canton Vaud, took offence at this memento of the overthrow of their ancestors, and thereupon destroyed the chapel. The inscriptions it bore, however, were saved, and are still to be seen in the historical collection in the school-house at Morat. Quite close here, too, we may visit the village of Cressier, with its little chapel commemorative of this famous victory.

We may also ascend the north-western slope of the hill of Courlevon, which commands an excellent view of Morat, and upon which it was that Charles

[1] Byron.

the Bold fixed his headquarters, and from here we can look over the landscape, and in our mind's eye see the battle refought.

The war between Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy and the Confederated Cantons of Switzerland, which resulted in the overthrow and death of the former, as we know, was brought about by the crafty policy of the Archduke Sigismund of Austria and King Louis XI. of France, the former of whom, conscious of his own inability to cope with the hardy race of herdsmen whose valour had more than once annihilated the armies of his predecessors, conceived the plan of chastising them through the medium of another Power, while the King of France, the wiliest of monarchs, joyfully seized the opportunity of embroiling his hated rival in a struggle with such dangerous antagonists.

At that time the Duke of Burgundy was one of the most powerful Princes of Europe, and by far the most warlike; but in sagacity he was no match for his suzerain, the French King, into whose snares he soon fell. Although the story of the war and of the political intrigues that led up to it is extremely interesting, we must here be content with but a very brief recapitulation of the events that preceded the Battle of Morat.

At the command of the Emperor of Germany—their suzerain—the Swiss declared war against Burgundy on October 24, 1474. The Emperor engaged to invade the Burgundian dominions from the side of the Netherlands while the Swiss attacked Charles from

the south. The Confederates had also been promised the assistance of the French King and of Savoy and Milan, as well as that of the Archduke Sigismund, whose policy had so far failed that he saw himself obliged to side with those whom it had been his primary object to chastise.

But after the first campaign, which resulted only in the capture of Héricourt by the Swiss, both the German Emperor and the King of France found it to their interest to make peace with Charles; their example was followed by Savoy and Milan, who went so far as to promise him their assistance, and the Swiss were thus left to bear the brunt of Charles's wrath, and to face the gathering storm as best they might.

The Duke rapidly pushed on his preparations for the invasion of Switzerland, upon which he had sworn to inflict condign punishment and subjugation. Bern, which had declared war in the name of the Confederacy, was to be razed to the ground. He assembled a splendidly-equipped army of 30,000 men at Nancy, and in January, 1476, marched, by way of Besançon, where the Italian contingent, under the Prince of Tarento, awaited him, to Grandson, whose castle we passed recently on the Lake of Neuchâtel, and referred to the happenings there. Here, as we have said, he was attacked by the Confederates, to suffer the first reverse he had ever experienced.

Though he lost scarcely a thousand men, his army was routed, and his camp, with all its immense treasures, fell into the hands of the enemy. Never

before had the simple mountaineers of Schwytz and Uri gazed upon such wealth. "More than four hundred tents hung with silk; Charles's own tent, said to be the finest in Europe after that of the Ottoman Sultan, lined with satin and richly embroidered with pearls and gold; his golden chair of State, on which he sat to receive embassies; the ducal hat, with its jewelled trimmings, representing the value of a wealthy province; his magnificent sword of Damascus steel (seven large diamonds, as many rubies, fifteen fine pearls, as well as sapphires and other gems, adorned the hilt); the insignia of the Golden Fleece." In the tent, which served as a chapel, the victors are said to have found the golden rosary of Philip the Good, with gems for beads; a shrine set with pearls and rubies, containing sacred relics of miraculous power—a piece of the true Cross, of the crown of thorns, of the spear and scourge, fragments of the purple robe, of the seamless coat, and of the tablecloth used at the Last Supper; more ancient than these, a piece of Aaron's rod, and fragments of the broken tables of the law.

Such are said to have been the contents of one reliquary. Another, no less richly adorned, so we are told, contained figures of the twelve Apostles, each enclosing a relic, and in a shrine of gold and crystal was St. Andrew's wonder-working arm. Here, too, was found the Duke's Prayer-Book, bound in red satin and splendidly illuminated. From the altar they removed the ponderous gold monstrance. Entering the chancellery, they found the great seal

of the House of Burgundy, a pound's weight of pure gold; the silver-gilt seal of Anthony, the elder Bastard. On a sideboard in the dining-pavilion were displayed the gold and silver goblets, dishes, and plates that had been the admiration of Kings and Emperors. "Finally, there were four hundred travelling chests filled with gold and silver stuffs, superb linen, and an unheard-of quantity of silks."

Duke Charles, burning with rage and mortification, and eager to avenge his defeat, lost no time in collecting his scattered forces and preparing a new and still more powerful expedition. This time he advanced without opposition as far as the spot on which we now stand before the town of Morat, to which he laid siege in June, 1476. The besieged, under Von Bubenberg, made a gallant resistance, and defended themselves until the arrival of the Confederate army, which reached the vicinity of Morat on June 21, when the combatants of Grandson again found themselves face to face, ready for another deadly grapple.

When the morning of June 22 dawned, the weather, which had been rainy, seemed to be clearing up. So eager for the contest were the Swiss that most of them refused their morning meal. The leaders decided to detach a body of troops to keep in check the Burgundian reserve, under the Count of Romont, and to attack the Duke with the main body. In command of the vanguard was Hans von Hallwyl, knight, a scion of the old Argovian nobility, a man in the flower of his age, skilled in war and statesmanship,

who had served with distinction under the great Hungarian warrior-king Hunyiades. Hans Waldmann, of Zurich, a man of rare genius, destined to make a great name for himself in his country's history, commanded the main army, while the rear-guard was led by Caspar von Hertenstein, of Lucerne, whom age had rendered venerable, but not less vigorous.

A thousand men sent forward to reconnoitre soon came upon the enemy's outposts. The Duke of Burgundy at once gave the signal to his troops to form in order of battle. He drew up his infantry in deep columns opposite the enemy's vanguard, and his cavalry on either flank somewhat further back, while the artillery, posted in front, was covered by a hedge with a ditch in front of it. The sky had darkened again, and it was raining fast. As the main body of the Swiss issued from the wood in which they had formed into line of battle, their watch-dogs, catching sight of those of the Burgundians, flew upon them, and sent them howling back to their masters—an omen not unmarked by either army.

At sight of the enemy Hallwyl called a halt, and, briefly addressing his troops, reminded them that on that very day their forefathers had gained the glorious victory of Laupen, exhorted each of them to fight as though the issue of the battle depended on his prowess alone. Then they knelt in prayer, and whilst so engaged the sun burst through the clouds. At this moment their commander sprang to his feet,

brandished his sword, and cried: "Up, brave comrades, God lights us to victory! Think of your wives and children; let not your dear ones become a prey to the enemy!" And at once the advance was entered upon.

The Burgundians, who had been waiting for six long hours in drenching rain, had begun to think that the enemy would not attack them in their favourable position. The powder-waggons, as well as the bow-strings of the archers, had already suffered severely from the moisture, so that Charles issued orders to return to camp. But now the Swiss vanguard was seen emerging from the wood, and threatening the one narrow gap in the hedge in front of the artillery. This forthwith opened fire, and many of the Confederates of the Lorraine cavalry fell, their commander, Duke Réné, having his horse shot from under him. Most of the balls, however, flew high, and the rapid advance of the Swiss sustained no check.

Meanwhile Hallwyl secretly detached a body of troops, sending them under cover to take the defenders of the hedge in the flank. The movement was successful, and the officer commanding the artillery was killed by a musket-ball. In the disorder which ensued the guns fell into the hands of the Swiss. The troops advancing in the front now sprang into the ditch, and, tearing and trampling down the hedge—the men of Entlebuch and the Oberland carrying over the Swiss guns in their stout arms—turned the enemy's own guns upon them,

whereupon the Burgundians were forced to relinquish their strong position.

But the main body of the Burgundian army, under the Prince of Orange and Philip de Crêvecœur, was still extended in unbroken array from this brow of *Courlevon* to *Bec le Greng;* on our left, by the lake, were the elder Bastard of Burgundy and Adolphus of Ravestein; on our right, Duke Charles himself, with the Prince of Naples, the body-guard, the gallant band of English archers, and the flower of the cavalry. Behind Morat Romont was posted, now perforce inactive, but likely to prove a dangerous foe when his time should come. The Switzers, elated by their successful attack on the hedge, gave their opponents no breathing time. Hallwyl, steadily advancing, together with Hertenstein, swept the heights of Courgevaux; Réné of Lorraine, with Gruyère and Thierstein, led on the cavalry, while Waldmann headed his troops in an impetuous attack on the main body of the Burgundian army.

The fortune of the day was finally decided by a desperate fight which took place where Charles himself was posted, and where we now stand. The guards, and especially the English archers, are said to have fought with extraordinary valour, but, being ill-placed and unsupported, they were at last overpowered by numbers and forced to fall back before the furious onslaught of the Swiss. This threw the cavalry into confusion, and, in spite of the utmost efforts of the leaders, the panic soon became general.

The Duke saw with dismay that the day was again lost. Fifteen hundred of his nobles lay dead on the field before us. Philip of Grimbergh, no less celebrated for his greatness of mind than for his wealth, had fallen in Charles's sight. Jacob von der Maes, hard-pressed and forced to yield either the banner that had been entrusted to him or his life, wound the flag around his arm and body, and so perished. About this time a strong force under Hertenstein gained the heights in the rear of the Burgundian army. Charles's courage sank; he turned and fled —with him 3,000 horsemen. Leaving the battlefield these became scattered, and when, after riding day and night, the Duke at last reached the shores of Lake Leman, he found himself with scarce thirty followers.

Terrible was the fate of the army thus deserted by its leader. The pursuit was hot, and no quarter was given by the victors, exasperated by the recollection of various deeds of revolting cruelty and repulsive treachery perpetrated by their invading foes. In the general confusion and despair several thousand of the Lombard cavalry and cuirassiers of Ravestein's corps endeavoured to make their way through the reed-beds bordering the lake, with the object of joining Count Romont beyond Morat. As they crowded one upon another the weight of their horses and of the heavy armour proved too great for the marshy ground, and many were plunged deep and inextricably in the morass. Others, driven further out by the bombardment from the town, got into

deep water and were drowned; and it is recorded that of several thousand thus circumstanced but a solitary cuirassier escaped with his life. Had they succeeded in rounding the town, however, they would not have found Count Romont beyond it; for so soon as the Count heard the first shouts that greeted the capture of the hedge, he felt that the result was no longer doubtful. Firing a few volleys against the town to hold the garrison in play, he struck his camp in haste, and then made good his retreat through Broye and Estavayer.

Thus was the celebrated battle fought, and thus did the brave Switzers maintain their independence. The loss to the invaders was upwards of fifteen thousand men, and the whole of their treasures. This was the bloodiest of the three great reverses of Charles the Bold, in which he lost all—his treasures, his courage, and his life — "*Gut, Mut und Blut.*" From here, after their bloody encounter and glorious victory, the vanquishers reassembled, those that were left of them, at the little Cressier yonder, whose little chapel marks the spot where they again assembled for prayer, to offer up thanks for their deliverance.

As we look around us we cannot but be struck with the English-like aspect of the country-side —gently undulating, wooded, and oak besprinkled, ploughed fields, larger than any we had yet seen in Switzerland, alternating with grass patches almost worthy of the refreshing English wood meadows; the knolls and uplands have their birch and beech and lowland trees, whilst every now and then we see

an orchard quite Kentish of aspect. This is why we have elsewhere ventured to suggest that the district of the Jura is the correct one for the cyclist to enter upon his tour, for then all that is calm and beautiful and moderate around us might not be rendered tame and less interesting by contrast of memory with those parts of this varied country which are brusque, grand, and mighty.

As we pass swiftly on, for the road is good and level, we glide through a little village where we see certainly the neatest, prettiest village smithy we have ever set eyes on. Now to our left hand we see, all by itself in meadow-land, a ruined column,[1] sole relic of some ancient building dating anteriorly to the time of the Romans, whilst in front and above us we see the pointed turrets of a medieval château in the zenith of its splendour at the date when was fought the Battle of Morat.

Avenches.

And now a short but steep rise brings us up into the high street of the well-placed town of Avenches, built on the crest of an oblong monticle. This, long years past, must have formed a vantage-ground from which the great battle to which we have referred could have been watched, and its turmoil and clash of arms heard.

This old-time townlet, rising, as it were, out of a plain, and quite close to the dreary, rush-grown lake-shores of both Morat and Neuchâtel, is certainly—

[1] See later.

from an archæological point of view—one of the most interesting in Switzerland, whilst from that of the casual visitor it is one of the pleasantest in which to take a short ramble. We walk through its broad, rubble, high street, rising up in both directions to an old-time climax, as it were, at its centre, for there stands the old *maison de ville,* the great, heavy-browed hostelries,[1] and in front of the former the broad market-square, with the inevitable, ever-flowing octagonal fountain, washing-slabs, and trough.

From this venerable font sturdy village *madchen* are constantly coming and going—coming with their empty pitchers dangling carelessly in the folds of one side of their skirts, the other of which is negligently yet artistically tucked up under a strong leathern waist-belt, and going with them dexterously poised, Rebecca-like, on head or shoulder, the while making the drowsy square resound with the drag and clatter of their huge, hay-stuffed *sabots* on the rough pitched boulders. Where stands also the old church, lop-sided, quaint, and severe, with its castellated tower coming up through the longer side of its obtusely-sloping roof, as if it had once been a campanile in the grave-yard, over which the roof had been subsequently thrown. Where stands also an old-time, quaintly-façaded, heavy-gabled and colonnaded hostelry, beneath whose arches thirsty waggoners slake their thirst in red wine, whilst the teams stand contentedly by nibbling hay from one of the great clumsy timber-racks; whilst other carters are in-

[1] "Couronne," or "Maison de Ville."

spanning their teams and quitting the old place with a tremendous crack of their huge whips, which goes resounding down the sleepy street, yet has no startling effect—and scarce a starting one—on the five-long team of stolid white and massy horses, who appear almost to stagger under the weight of their immense collars, saddles, and great, warm-looking wither-rugs of dark-blue sheepskin.

As we walk slowly and push our mount—which bounces and dances over the century-rounded stones as if it were delighted to find itself in such an old place—up this broad high street, we feel we are surrounded by all that is typically rural of to-day; yet when we look again at the graceful round towers and acutely-tapering summits, and the "extinguisher" roofs of the old castle, which has been our landmark for miles as we ran across the medieval battlefield, we feel we must be living in medieval times. Yet again, when we contemplate those ancient polygonal walls, wonder at the great aqueducts, or look down into that arena and see the doors where the lions were let loose upon the populace, or, in resting our mount against the church wall, we glance down and see that its tyre rests against a huge piece of marble cornice—dropped down by way of "fender"—with its well-known, clear-cut members of mythical hybrids, dolphins, fish, trusses, bosses, rosettes, and acanthus-leaves, its eggs and darts, its fillets and plain members, we feel that we are living in ancient Greek or Roman days.

Everything around us, indeed, whispers that we

are in an "old-time town" of great Romanesque, medieval, and historic interest, nothing less than the Aventicum of the luxury-loving Romans—the ancient capital of Helvetia—veritably a city from which all glory has faded, as it has done from the great empire itself—a city of pleasure and voluptuous luxury, as typified by its colosseum, its theatre, its baths, and its gardens; a city of a priest-ridden populace, as evidenced by its now decayed temples.

Peaceful and quiet are the surroundings of the Swiss *villette* to-day, quieter and yet more peaceful was it and its peaceful dwellers—the Celts—a hundred years before the Christian era. Half a century before that date, however, the country-side hereabouts rang with the clash of arms, the shouts of victors, the groans of the vanquished, for then did the Romans scale the Alps, traverse the Rhone Valley, and engage the inhabitants. Here Roman, Helvetian, Celt, and Rhætian fought in but a short span; here the conquering Roman chose to set up a veritable metropolis upon one of his characteristic roads—the great highway stretching from ancient Aosta to the banks of the Rhine.

The *campagnia* hereabouts was to the Roman's mind; here did Vespasian and Titus take their baths and their pleasures; here did they build temples, thermæ, and arena—moreover, a canal to carry them upon the waters of the lake; here, to-day, may we roam to discover evidences of this at every turn. We may pace the arena around which sat eight to ten thousand Roman spectators

watching their bloody sports. Thus installed within a gigantic and palatial building, the debauched and luxury-loving inhabitants sat in numbers fourfold that of the rustic workaday dwellers of to-day. In pomp and splendour did they then circulate within a massy wall, four miles in circumference, studded with some eighty or ninety grim bastions, of which but one alone remains.

It was of this spot that Byron wrote when immortalizing the devotion of a young Aventian priestess—one Julia Alpinula—who died soon after a vain endeavour to rescue her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cœcina. Long years after the episode her epitaph was discovered; it runs thus:

"JULIA ALPINULA: HIC JACEO.
INFELICIS PATRIS INFELIX PROLES.
DEÆ AVENTIÆ SACERDOS.
EXORARE PATRIS NECEM NON POTUI:
MALE MORI IN FATIS ILLE ERAT.
VIXI ANNOS XXIII."

Of this the poet has remarked: "I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest."

"Here,[1] oh sweet and sacred be the name!
Julia, the daughter, the devoted, gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and her's would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.

[1] Avenches.

Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

"But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the Earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay.
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth,
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the Sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow[1]
Imperishably pure beyond all things below."

To take our thoughts back to such times, we have but to glance down into the plain there, and see—lone and solitary—what is generally referred to as a column standing in the middle of meadows. This is known locally as the *Cigogner* of *Avenches*, from the fact that for a number of years—centuries, indeed, it is averred—a pair of storks (*cigogne*) had thought fit to build their nests upon the remains of its once ornate capital.[2] In our opinion it is *not* a column, but a cluster of pilasters projecting from a wall, of which but a narrow strip remains, upon which, indeed, the springing of an arch is clearly discernible. It is of Jura marble, and some 37 feet in height by 3 feet 6 inches in diameter.

Byron, we note, correctly appreciated what the

[1] "This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine."—Byron.

[2] Dumas relates that he saw a nest of storks there in 1833, at which period a fine of seventy francs was imposed upon anyone who should kill a bird.

ruin really is, for in his "Childe Harold" is the couplet:

> "By a lone *wall* a lonelier column rears
> A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days."

But Baedeker refers to it as a "Corinthian Column" —a remnant of a temple of Apollo. Near to the *Cigogner* are remains of the massive wall-foundations of the Forum, which was 700 feet long.

Again, the same effect is produced if we wander down the steep green slopes leading to the ellipsoidal arena of the ancient colosseum. It is considered by authorities that this amphitheatre — said to have been in imitation of the Colosseum at Rome—provided seating accommodation for no less than between 8,000 and 9,000 spectators. Standing upon the edge of what was but the base of the great amphitheatre, it is not difficult to picture the gladiatorial contests of the mother city.

The door we see at the north end is that through which the gladiators appeared, but little less dangerous to their antagonists than the pink jaws of the hungry lions, which came bounding out of the same portal to enact a bloody transformation scene — from life to death — fitting finale to a spectacle which but showed how small and depraved the minds of mighty men may be.

Passing through the door, we enter a cellar which to-day contains a huge Celtic monoxylon—a "dug-out," or boat, hewn from a single piece of timber—which was found in the Lake of Neuchâtel. Here, also, is a model of a Roman bath, and some speci-

mens of mosaic pavement. Above this is a Federal building, originally built as a granary by the Government when Avenches was under the rule of Bern, and in this are to be found a number of antiquities of great interest; some of them are well preserved. There we see massive marble-inscribed blocks, large *amphoræ*—the progenitors of those carried by the present market-place Rebeccas — and other vases, mosaics, bricks and tiles used in the construction of water, steam, and hot-air conduits, stone corn-mills, and other relics of the more massive type. In an upper room less bulky objects and works of art are to be found. Among the latter is the relief—unearthed quite recently—of the she-wolf who suckled the twins Romulus and Remus, founders of Rome. Here, again, are to be seen things more utilitarian in their nature, such as are of daily necessity—knives, scissors, keys, locks, and utensils of trade. A variety of bells also is there, showing that the Roman domestic animals, and, indeed, the cows which browsed on the Consul-governed Alps, carried just such aids to identification as they do to-day. Playing counters of ivory and glass, stylus or writing points of horn, wood, iron and bronze, spoons for pomade, brooches chased in bronze on iron and ornamented with fragments of glass, pearls and precious stones, rings of onyx engraved with all kinds of fantastic designs, perfumery boxes, bracelets, necklaces, and even hairpins of different forms and sizes. Needless to say, warlike instruments are there—swords, pieces of armour, arrow-heads, spear-

heads—alongside of domestic requisites, cooking utensils and the like. As we pass out, we note architectural antiquities, water-troughs, water-pipes, capitals, friezes, mouldings, all beautifully sculptured in solid marble, the blocks often being of immense weight. When we look at these and form a mental picture of them in position many a yard above our heads, we feel, as we do at our own "Stonehenge," that the raising and putting in place of such immense lithic dead-weights was by no means the least difficult or least admirable part of the work of these early architects and artisans.

As we leave, we are desirous of purchasing a few photographs of some of these interesting relics, but the question is, Does sleepy, old-time Avenches possess such a thing as a photographer's shop? As a matter of fact, we found out that it did not, and in this wise: making rapid *tour* after *tour* of the verdant ellipse—evidently an afternoon "constitutional"—arm-in-arm and in merry chatter, were two pairs of girls in their teens, all pretty, very fair, and clear complexioned, and all wearing a kind of "Mother Hubbard" cloaks of warm red—for the evening was very cold—and all exhibiting their blonde, sunny hair from beneath red "tam-o'-shanter" "bonnets." If those fresh-coloured cheeks, blue eyes, and fair hair did not hail from England, Ireland, or Scotland, then we were mistaken indeed. We felt sure they could tell us—and in our own tongue, too—if there existed, and where, a photographer's shop. We were not mistaken, for, as we

propped our mount against the gate preparatory to making the inquiry, we distinctly heard — as the first couple approached on their steam-engine-like circuit — "Wonder where he's come from?" in Scottish English. We put our question, which took a deal more answering than we anticipated; so necessary, indeed, was a general consultation that our two fair chatterboxes had to beckon to their two counterparts, now passing over the "lion door," which they kindly explained to me it really was. The consultation brought out the unanimous decision that Avenches possessed no photographer's shop; then arose the question, At which of the shops it *did* possess should we be most likely to find the photographs, if such really existed? After the recital and disposal of more shops than we should have imagined there had been trades in Avenches—for agriculture is its staple, tobacco-growing excepted —they seemed to get resolved into the drapers', the toyshop, and the "*confiserie*." These sweet schoolgirls, who had doubtless been to the latter often enough, so long as "last month's pocket-money" held out, seemed to have quite forgotten the English equivalent, perhaps didn't like to mention it—for "sweetstuff shop" is certainly less *distingué*. We apologized profusely for the trouble we had given, and our remark that if it had been the "confectioner's" we had wanted and had asked for it at once, we should have spared them much trouble, as we had been told that such not infrequently formed the *rendezvous* of such sweet school-ladies as we had

had the pleasure of encountering, only served to increase the prettiness of their faces and the blueness of their eyes by contrast with the little youthful blushes welling up still a little higher than the apple-bloom which the keen, frosty air had previously painted upon their cheeks, and to increase the speed with which, after a formal little "dancing-mistress" bow and a turn of the heel to match, the merry little out-of-the-schoolroom giggle was wafted to us in that same frosty air. The average schoolgirl is as unstable and apt to go off into these pretty little ripples as dynamite is to go off into nothingness, and long may it be so!

Mounting the steep knoll, we enter the courtyard of Avenches' medieval *château* and ascend the spiral staircase of its tower—formerly trod by many a high-booted, be-jerkined cavalier, whose clanking, heavy spurs made the massive walls ring out again and again as he noisily planted his heavy-soled and spurred feet, wearied by forced march, upon the solid stone treads—to view from the tower the verdant plain, undulating with small hillocks clothed in beech, and elm, and orchard trees. In leaving it, we should not forget to admire the handsome console and pediment of the door by which we enter. We may also mount the *roofed* ramparts.

It may perhaps be asked, Why did the *moyen age* warriors require protection from the rain when fighting? The answer is that these quaint roofs were erected as a protection from a rain of quite another kind, a rain which proved as destructive as

it was unpleasant—namely, that of a thick flight of falling arrows, shot up almost vertically by the *arquebusiers* without in the hope of their dropping unceremoniously down the necks and backs of the besieged. Through the narrow arrow *embouchures* we can here and there survey the undulating country-side, with its welling hillocks, mere tiny ripples compared with the great hills and mountains on the other side of Neuchâtel's lake close by.

Leaving these medieval walls, we must not fail to visit those solid, well-built ones put up by the ancient Romans so many centuries before. These walls—in the form of an annular polygon—were some three miles in length; they were built of carefully-hewn stone, and in places they remain to this day, standing over 12 feet in height. Rains and frost of centuries have done their work, but it has not been so destructive as the depredation practised by past generations, who found the ready-prepared stones the very things they required for building their cottages and farmsteads.

Recurring to the schoolgirls, we were most obedient, for we subsequently visited the shops in the exact order they had directed—first the haberdashery store, where we saw a few tiny photographs of something mounted on cards, which might well have been soiled in the pocket-book of old Noah. Then the toy *emporium*, where we were fairly bewildered with the variety—of "things"—not photos, and where we expected every minute to see the face of poor blind Bertha as we peeped between the joints

of the short muslin curtains hung on the window door into the "shop parlour," if not to hear old Tackleton's harsh, grumbling voice.

Lastly, the "*confiserie*." There we got "something," and, what was equally good, a promise, which the good "Madame," "the widow of the late Louis Rosset-Golliez, *confiseur* of Avenches," subsequently carried out—though prepayment was politely but firmly declined—to send on other souvenirs of the old town; and, lastly, and which was also equally good, an assortment of pastry, which brother cyclists, in emulating the good—or bad—examples set by my fair directoresses, might do worse than sample.

Avenches, though less Italian in its aspect than its also aged neighbour Morat, is by no means a typical Swiss *bourg*, but that only serves to increase the interest of a few hours spent within its old-time walls. On taking leave of Madame Rosset-Golliez, we found the day was also taking leave of us, and that the great clumsy oil-lanterns slung across the street had been lowered for lighting, whilst at the *coign* of the church we actually saw the imposing spectacle of a resplendent *sergent-de-ville*, in "cocked" hat—though for the moment he had doffed his white pipe-clayed gloves—mounted on the top of a ladder, coaxing an old-time wick to throw light upon this old-time town. We therefore mounted, and during the "day's closing hour" we had pleasantly put the 14 kilos of good road behind us, and found ourselves before the door of the "Etoile" in old-time Fribourg.

CHAPTER V

OLD-TIME TOWNS

CHARACTERISTIC of most old-time towns are their ancient market-squares, forming usually a convenient centre and starting-point from which we may radiate in exploring the other spots of interest contained within their venerable walls. Here at Fribourg, as we stroll through the steeply-approached, rough-pitched *Marktplatz*, to-day crowded and life-full, resounding, indeed, with a clash of commerce and a buzz of barter unwonted of its usual medieval, drowsy demeanour, and this by reason of a "Winter" Fair, our attention is attracted to a solitary tree, itself partially forming a booth for the display of wares heterogeneous, housewifely, and *utile*.

As we inspect this old tree more closely, we are surprised to find that its aged limbs, gnarled, feeble, and wasting, are supported by many an iron strut rising from girders spanning two tiers of columns of not inartistic appearance. There must be a reason for this. Why this assiduous attention? Why this unusual solicitude bestowed upon a

solitary elm in a quaint *bourg* market-place? Reply is to be found in legendary lore, since this invests our venerable and kindly old-time shade-giver with absorbing interest and a pathetic romance worthy the recounting.

Only yesterday we were roaming round the grim rampart walls of the quaint and ancient Morat, beneath the frown of whose watch-towers was fought, as we know, one of the most sanguinary and decisive battles of the Middle Ages, whilst this old town we are now exploring was then, as to-day, the capital of the canton of its name. Scarce need have we, therefore, to recall, in relation to that historic event, the breathless suspense, the fear, and the acute anxiety with which the breasts of the women and the aged of this old city must have been agitated on the day of that far-reaching and desperately-fought encounter. As for the young and bodily able, they were all embroiled on that bloody plain, in the thick of the fiercely-raging turmoil, dealing out their liberty-demanded blows, and casting in, with ardent patriotism, their individual lot with that of the brave Bubenberg. Cruel suspense and anxiety indeed it was they felt, palpitating to learn news of the issue, or, at least, of the progress of the not far-distant strife, their dread and the awful uncertainty—as hour after hour wore on—being enhanced by the terrifying thought that husband and son, lover and swain, formed the untutored components of the brave patriot Switzer band—grievously outnumbered by the well-drilled armies of Bur-

gundy, led to the fray by the hitherto invulnerable Charles *le Téméraire*.

At last, as the shades of evening commenced to gather around the old city, there came clattering down the tortuous medieval streets, flying towards the midst of the market-place, a noble war-horse, roaring, foaming, bleeding. On his broad back he carried, with scarce strength left to keep his brave body erect in the saddle, a gallant, knightly youth, alas! also sadly, mortally wounded. Hurled from his faithful charger, as the animal fell dead where it halted, and raising himself on an elbow, the young cavalier summoned the last of his fast-ebbing strength to brandish his whip-twig and shout the longed-for word "Victory!" Alas! his only exclamation, for he then lay beside his battle-slain charger in martial-won death. "Victory" was the one and only word he uttered ere he, having fulfilled his mission, expired, as did so many, many a score of his own brave *confrères* that memorable battle-day of 1476.

We have spoken of the thousands slain upon that day; we have said that this battle formed the second of the disastrous trio, the last of which was to cost Charles of Burgundy the complete route of his army, the loss of his treasures, the sacrifice of his own life. We have also referred to the important bearing the issue of this keenly-fought affray had upon Swiss liberty—an influence reaching down to the present day. It therefore requires no very vivid imagination to picture the subsequent rejoicings held in this old market-place, and the ardent nature of their enthu-

siasm, or to people the streets with a liberty-shouting populace, with returned success-elated troopers, with brother-supported maimed, with litter-borne wounded, with rejoicing men, with weeping women, or to witness the heart-touching meetings of husband with wife, son with mother, lover with maiden, nor to peep into the old cathedral there to see it crowded with thank-offering citizens.

All honour did the conquering Fribourgers pay to his memory at the burial of this dutiful messenger-knight. His dumb yet noble companion, too, was buried there where he fell, and then, as fitting head-mark to a faithful warrior-bearer, the pliant sapling, taken from his master's swordless hand, was planted above him. This twig throve and grew, and that same rustic flagellator so ruthlessly applied—planted, as it were, in blood—is what we now see before us, developed, by long years lapsed, into a fully-grown, past growing, fast decaying, limb-propped tree.

So interesting did this pretty medieval romance—replete at once with patriotism and pathos—appear to us, that we have endeavoured somewhat again to recount it in verse :

TO THE OLD TREE AT FRIBOURG

What is't to thee, O venerable tree!
Man's normal span, oft by thee shaded?
Scarce any change in thee is found,
When he, mere clay, lies underground,
His *mondaine* zenith from all minds faded.
What is't to thee, O veteran tree?
Years threescore-ten—allotted time—

The Old Tree at Fribourg

To thee but add threescore new rings,
Moment'ry flutter of Time's swift wings,
Bleaching man's hair to Winter's rime—
'Tis little to thee, O venerable tree!

Why do we revere thee, O hoary-ag'd tree?
Why to day thine old limbs, weary, feeble, and failing,
Recline they on crutch, on iron-girder'd span
Reared by the grateful hand of man,
As succour 'gainst senile decay all-pervading?
Why should this be, O favoured old tree?
As we see thee to-day, we deplore thy decay,
Thine whole life in utility's cause has been spent;
From the time, as lithe sapling, thee knightly hand bent,
Till soft shade now you lay on the *Marktplatz* to-day—
For this we revere thee, O useful old tree!

What are years to thee, all out-living tree?
Have not waves upon waves of fled centuries sped
Since yon "Morat, the proud, the patriot field,"
Heaped over with halberd, with casquet, with shield,
Ran torrents of life-blood, for liberty shed?
What are long years to thee, O long-living tree?
There Burgundy's hosts, e'en Duke Charles the Bold,
Died by th' "unambitious heart and hand"
Of brave Bubenberg's patriot unbought band.
By thy branch-murmurs and leaf-sighs is this story retold—
What are long years to thee, all out-living tree?

What is't we see in thee, O historic old tree,
Recalls that fell combat redoubtedly fought?
A living trophy art thou, plucked from 'mid the slain;
For *there*, uprooted, wert thou, on that gore-sodden plain,
And hither in wounded knight's gantelet brought.
Such things are in thee, O romantic old tree!
In thy form, alas! now decrepit, a vision is found

The Old Tree at Fribourg

Of the brave knight, who, arriving with *thee* in his hand,
Scarce strength had to cry, on the spot where you stand,
"Victory!" ere swooning—dead—he sank to the ground—
This vision is in thee, O romantic old tree!

What change hast had thee, O tenacious old tree!
Half-dead, as a stripling, wert thou made to flog
The foam'd flanks of the charger, so noble, so fleet,
Who fell dead, and was buried beneath your own feet.
From Lethe's strained gallop, o'er plain and through bog,
What change hath seen thee, O tenacious old tree!
From Cressier's gory hamlet, Aventia's arena and high
bourg,
With nostrils distended with halberd-gashed side,
And *thee*—he, too, wounded—did cavalier ride,
To bring the glad news to thine old town of Fribourg:
Now what change is in thee, O still living tree?

What puny strength once had thee, O well-shapen tree?
A mere sapling did thy tender, flexile fingers e'er swaying,
Scarce afford rest for winged songsters so light,
Who in ecstasy soared o'er thine head out of sight,
As their happy songs merged with the child's by thee
playing—
What small strength then had ye, O now rigid tree?
But when youth-time ye'd gained, your form so well framed,
For happy lasses and lads a fine swing did provide,
When with shouts joyously loud, did ride thee astride,
Those boy-girls who ever boy privilege claimed—
What strength once had thee, O noble old tree?

What memories hast not thee, O lover-sheltering tree?
Of softly-said love words, of scarce audible yesses,
Of troths plighted by knights as handsome as bold,
'Gainst whose breasts nestled, 'mid luxuriant tresses,
The soft cheek of the loved one more precious than gold—
What memories hast not thee, O match-making tree?

The Old Tree at Fribourg

Of staunch swains and true, who at e'en sought thy shade,
Of *bourg* maidens so simple, and free from all guile,
Who with timid steps followed, tho' minds firmly made,
To give response to the 'quest by the coveted smile—
Of such memories hast thee, O match-making tree!

Yet perhaps 'tis well thou speak'st not, O sage old tree!
Thou who hadst thine own amours, courtship, and marriage,
Who in your pollen-gold ink did *billets doux* write,
Sent by thine own Hermes on Zephyr's swift carriage;
Thou embodiment of majesty, chastity, might,
'Tis well thou speakest not, O all-seeing tree!
Too oft have thy far-reaching leaves formed the rendezvous
Of faithless lovers—of spouses deceptive and vile,
Whose whispered intrigues, *bien entendu à vous*,
Beneath you were made ere they left with a smile—
Yes! 'tis well thou speakest not, O sage old tree!

What, then, teachest thee, O wiseacre tree?
Whilst thou tell'st of deeds noble, and manfully done,
Thou'rt mindful of others, low, cur-like and foul;
These, as monk confessor, thou hid'st 'neath Capuchin cowl,
From those around you to-day, and from those who may come.
Yes! there's something thou teachest, O learnèd old tree!
'Tis to order our lives and from evil keep free,
That, as thee, we decay, our unsullied headstones may rise
To point, *Pharos*-like, the way to the pure and the wise;
That, *our own* lives may be lasting trophies like *thee.*
'Tis this that thou teachest, O Fribourg's old tree![1]

The surroundings of the old tree to-day, which happens to be a Christmas fair day, wear an appearance very different from that on a non-fair day. The whole of the large space, including the steep

[1] A. R. Sennett.

little piece up to the Town Hall, which is an interesting building, with its octagonal clock-tower, built in 1511 on the site of the castle of the Dukes of Zähringen—one of whom, Berthold IV., was the founder of the town—is covered with avenues of small booths and stalls, around which the rustic Switzers, fair and true, saunter, and samples of Canton Fribourg agriculturals cluster.

At first we thought it must be a *leather* fair, for boots and shoes were the preponderating exhibits, but we were informed that the fair really consisted of every requisite for the coming season of the year —winter—when everybody must wear boots or shoes, luxuries—or the reverse—a large percentage of the rural lads and lasses trouble not to don during the summer months; consequently, amongst this vast array of boots were many a hundred suited only to little feet. Of whatever kind they might be, they were temptingly displayed on long poles quite 18 or 20 feet long, carried between pairs of light frames; needless to say, all were for "winter wear," and for this purpose many were provided with soles of timber from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches thick, which, to say the least, must have an "elevating" effect upon whatever rustic might mount them.

Facilities also were held out for the profitable spending of one's winter evenings, for either you could do a little carpentering in constructing a pair of soles, having first purchased here the "uppers" to put to them; or, if of a more cobbling turn, you could here get your wooden understandings, and

erect a pair of "uppers" upon them. In either case, all you had to do was to purchase a pound or two of copper nails to attach the one to the other by driving them round the not inconsiderable edge of the sole, and finish them off with a weighty array of iron ones below. Boots are worn—among other things, but unlike the miller's hat—to keep your feet warm, and if a pair built to the model of General von Blücher, with flaps of solid felt quite three-quarters of an inch thick, or a pair *à la mode* de Field-Marshal of Wellington, made of cow-hide with the hair *outwards*, and sheep-skin with the wool *inwards*, would not suffice to fulfil this desideratum, then we should say that Switzerland was no place for the wearer. Every kind of boot, shoe, and slipper was there—capacious "carpet" slippers for 12-inch feet, such as one sees displayed in action when an adipose grandfather *auberge*-keeper comes shuffling across the sanded floor of the *trink-salle* to bring the thirsty cyclist his "lager." Winter "high button" boots, with braided tips, and a "pinked" and scalloped edge of red felt showing above the tops, which might suitably find place in the *trousseaux* of rustic *madchen* at this season, when marriages are so usual in Switzerland, and the swains find themselves both nearer and farther from heaven—farther from it, since they have descended from the mountains; nearer to it as the longed-for day approaches—clumsy shoes not intended to be a "close fit," but for rustic lads who will fit them up themselves with a padding of hay; "serviceable lace-ups," with

soles positively obscured by "hobs" for the little bullet-headed chaps one sees—and hears—joyously scampering over the frozen snow on their way home from school, down to baby-boots, generally of felt, such as are to be seen kicking between the legs of the before-mentioned *auberge* grandfather, and which are not classed in "numbers" as to size, but which are just large enough to admit the thumb of the honest forester father.

Having learnt more about "boots" than we had ever known before, we thread our way diagonally across the yokel-packed *Marktplatz* to the corner of its old-time façades, above which we see towering the spire of St. Nicholas; but our thoughts travel farther, for who can look at that spire, ancient and clean, without thinking of another spire, ancient and sooty, decidedly more grimy, but also probably more ancient, in busy, hammer-resounding Newcastle-upon-Tyne—dirty, coal-laden Tyneside. Both of them—of the same name—seem to be more pyramidal than spirelike, but that is because both are provided with the same effective flying buttresses.

Turning the corner, we see the door of the old church, but the tourist must not be so egotistical as to think he may go through it. The handsome doors of Continental churches are not made to admit people therein—or out; they are merely things to look at, and often good to look at, too. Do not, therefore, waste your time going towards the door of a church, especially at the front, but rather sedulously search out for some little hole in the wall—generally

" temporarily " barricaded up with timber—rough timber, not painted, of course, because it is only a " temporary " erection, not having been there more than a few centuries—and when you *have* found the hole, if it should be filled with a padded thing—of American cloth—stuffed with hay, pimpled with buttons innumerable, and smeared with the leavings of dirty fingers innumerable, make for it, for that will be the depressing portal by which you enter the sacred edifice—no matter how glorious—from Milano's masterpiece down to the village Dom.

The portal of St. Nicholas—as well as its venerable doors—is certainly good to look at, and we should certainly linger in front of it for that purpose. Firstly, we note the way in which the bold, pointed archway, thrown entirely across between the first pair of buttresses, serves to form the imposing portal. Below this the quaint and original tympanum, so lavishly carved in bas-relief and picked out in gold—and with such strange things, too—merits careful study.

Beginning at the bold members of the architrave, these are quaint indeed, if not unique. The first is divided up into a number of turreted and embattled castle-towers, from the top of which various saint-like persons—one to each tower—are watching and praying. We are told to " watch and pray," and these are *all* doing so, and have done so for many a long year. These good folks are very varied in appearance: a gentleman in a Tam-o'-shanter " bonnit "—a maiden with long-flowing and rippled

hair—a monk with his cowl drawn round his face—an abbess with her starched linen at each cheek—a long-haired, long-bearded *religieux* like an Egyptian of old—a Queen with her crown and flowing veil arranged over her *back* hair—a nun with her linen cheek and chin bands. What strikes one as strange is that though each is out of doors on castle top, yet each is provided with a pointed canopy, which, fortunately, the sculptor has not had to hang from the sky, since the bottom of the neighbouring castle tower conveniently serves for the purpose.

In the next member the castles give way to pulpits and women to men; here, instead of praying, they are all preaching, not extemporaneously, we regret to record, for each has brought with him his written sermon, which he displays in a manner at once ostentatious and miraculous by supporting it—on the wind—above his shoulder. The third row is reserved for ladies—ladies with wings and some with halos peeping out from below lancet windows, apparently in church—all praying.

This brings us to the tympanum, and there we see a number of things, strange and otherwise, among them, St. Nicholas standing in golden relief, the Saviour sitting, an angel holding a spear and some nails—the latter nearly as large as himself—another carrying the cross—scarcely larger than himself. A saint is marching off with a number of little ones—we do not know if they, too, are saints—many a worried mother would sometimes say no—bundled up in a cloth. Another has on his head a *solid* halo

like a new sovereign, and he is carrying a colossal pair of golden scales, in which, in a business-like manner, he is weighing *babies*, whilst a devilish imp surreptitiously adds *his* weight to frustrate just measure. Where was the inspector of those times?

Above the left doorway we see the good people—all praying—being introduced to the *portier*—Peter by name—who, with his *golden* key—as large as himself—is about—oh, golden, glorious moment!—to unlock the door of that far-away—to most of us—heavenly castle. We note that Peter is receiving "something" from a sparsely-clad lady, for which—"bobby"-like—he extends an extra size—No. 12 perhaps—hand. This disconcerts us much. We trust it may not be a *pourboir*, and that Peter is not taking to—no, it can't be—and we further hope—for it is bitterly cold down here on the stone steps before this door—that the castle is *chauffée*, for now we come to look more closely at the ladies—there being no one about—we see they are sparsely clad, unmistakably so, wearing nothing but the drapery of the chill breeze, made to fit invisibly by Eve's own dressmaker, Madame Go-bare. The background is made up of kings and queens who—the Scriptures tell us—have no chance at all with Peter, though we are less assured on that point now that we have seen that little episode—or something—in Peter's big hand.

Over the *right* door—where people are evidently *en route* to the *wrong* door—we see also another procession, albeit antipodean in character to that on the

other side. There everybody seemed so willing to go in, here everybody seems so anxious to get out; there it seems they were willing to pay something to get in, here they would pay anything to get out. Look at the amount of coaxing there is going on. There we see the maidens again—*méchantes filles* this time, we presume. There, again, we see the kings and queens, but all of them are girt round about with the *ceinture* of the devil, all of them coaxed and led forward by a stalwart bear—or is it a boar?—doubtless the audience in the girdle think the latter—with man's feet. He is a jolly-looking bear—perhaps he has just been successful on 'Change—and with a stout staff held in his wrong hand—pardon, paw—he trudges on, each step bringing his leash-full nearer—hell. He seems a good-natured bear, too, for he has strapped to his back a capacious *pannier*, so that he can carry such as do not feel equal to walking—at least in that direction. At the present moment he is considerately carrying certain favoured old gentlemen, the venerable beard of one of whom hangs drearily down over the edge of the basket, as he takes a sad and long-last look at the never-again-to-be-tasted *mondaine* pleasures. Meanwhile, onward goes the remorseless bear. Alas! he has almost reached the seething, bubbling, noisome cauldron, suspended not from the nomadic tripod, but from the teeth of a species of octopus poised aloft. There we see the dread cauldron, licked by the ardent, cruel, serpent-tongued flames, urged to still more rapid destruction by the bellows of another devilish

imp. It is full to overflowing already, with "chosen" ones—of the devil's choosing—"stewing in their own juice." Yet still a relentless, scaly, stoker-devil presses them down, whilst, like the witches of Macbeth, another, remarkably like a *she*-devil, casts more human morsels into the lethal, unfillable pot. Alas! how many men have *she*-devils already cast there!

Above the cauldron a laughing devil-imp neatly "folds up" a curly-headed youngster to cast *him*, too, into the pot; we wonder what pranks *he* has been playing with the crotchety old *portier* to be sent in there. What we take to be a select or privileged few of the great unwilling—we see one with a golden crown, and quite expected it when we saw them waiting patiently whilst the poor ragless girls filed in at *the* door—in lieu of the pot have been accommodated with the gleaming jaws of a dragon monster, and we see them as their bones are being cracked up, smiling at their good fortune. It may be damp and unpleasant and *an-gnawing* to bear—but not to the dragon—but it can't be so hot as the pot. The whole of the sculptured thing is at once grotesque and interesting, and if such a tale without words should have had the effect of making even a small percentage of the good Fribourgers better, it cannot have been sculptured in vain.

After carefully admiring the door, we "try it," and lo! it opens. We enter, and are about to erase the notes about Continental church-doors in general—for we like to be accurate in particular—when we

find we are not alone, for several are here at their devotions; nor are we wrong, for we cannot get further than the base of the belfry, for there, immovably placed, is an impassable *grille*—the word makes us think of that cauldron again. So we follow our own advice, just given, and proceed to hunt around the church for the hole. After much squeezing between market-waggons, carts, gigs, barrows, and every conceivable kind of wheel—there seemed to be thousands of such rustic conveyances, from all of which the horses had been removed to goodness knows where, unless there were another Fribourg composed of stables only—we found it on the north side.

Entering, we notice that the choir, as well as the porch, is separated from the church by another latticed *grille*, surmounted by an elaborate *cheval-de-frise*, which it would be difficult indeed for an ordinary mortal to scale. We hasten up to this, in order to look back at the old case of that organ whose renown has resounded as effectively through Europe as its mellow notes have reverberated through its own stately fane.

St. Nicholas of Fribourg, like St. Pierre of Geneva, is innocent of the gewgaws of Roman Catholicism, but it is not so austere as the latter, presenting some degree of comfort, especially the two capacious and gracefully-shaped pews, constructed "to carry one" only, standing just in front of the rows of plain, heavy, swinging-seated and elbowed stalls which do comfortable duty as pews. How much more com-

fortable and business-like—perhaps because more English-like—a cathedral or church looks with its pews regularly arranged in position rather than with a cold, gray, barren stone flooring, on which hundreds of hideous cane-bottomed "devotionals," of all shapes, sizes, and designs, and in all positions of incongruous irregularity, are scattered about, whilst the walls are disfigured by piles and tiers of them—many bottom upwards—as if the sacred edifice were a provincial town hall under spring cleaning or in preparation for a dance! The only approach to gaudiness we noticed were a few banners hanging from staves, placed in sockets at the ends of some of the pews.

As we journey on—especially through Italy—we shall often have occasion to admire these banners of rich material and more richly worked and embroidered, representative of the labour of fair and devoted fingers, it may be for months—ay, years—of diligent "*tierce and recovery*" of bodkin and needle, directed by a mind full of calm and placid contentment and resignation and ever-revolving religious meditations.

This, we think, we can understand, but many of the scenes thereon depicted we must confess we cannot. The one now before us, worked in rich gold brocade upon white sheeny satin, apparently represents a Bishop blessing three fair-skinned, dark-haired children—strange though it may seem—partly dressed and sitting in a washing-tub. Are we to understand that the wash-tub is emblematic

of the Church, that the ablutions therein being performed are symbolical of the cleansing effect of the Church's service, and that the minds of the youngsters —what can they know about it?—after their bath are in that condition of virgin purity fit to receive the blessing and absolution—if they had possessed anything to be absolved of—which we see the priest, with his two fingers erect, in the act of giving?

In another bath were two men punching each other—just like man, always bent on sport, in no matter what position he is placed, be it even as we see—a bath. We feel sure that the first Englishman who reaches the North Pole will speedily change his exuberance of exultation over his achievement for dull regret that there be neither hedges nor ditches, hounds nor foxes, nor boxing-gloves to be found there. The men in the tub we will give up as hopeless, though probably *they* were not so, or they would not have been there. Beneath the altar, with its pointed and gilded canopies, we note the effigy of the Saviour in the sepulchre wrought in white marble.

But the glory of the church we were destined not to see—or, rather, to hear—its far-famed organ. Our love for music caused us to arrogate to ourselves the importance of a score of people—at a franc each—so we sought out the organist, with a golden hope in our heart and a golden piece in our hand,[1] prepared to transfer it to the palm of his, if he would only come down—and go up—and play that fine old

[1] In summer-time the organ will be played specially on payment of 20 marks = £1.

instrument. He was a very pleasant man ; he sympathized with us and conversed long with us, but would not deviate from his long-established custom of leaving his organ severely alone during the cold weather, seeing that it—the immortal "Kist o' whustles"—like we mortals, suffered from the inclemency of the elements, and spoke not in its most harmonious and impressive way in winter-time. The conversation we had, however, enabled us to appreciate this grand old instrument constructionally, and added to our regret that we could not appreciate it aurally. We trust our readers may be more fortunate than we were, and may enjoy a skilful recital upon this venerable instrument. We know of nothing more soul-appealing than the melodiously grand wellings of an ancient and majestic organ through such a venerable fane as that in which we now write. Thus does Washington Irving speak of such a recital:

"Suddenly the note of the deep-labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody ; they soar aloft, and warble along

the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upward on this swelling tide of harmony."

Leaving the church, we continue down behind it, past the Post-Office, and take the narrow turn to the left, for there is to be obtained the finest view of the old rampart-girdled city. We at once find ourselves passing under the lofty pier of a suspension bridge. We walk to its centre! As we stand upon it, the first lumbering waggon which follows us through the portal sets the old funicular structure ventriculating with end-to-end undulations, from which those prone to sea-sickness might feel effects the reverse of pleasant. What a quaint old bridge it is! We say "old" not in the same degree of comparison as with the town itself, but in relation to its particular type of design—known as the "suspension" principle—for this is Fribourg's Grand *Pont Suspendu*, and was constructed as far back as 1834 by Chaley. It is nearly a fifth of a mile in length in a single span, its rough timber post-and-rail sides and irregular wood flooring being carried

by six funicular ropes of iron wire, each over 400 yards long, since they pass down to anchors of stone embedded far below the surface of the solid rock.

As it sways, our thoughts also sway from spot to spot in our own island for a counterpart. Certainly no counterpart exists of such rusticity—the Conway is out of the comparison by reason of the expanse of water—but we feel no Englishman can contemplate the view from this vibrating bridge, hundreds of feet above the trees and the sinuous brawling *Saane*, without a vision of the picturesque woods of Leigh and the turbid Avon rising up before the mind's eye. This bridge lacks the strength of that spanning the Avon, whilst the *Saane* lacks the mud-banks—and the commerce—of the former; but it also lacks the useful depth for navigation. In picturesqueness, however, this river excels. It is of a beautiful blue-green, flecked over with white foam where it is ceaselessly engaged in noisy tussles with the boulders bestrewing its stony bed.

It is a very beautiful view this, obtained from the ever-creaking suspension bridge. All around are hills, and before us the confluence of two wooded ravines, across one of which we see, like a long-spun web or spider's bridge in a country lane, a gossamer suspension bridge, diminutive companion of the one on which we stand.

To right and to left of it rise the great hills, which continue entirely around us, forming a complete crescent basin, in the bottom of which the blue waters go laughingly along. But what is of paramount

interest to us is that which we see on the tops of the hills—watch-towers of medieval age; and connecting them, like a great brown snake coiled to rest entirely around us, whose body, if stretched out, would extend to several miles, are the portions of the great wall forming the once glorious fortifications. It is true it cannot be traced *entirely* around, but the bluntest of imaginations can have no difficulty in filling up the gaps. Rising up before us, amid trees, and now quite isolated, is the imposing *tour de Bourguillon*. This fortress once formed part of the great circular ramparts of this once strongly-fortified town. At the rocky base of the eminence upon which this stands is the ancient roofed bridge, the road from which, on the left bank of the river, we see emerging beneath the portal of another strong fortress tower. From this stronghold we see mounting the hillside the actual wall to the massive tower of *Gottem*, from whose great windows centuries ago doubtless careful and incessant watch was kept.

Rising brusquely, it formerly extended to the top of the hill forming the abutment of our bridge, only to descend again as rapidly to the imposing tower we see on the water's brink. This is the Great Gate of Morat (*Porte de Morat*) which we see amid the trees cresting the rock, at that point rising sheer from the water's edge.

From this point no further imagination is necessary, for the wall itself in the stone is before us. There, in its well-preserved length—and roofed over as we had seen such walls at Morat—we see it pressing up

behind steeply-sloping meadows, and can trace its connection with the massive tower on the brow-top. From thence the wall passes round behind the old cathedral—at one point close to the railway-station—to appear again at the tower of *Loretto*, relic of an ancient *château* of that name, which we see on the hill to our right, after resuming our old position.

Looking down into the ravine, we see rising above the river-bank on our right a massive building, with its immense medieval roof cupolaed and belfried. This was once an Augustinian monastery, and we still see its old garden, separated from the river by a rampart wall, roofed and loopholed. It is now a State prison, and, judging by the uproarious singing, we should imagine that to-day a term of imprisonment for a numerous group must be expiring.

Time may be spent both pleasantly and profitably in running around the outskirts of this old-time town; for instance, a walk to the artistic and picturesquely-situated Loretto Chapel would be time well devoted. We should also not fail, after crossing our suspension bridge, to go to the right and recross the *Vallée de Gotteron* by the smaller suspension bridge mentioned, pass down through the old gate of *Bourguillon*, and then, retracing our steps, pass along the north hill to the *Porte de Morat*. Re-entering the town by this, we can follow and inspect the wall, and pay a visit to the Jesuit *College St. Michel*—founded by Father Cauisius in 1580—where we find the *Lycée*, containing an interesting and valuable Cantonal Museum.

Before reaching the *Lycée*, we are reminded that such exists by the bright-coloured *casquettes* of the graduates circulating in the town. Fribourg also possesses a Roman Catholic University, recently founded. Continuing down the *Rue de Musée*, we find ourselves once more in the old place of the *Hôtel de Ville* and the *Marktplatz* from which we started.

In leaving this old town for the still older Bern, just as we had again entered upon the old suspension bridge of which we have spoken, and were about to turn on steam, we snapped our chain. We were surprised to see how very crystalline the fracture was, and wondered if the constant vibration of a cycle were sufficient to set up this form of molecular arrangement, as all engineers know is the case with connecting-rods and other mechanical parts subjected to constant jolt and vibration. This *contretemps*, although we considered it unfortunate in robbing us of the run in fine weather between Fribourg and Bern—for bicycle repairs can be better effected at the latter town—we feel may be fortunate for our considerate reader, for it affords us the opportunity of allowing another and far abler pen to describe for him the country we should have run through.

Thus does Ruskin speak of it: "I do not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate the power of the expectant imagination than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg in Switzerland, extending from it towards Bern. It is of gray sandstone, considerably elevated, but

presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveller; so that, as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation than that of weariness, all the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendour of the Bernese Oberland. The traveller, footsore, feverish, and satiated with glacier and precipice, lies back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes cultivated and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame country the justice of staying in it a few days, until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it. It is, as I said, an undulating district of gray sandstone, never attaining any considerable height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale, elevated, also, just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges.

"Through the elevated track the river cuts its way, in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of until its edge is approached; and then, suddenly, through boughs of the firs, the eye perceives beneath the green and gliding stream and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that form its banks, hollowed out where the river leans against them, at

its turns, into perilous overhangings. And on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving breadths of meadow between them and the water, half overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable foot-path which struggles for existence beneath the rocks.

"And there the river ripples and eddies and murmurs in an outer solitude. It is passing through a thickly-peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions: the goats browse beside it, and the traveller drinks from it and passes over it with his staff, and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions; it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight and open air—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labour and life, the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising and breathing and fading, with no hand to gather them—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain.

"But above the brows of these scarped cliffs all is in an instant changed. A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular and wild

and white, like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine, and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness, the swaths of its corn glowing and burning from field to field, its pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards and flowery garden, and goodly with steep-roofed storehouse and barn; its well-kept, hard, park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose, or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens, or the gateless path turns trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with its golden hives and carved granaries and irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet in some sort rude, not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort, but with a peculiar carelessness and largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country.

"For there is an untamed strength even in all that soft and habitable land. It is, indeed, gilded with corn and fragrant with deep grass, but it is not subdued to the plough or to the scythe. It gives at its own free will; it seems to have nothing wrested from it nor conquered in it. It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness—a generous land, bright with capricious plenty and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fulness, kind and wild."

What Ruskin said of the scenery on the road to Bern—some thirty years ago—is equally true of it to-day. Its "mountain spirit throwing into it a continual succession of slope and dale," being interpreted into cyclist language, means that it is somewhat hilly, but not tediously so. The ravine, "some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of until its edge is approached," is that of the Sarine, and a very beautiful ravine it is. The railway crosses it upon a viaduct at a giddy height, a fine piece of engineering.

Where the cyclist is obliged to travel by train he would do well to "make friends" with *Mons. le Conducteur* on entering, and get permission to stand on the platform *outside* the carriages. We did this to our advantage, but would caution the nervous that it is somewhat creepy in passing over this gossamer viaduct, more than the height of the Sydenham towers above the tree-tops. It happened that the bridge was under repair, and all the flooring had been removed, and nothing but the girders and rails left, so that the train went "dead slow," as, indeed, it usually does, to prevent undue vibration, and thus there was nothing between us and the valley bottom. Yet the interlacing of the trees—though in their winter nakedness—was so close and so soft that it seemed that one would not be so much as bruised in falling into their embrace. If, as it is asserted—though we doubt it—a man is deprived of life in falling some hundreds of feet before the

"sudden stop," which the Irishman truly said was that which did the damage, surely there can be no pleasanter way of making one's exit from the troubles of this world—we think of that "pot" at Fribourg again—and it is scarcely to be wondered at that so many suicides should thus be made, for the brain is temporarily aberrated by the unusual position of the body. However, the quarter of a mile of slow-speed viaduct progression is over, and we are gliding into the covered terminus of Bern.

BERN.

"Once more the roofs of *Bern* appear;
The rocky banks, the terrace high,
The stream!—and do I linger here."

Bern—Bear town—is another old-time town, yet who would think it? We, certainly, as we ignominiously pushed our mount out of the little white stone station into the broad *platz*, where everything was white and clean and apparently new, had a difficulty in appreciating this fact. Yet it is one of Switzerland's oldest cities, and retains more medieval features than any other of her larger towns. Founded by Duke Berthold V. of Zähringen in 1191, the town became independent of the Empire in 1218. By 1288 its power had so increased that it warded off two sieges by Rudolph of Hapsburg, and in 1339 the Bernese overthrew the Burgundian nobles at the Battle of Laupen, which small town, with its old château, we might have seen at the confluence of the Sense and Sarina

as we came in from Fribourg. Here the Bernese were hard-pressed, for they had to encounter, in the battle of 1339, the combined army of Fribourg and the allied nobility of the Vechtland, Aargan, Savoy, and Burgundy. Bern joined the Confederation in 1359, whilst in 1528 its citizens embraced the reformed faith. The enterprising Bernese again, in 1415, conquered part of Aargan, and in 1536 they wrested the country of the Vaud from the princes of Savoy; these territories, however, they lost in 1798.

As the cyclist journeys hitherwards from the Jura side of the country, where French is universally spoken, he finds himself passing through districts where both French and German are in about equal requisition. Here at Bern, however, we are in *German* Switzerland. This was impressed upon us in mounting our machine, and interrogating in French a *sergent de ville*—we beg pardon, a *polyzyst*—who, appearing to understand us, for we had only asked for the Hotel *Lion d'Or*—pardon, the *Löwengelthof*—for the Germans are a frugal race, and think it a sin to waste paper in blank spaces between words when you may as well push all the words up in a bunch together and read them backwards—Lion-gold-hotel—appearing to understand, as we say, for, pointing with energy and two fingers, which is their wont, he emitted a terrific guttural, rasping noise, at which our machine darted forward, and never stopped until under the colonnade of the said hotel, which is but just over the way.

Although we have made this remark as to the change of language, the gentle—or muscular—reader must not think that his German will carry him through Bern with such expedition as our affrighted mount, for it is said to be a Swiss-German which Germans themselves cannot understand. Hurrah for the isolation of the "Englander!"

Here also we run into a country of another drink as well as another language. From the time we landed at Calais, we have been in a country and an atmosphere of wine and cigarettes; here we are in a beer-drinking town, and an atmosphere of "pipe" tobacco. We have, moreover, run into a town of other *eating* habits, and have run out of that of eleven and twelve o'clock breakfasts. When you go to Rome you must do as the Romans do, for they have their long-established habits, and you should conform to them. To do so here you must alter your own, and have your dinner in the morning. This, too, like the change of language, was at once impressed upon us by our being asked, at about 5.30 p.m., if we would take *supper*. We ventured to say that we would, if we could not take dinner instead; but that was out of the question, although in it, for dinner is always taken at twelve o'clock.

We decided that we would take supper, not at that hour or place, but later on, and at one of those old *bierhalles* which are always to be found in beer-drinking countries. At the present moment we have a weight on our mind and a cycle on our hands, instead of both on a cycle, and to get rid of this load was our

first wish, speedily realized by the polite *portier* conducting us to the *Rhadfahrer Handlung* of Meinheers Hamberger and Lips.[1] In politeness, accuracy of work, and in obliging manners, we regret to say, the Continentals—confining ourselves for the moment to cycle repairers—surpass those of our own country. It was Saturday night, and everything closing, yet a man or two was to be kept on, and a chain or two to be taken off other machines, and the whole was to be ready by ten the next (Sunday) morning. One of the partners speaks excellent English, and can—and will be pleased to—give cyclists information as to roads, etc., upon which he is often awheel, and always an authority. Having parted company with and being directed by him to the Turkish bath,[2] he declined to say good-night but only *au revoir*, which proceeding was shortly explained by his appearing in his "buffs"—how difficult it is to recognise a man in his turban and "buffs"—in the hot room, where—for it was Saturday night, as the shampooer explained—in company with half a dozen others, all "toasting," but without "lager," on all-too-small pieces of cork, to prevent the actual grilling of certain parts of our anatomy on scorching marble slabs, he imparted some useful information to us anent our future route.

Except it be after a good long cycle ride, we do not know a time when a good *krug* of foaming lager goes down more satisfactorily than after a Turkish

[1] *Bündesgasse*, No. 36.

[2] *Sommerlustbad. Laupen-strasse.*

bath, and both can be obtained at Bern. Here one feels one has left behind meals, *vin compris*, and *bouvettes*, vinegary-smelling pewter *consoles* with their wells full of dirty-corked wine-bottles and close-cropped *gacons*, and are entering those regions where sausages and lager, *bier-kellers*, foaming fonts, and fair *Gretchens*, both running beer from invisible barrels, abound.

Such *kellers* frequently have their walls embellished, either with grotesque and allegorical mural paintings, or with mural pictures of either the towns in which they may be found or of their surroundings. If we drop in at the Café National[1] here, we shall see good examples of such mural decorating in the views of Old Bern to be found there. We do so, but although, of course, beer was here, for something more solid we prefer to go round to the *Gesellschafts-haus Museum Keller*[2]—rather suggestive of a mummy store—for a little supper.

There one is introduced to the queer red-and-white table-covers, huge and lidded beer-mugs, little drip-catching saucers, felt wads, and neat *fräuleines* with clean white aprons, and large money satchels hanging over them. What lynx-eyed damsels these *Kellnerin* are; if you leave the lid of your *krug* open but half a minute, away it goes like a flash of lightning, and back it comes with a foaming cloud upon it; if you don't leave it open, but it gets a little "low," there she is at your elbow with *noch ein bier bitte*, which

[1] Schauplatzgasse, No. 3.

[2] Corner of the Bundesgasse.

sounds remarkably like "bitter beer." This she does in such a winning tone and with such a taking smile that no self-respecting cyclist can prevent her taking the mug as well. But a time arrives—when she has flitted to and from the font, and ornamented the table before you with a pile of half a dozen or more of little silver saucers, for that's how she keeps account of how many "goes" you have stowed away—when, in response to her "*Noch ein bier bitte*," you are forced to sigh, and say, "*Danke nein*," the latter word not improbably representing the number of mugs you may have drunk.

The little tables rapidly fill up, and in troop, laughingly, many of the fair sex, which reminds us that that colour of hair is characteristic in both sexes at this part of Switzerland. The type of features is different also. These are larger, the cheek-bones are higher, whilst in stature both male and female are taller than those of French-speaking Switzerland.

The women are chatting away at a tremendous speed, and seem to be very happy; the men are puffing away at a tremendous speed, and appear to be very contented; the beer is flowing away at a tremendous speed, and the landlord appears very contented. We note that many smoke long, thin, black stalks of cigars that take so much lighting. *Mariechen* has to bring with them a little spirit-stove —like a curling-iron stove—in which they can be laid and warmed up until they think fit to light up.

The bells of the old *Münster* are ringing out

merrily enough this bright frosty Sunday morning, and we take a spin round the town, just to get its bearings, preparatory to taking a stroll round it, to look at its fountains, for its fountains constitute the prominent feature of Bern.

Close to the railway-station we find the *Christoffle Platz*, in the centre of which is a statue of Adrian von Bubenberg (1424-1479)—a more fitting monument to the hero than the little effigy we saw at *Morat*. This will form an excellent starting-place. Proceeding along the *Spitalgasse* into the *Waisenhaus Platz*, we turn to our left and go to the end of it; then, by a little narrow turning down the right of the *Waisenhaus*,[1] we find ourselves in a kind of wide path—the *Langmanerweg*—and this we may follow, to the right, around the head of the peninsula, for such it is, upon which ancient Bern is perched.

> "Majestic *Berne*, high on her guardian steep,
> Holding a central station of command."

Passing the *Kornhaus Brücke*, we continue high above the river until, just after passing the next, we arrive at the foot of the *Nydeck Brücke*. This we cross to get to the bears' den (*Bärengarten*), which we find close beside the bridge.

There we see some half-dozen sleek-coated Bruins, whose progenitors have been maintained at the cost of the city from time immemorial. One is particularly requested to offer them nothing but bread or

[1] A home for waifs and strays.

fruit, which request, it would seem, the visitors are considerate enough to respect, with the result that they appear to be in unusually good health, coat, and spirits.

From here the cyclist can recross the bridge, and follow round the town by the *Münster;* or, if he have time, he would lengthen his circuit somewhat, and obtain fine views of town and river by ascending the *Muristalden* to the right of the bears' den, following the *Gryphenhübeliweg* to *Jungfrau Strasse,* descending it a little and taking the *Marienstrasse* to the *Helvetia Platz,* where he finds himself in front of the imposing, new but medieval-looking Bernese Historial Museum, which he should visit. Before this is the *Kirchenfield Brücke,* an imposing iron bridge, affording fine views, 113 feet above the river.

To get back to the hotel we cross the bridge, taking the narrow road to our left into the *Amthausgasse.* Here we see a double fountain, surmounted by a man in armour, and, continuing, find ourselves back at the *Gesellschaftshaus Museum*—and café; then, keeping to the left along the bold *Bundesgasse,* past the Government buildings (the *Bundeshauser*), and noting a fine bronze statue of Helvetia in front of it, we should dismount and take a peep of the view from the gardens (the *Kleine schanze*); then, running through the short *Christoffel Street,* we find ourselves back at the railway-station and the corner of our street.

Back again at the hotel, we will ask the reader to accompany us in our stroll. On setting out we were

sorry to observe that the cruel practice of employing dogs as animals of draught obtains here, as it does to so large and so scandalous a degree in Belgium.

We have not far to go to find our first fountain, for there it stands in the middle of our street (the *Spitalgasse*). It is known as the Bagpiper Fountain, and is of much interest from the obscurity of its significance, for the bagpipes—which it is a point of interest to note were in existence thus early—by no means constitute a Swiss musical instrument, these purveyors of questionable melody, it is generally considered, having originated in the Highlands of Italy or Scotland, though it is known that *Pfyffer* was the name of an important Swiss family centuries ago. It would seem that this fountain was erected to commemorate the emancipation of some bagpiper or the freedom of some guild, for it bears the inscription:

"Der Pfyffer Freiheits Brief, 1507."

It would seem, further, that the melody—we will allow the reader to fill in the adjective according to his taste, a commodity we feel always necessarily absent in a performance upon this weirdly wild and ventriculatingly monotonous instrument of music or torture—it would seem, we suggest, that the music thus pumped into existence had charmed to a condition of placid ecstasy and perfect contentment a goose, who nestles affectionately against the performer. It seems, furthermore, to have hypnotized into a condition of more exuberant ecstasy a number

of little boys and girls, whom it has apparently awakened so suddenly that they had not stopped to dress, but to have at once engaged in a merry "Here we go round the mulberry bush," the mulberry bush being typified by the column of the fountain.

Continuing along the *Gasse* westwards, we come to one of the several imposing *Thurms*, or gate-towers, of Bern—the *Käfigthurm*,—restored in the seventeenth century, but which in its early medieval garb formed part of the town's defence, and marked its western boundary down to 1346. Through this massive tower, with its gracefully-curved roof, we enter the *Marktgasse*, or market street. It is old-time enough, with its roughly paven way sloping downwards to its middle—instead of to its sides, as we now make our streets—where we see an always trickling water-course; its long rows of lofty, many-windowed houses, with their all-windowed façades—for, as far as we know, the Bernese never suffered—the word is correct—suffered under that most ill-chosen and health-destroying tax levied in our own land—the window tax; its colonnades, heavy and dark; its overhanging roofs, with their irregular gutters and gargoyles projecting from above queer friezes and beetling covings. But there is a regularity here, a sameness of colour as of form, which detracts from the medieval interest of the scene, and which we are to see later on, charmingly rectified, in the old streets of old-time Nuremberg.

Here we come upon the *Seilerbrunnen* Fountain,

the marble column of which, with a quaintly embellished capital, is very ancient—probably much older than Bern itself—and carries a statuette of the foundress of the Insel Hospital here.

A little farther along is the fine *Schützer-brunnen*, or Archer Fountain, built but little later than the *Bagpiper* (1527). We are unable to say why the fountain should be so called, since it represents a warrior in armour, cleverly coloured to represent steel, having a standard consisting of two crossed muskets and three flames. Beneath his feet we see the omnipresent Bruin, deftly firing off his musket at you, or some imaginary person below.

We now see before us the heavy *Zeitglockenthurm*, the western gate of the town in its earliest phase, and the most interesting of them all by reason of its unique and antic-performing clock. Before examining this, however, in order to pass away the few minutes which still remain before the mid-day hour will strike—when, obviously, the clock gives its biggest show—we take a few steps down the *Kornhaus Platz* (corn-market place), and there we come upon the *Kindlifresser Brunnen*, known as the Ogre Fountain.

On this we observe that the *moyen age* gentleman who presides over the fountain is engaged in the presumably pleasant, albeit unusual, occupation of *eating babies*. He appears, like Milo the Cretonian, to have an insatiable appetite—he for these toothsome, toothless delicacies; Milo for something tougher, for we recall that he :—

"An ox slew with his fist
And eat it all up at one meal.
Ye Gods ! what a glorious twist !"[1]

Whilst here we note that the baby-eater, with his mouth choke-full of baby—in fact, he is but just beginning one urchin—has another baby-morsel under his arm—crying piteously, as well he may—ready as the next *bonne bouche*. Nor is this all, for from his side depends a leathern sack, full to bursting with unhappy, impatient—to be free—infants. Another fat little chap is slung over his back, whilst another, with a thoughtful, apprehensive mien, depends from his quiver strap.

What a splendid help this fountain must have been to medieval nursemaids, who possibly, like their prototypes of to-day, may have been given to that reprehensible practice of *frightening* children into good behaviour, by enabling them to point to the *Kindlifresser* as the ultimatum of all naughty youngsters.

Before leaving we must glance at the Bruins, whom we see below, a merry, dancing crowd, armed and accoutred—casques and tazes, breastplates and stomachers, swords—cruel crinkley ones—pikes and halberds, ensigns, muskets, fifes and drums—there they go dancing round, all too busy in their own

[1] These words, it will be remembered, beneath a bull and a mouth of dimensions suited to the performance of the feat, were to be found, alas! until recently pulled down for the extension of the Post-Office, on our own old coaching hostelry, the "Bull and Mouth" in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"high jinks" to rise up and stop the baby-eating going on on such a wholesale scale above. When we consider that this work was carried out many centuries ago, we do not know which the most to admire—the skill, the artistic effect, or the grotesque conception. In another street close to this is a handsome double-troughed fountain, but we must haste to the front of the *Zeitglockenthurm*, for it is just going to strike.

This ancient tower carries a great clock dial, numbered in the hours and four quarters, but not in minutes, across which stretches from side to side a single hand, so that it is a little difficult to read the time. This, however, is a good kind of hand, since in heavy falls of snow the equal overhang equalizes the effect of the added weight, and hence the time is not so much affected. Beneath it is the inscription:

"BERCHTOLDUS. V: DUK. ZAERING; RECT: BURGUND.
VRBIS. CONDIT OR. TURRIM. ST. PORTAM. FECIT.
A: CHR: MCXI. EA RENOVATA MDCCLXX."

On the back of the tower is an elaborate astronomical clock dial, by the side of which is the celebrated clock of Bern, its moving effigies recalling to us the Gog and Magog moving *automata* on the shop of a late popular and be-ringletted Alderman of Cheape. On his throne sits Father Time, whose mouth, declining to close as perfectly as it might do, gives him a strange gaping expression, appropriate to his age, holding in his left hand the sceptre—a

sceptre of sovereign rule, by which all men, all nations, are dominated, and which he sways mercilessly alike over plain and beautiful, over rich and poor, over young and old. In his right hand he grasps the ever-running hourglass, with which he marks the flight of time and the running down of its sands by reversing it at the expiration of each hour. As he does so he sways his sceptre, in token of another hour's victory gained over all spectators. Above him sits a lively, smiling imp in fool's cap, who kicks his legs as he pulls the ropes of two bells, which, in the excess of his zeal, he does some three or four minutes before each hour, whilst to the left a grim Griffin sways his head from side to side in sad and deprecating isochronous unison with the fatal hammer-falls of the great bell above, and of the lightsome chiming of the imp. As a *vis-à-vis* to the Griffin is a Chanticleer. He is a perky and busy bird, and cocks his head and crows no less than three crows to the hour;[1] but, oh, it is a woeful, weird, and waning crow! During the chiming of the hours a procession of lively bears—some on all fours, some erect—runs quickly round the feet of the still open-mouthed, sad-visaged comptroller of our destinies. This old clock, which for centuries has been chiming out its warnings to the populace, is generally honoured during its performances with the regards and observations of a bevy of interested visitors.

[1] Four minutes before, two minutes before, and one minute after the hour.

We continue down the *Kramgasse*, which is broad, sloping, and curved, and we feel that this is perhaps the most medieval looking of Bern's streets; but it has the same fault of regularity. There are, however, the high houses, the façades with their numerous and large windows, overhanging eaves, roofs with dormer windows, colonnades with irregular arches on either side, and numerous sloping bulkheads to their *Kellers* below; there are again the old fountains with their massive basins.

Above the first one stands up, in bold battle array, Bruin in grilled casquet, a *paletot* of mail, a curious foliated drapery over head and shoulders, and in his belt a second broadsword, in case his first faithful Toledo should fail. He is adorned with banner and shield of lion rampant. Inscription:

"Berchtold Herzog von Zeringen hat die
Statt Bern gestift im iar 1191.
Berchtold aux dûx zerin gen-ber nam
Liberam Endi: dit. Ano. MCLXXXI."

The next fountain we come to represents a curly-headed Samson holding agape the powerful jaws of a lion. Beyond this an artistically-shaped basin is surmounted by an obelisk carrying the laurels of victory.

Here we should take a few steps down the *gasse* to our left, to see and admire the light and ornate façade of the old *Rathaus*. This is the cantonal Rathaus and the Civic Town Hall. In style it is Burgundian late Gothic, and was built as long ago as 1406-16. It is adorned with the arms of the Bernese districts,

and is approached by a double *escalier*, forming a most effective feature. This, together with its light and artistic façade, its pierced-work parapet around the roof, its fretted and chased balustrading, its foliated capitals, and its openwork clock turret, make up a *toute ensemble* of pleasing lightness and artistic feeling, such as we have never seen approached on any modern Town Hall.

Passing down the side of the Rathaus, we get a fine view over the *Aar* and appreciate how high Bern stands above its pleasantly blue waters. It is perched, in fact, upon a lofty sandstone peninsula, a hundred feet or more above the river, which, by means of the great bend it makes here, almost completely surrounds the town.

We should now retrace our steps, and, again crossing the *Kramgasse*, go down the street opposite[1] to the old Minster. Its façade with its portal crammed with sculptured figures, its square tower coigned with flying buttresses, bossed and finialled, surmounted by a handsome, effective open-work sculptured spire —reminding us of the cast-iron one of *Notre Dame de Rouen*—also, like the Rathaus, constitutes an edifice of graceful lightness, albeit of great size. A point of interest in the exterior of the Minster is the beautifully light pierced-work balustrading above the eaves of the roof all round, the pattern of each bay of which is different from the others. In the Minster square is a bronze equestrian statue to *Rudolph von Erlach*, the victor of *Laupen*, to which

[1] Post-Office at corner.

we have referred, and we note the bears guarding him and their comical pose.

The visitor should arrange to pay a visit to the Minster near sunset and should ascend the tower to witness that, and stay to see also the *afterglow* over the Bernese Alps, the view of which from Bern is considered to be the finest of any town in Switzerland.

"The clouds are on the *Oberland*,
The *Jungfrau* snow looks faint and far;
But bright are those green fields at hand,
And through those fields comes down the *Aar*."

Nevertheless, according to our experience, it is not to be compared in its beauteous grandeur to that of the Alpen afterglow viewed from the Great Chasseron, which we have vainly endeavoured to describe.

We should now pay a visit to the terrace beside the Minster, overlooking the river and affording a view of the Alps, where we see a bronze statue of *Berthold von Zähringen*, the bear here playing the part of armour-bearer—no pun intended—for Bruin holds the Duke's richly-chased helmet and vizor of mail. Here we are well above the river—to the level of which we may descend by an electric lift—and from here the view is considered the finest of any town in Switzerland.

"Grand the distant view before us,
From the gray old Minster here;
At our feet the proud bright waters
Of the *Aar* flow broad and clear."

To complete our walk round the town we cannot

do better than to leave the *Minsterplatz* by the *Herrenstrasse* opposite the fountain, in which we note an ancient house, with its front carried upon timber posts, built so far back as 1553.

"Ob's Hans gefallt
In Gottes schutz ist's doch. gestellt
Ein Altes Haus sit neuer Mascke
Steht. auch noch gut der Herrengasse."

Keeping to the left of the Municipal Library and the University, we cross the *Klosterhof*, which commands a very fine view, to find ourselves again at the foot of the *Kirchenfeld Bridge*, where we were before this morning, and the way back from which we have already explained. Thus by this pleasant stroll we complete the tour of the old-time town of Bern.

CHAPTER VI

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS

AS a mountain summer resort for invalids, surely Andermatt—tranquil, pretty, primitive, and simple—would be hard to improve upon—that is to say, for lovers of the cold, for the winter lasts some eight months, and fires are often necessary during the short summer. At this season, however, the larger hotels—of which it has far more than would be expected for so small a place—are closed, but had they been open, we should still have preferred this quaint, picturesque, timber-fronted hostelry by the noisy river-side, before which we drew up last evening, the "*Drei Königen.*"[1] The parlour, though innocent of carpet and all of timber—reminding us of *Guttenan*—was cosiness itself after the last quarter of an hour of icy fog through which we had run. In the corner is the inevitable tiled "*calorifere,*" but it is an exceptionally low one, so that some of the villagers rest their arms upon it, whilst others turn their backs to it and lean against the warm tiles, as they discuss what pleases them, which are generally

[1] Or *Trois Rois*—the Three Kings.

village topics. Even the conversation in a far-away Alpine village has undergone a sweeping change in the course of this last progressive half-century. Five decades past the conversation was wholly village *causerie*, except when news arrived, and this by word of mouth, of the happenings in neighbouring cantons, to be heard from the *cocher* or "guard" of the "diligences" as they drew up at the sign of the Three Kings, and the weather-beaten driver, with a genuine sigh of relief, threw down his ribbons—of rope—on to the steaming backs of his horses, and descended to the cosy parlour for the night. One of mine host's several sons had spent much time in England, and had done some "couriering in foreign parts," so that he spoke English well and his conversation was very interesting. The figures he gave of the numbers of horses at one time kept by mine host for "diligence" service and for waggon transport haulage would never have been guessed, so large were they. Almost night and day, summer and winter, these convoys of travellers and of merchandise were merrily bowling, or lumberingly creaking, over these mountain-pass *routes*.

To-day accounts of incidents, happening the world over, are quickly speeding on invisible wings and a network of wires and cables in which its sphere is enveloped. These are translated into many tongues, and in due course—it may be days, it may be weeks—they arrive in the recesses between the towering Alps. If we remember rightly, the discussion of the evening was an unusually animated one, for news had arrived

of a gigantic conflagration in London.[1] The figures approximating to the losses involved, when converted into francs and marks, simply baffled the comprehension of the simple *Thal*-dwellers, giving rise to many and many incredulous head-shakings, and loudly-expressed *Got, ah! Gots!* Although we are quite sure the honest villagers failed entirely to conjure up the slightest veritable approach to the *appearance* and *magnitude* of our gigantic warehouses, which seem to have such a predilection for sacrificing their frames and the immense treasures therein contained to the all-destroying flames, yet they were able to draw analogies between the numbers demolished and the numbers of dwellings contained in villages within their own cognizance. Fires, too, they, unfortunately, were well acquainted with, and they told of the total destruction of this and that town and hamlet; but what did the whole number of châlets—and the church—amount to in comparison with this great town—this small patch of crowded commercial London? They could scarce "stomach" it, and several venerable heads wagged dubiously as younger tongues wagged glibly, whilst others were shaken sadly at the thought that it would "take quite a century" for London to recuperate from and, *Phœnix*-like, rise from the ashes of this terrible devastation: had it been in their own valleys, they would have said, "Awful *visitation!*"

No; the gaily-uniformed and high-booted *conducteurs* no longer sit around the bare and besanded

[1] The great Wood Street fire.

floor of the *Drei Königen* parlour in their numbers, the pack-horse drivers no longer stretch out their weary limbs in the hay-loft in their dozens. Man's mental power has combined with his physical strength and daring to alter all this. He no longer toils up the mountain passes beside his "bellowsing" pack-horse, for he, mole-like, burrows through the hardest rock and beneath the giant mountain. The slowly-trudging, willing, patient, motive engines of Nature, with distended nostrils and steaming flanks, dragging their *quota* of the slowly-moving load up the mountain's steep, he replaces by his wondrous metallic steeds, ponderous and fleet, which roar and pant with painless exertion as they draw their vast burthens over the iron roads and through the rocky borings he has made.

Our evening here, though long, had seemed very short, for it is extraordinary how efficacious the keen mountain air is in bringing the dustman to one's eyes, and we retired to our scrupulously clean and snowy-linened *bett kammer, de bonne heure,* and *en bonheur.*

This morning we are also up *de bonne heure,* for although we have before us what a cyclist would call a "very easy day," gravity having whispered to us as we glanced at the altitudes that *he* is going to do all the work during the morning, yet the days are short, and we should like to steam into the much and justly lauded Bay of Lucerne by daylight.

The cyclist bound for Lucerne, as he is obsequiously bid adieu to by the obliging host of the *Trois Rois,* may prepare himself for an unusually sudden

change of scenery. As he steps up on to his mount in the rough-paved village high street, he leaves behind him the green, tranquil, and fertile valley of *Ursern* for quite another *genre* of beauty. Much of the hard pushing work he has expended during the last couple of days appears to be stored up in the metal of his machine—which indeed, dynamically, it may really be considered to be—for it darts off as if it were an *automobile*, which, indeed, we should find it to be if we neither put on brake nor back-pedalled; for almost immediately we commence to descend, and this we appear to do the whole day through. So quickly do we start off that in but very few minutes we find ourselves darting through a short, rough-hewn, rocky tunnel—the *Urner Loch*—and, turning a short bend, we are in the midst of a tremendous hubbub, find our face being bathed in ice-cold spray, and appreciate that we are crossing a bridge—a devil's bridge—a devil's bridge above an abyss in which fierce waters bubble and fume like the contents of a saturnalic cauldron—a "devil's bridge," in fact, it is.

We glance up to the rock ahead of us as we jam on our brake—for we must get down and take a careful survey of our thus suddenly-changed surroundings—and there we fancy we see "Old Nick" himself high up on the rocks above us. But we are so bewildered by the noise and at the thought of having nearly slipped lightly through one of the most impressive spots in all Switzerland that, of course, it is but imagination on our part.

Change of scenery indeed! why, it is an antipodean contrast! A few minutes ago we were in a broad valley with a green bottom, and green sloping mountains rising on either side; here we are in a narrow gorge with no grass, and no bottom for it to grow on, no sloping mountains, but walls of rock—rocks rising sheer above us hundreds and hundreds of feet. We look back to see the road by which we came—we can't see even that. Through the great cloud of white spray we try to see the end of the gorge—we can't see even that; we see nothing but the mouth of the tunnel we sped through. The *Reuss* here is in great anger, for she is just experiencing a great fall, her foaming waters rushing headlong down a hundred feet. She roars out in her passion so that we cannot hear our own voice as we shout our hardest in making the essay. Her choleric, deep-pitched voice seems actually to tremble the massy stone bridge on which we stand; her spiteful sprayings have wetted its parapets, and they are now a mass of glassy masonry. It is just after eight on a December morning; there were 12 degrees of frost in the open valley, but the air was still; here it is rushing past, beating the spray against one's face as if each drop were a needle of ice. We knew that wind—a mountain-chasm wind; we had met him once before high up on the summit of the great Scheidegg, but if he had come from Sheffield he could not have been more razor-edged. Here they call him by another name—the "*Hutschelm*," or hat-thief; he doesn't come along with a steady strong

shove, to which you can accommodate yourself by dropping your head and inclining your body, but he indulges in gusts and buffetings which threaten to take your hair off as well as your cap. He is like the gale which, according to Jack, "blew so tarnationally hard it blowed three teeth out of the carpenter's saw, and took five men to hold the cap'n's wig on."

The *Teufelsbrücke*, trembling high above a foaming torrent, dwarfed to a mere pigmy, near the bottom of a giant rocky gorge, amidst scenery at once wild and awe-inspiring, is by no means a place to be light of heart in or to smile in. Our heart-pulse may perhaps be quickened, but it is not with joy; it is with admiration at the grim grandeur, perhaps not untinged by a fearsome appreciation of this loud-voiced manifestation of Nature's might. What obstruction is there that we can point to that such violent, relentless impetuosity will brook? Close beside us we see the strong 'butments of a stone bridge, which nobly stood its unabated, unwearying onslaughts for half a century, but at last succumbed.[1]

We cannot stand here without feeling the frailty of man, yet reflecting upon the comparative strength of mind possessed by him. A horse, a noble, powerful, high-metalled beast, could not conquer the maddened waters, could not cross their furious course, for he possesses but the powerful weapon of physical strength, edged though it may be on the whetstone of agility, and thrust forward by the strong sinews of fiery determination. Yet the feebler man crosses

[1] A granite bridge, built 1830, carried away 1888.

it, for he first flings over the torrent his scaffold of thought, erects thereon, from the foundations of perseverance, the superstructure of skilful manipulation, and cements the whole into a lasting solidarity with the mortar of common-sense and the tie-rods of correct design.

By some such combination was the granite bridge we stand on erected; perseverance was by no means the element lacking—if any—for many had been the attempts to bridge the torrent by a lasting edifice. A glance around shows that we are hemmed in by lofty, precipitous granite rocks; there seems scarce roothold for a living thing—trees there are none, nor of vegetation, if we except scanty tufts of lichen, rock-crop, or a stray Alpine plant—much less, then, was there foothold for man. If he desired a road, he must cut it shelf-like along the face of the solid rock, piercing the latter at points. There was no room for a road in the rocky bottom, that sufficed not for the leaping river, boiling and eddying in the stony hollows it every year carved larger and larger. There seemed nothing for it but to bore the tunnel we have just run through—the *Urnerlock*, seventy yards in length—which was accomplished in 1707, and to span the torrent by a *hanging bridge*, suspended on chains. The tunnel we know remains, but the bridge was long since swept away.

The superstitious peasants considered that to construct a bridge was so daring an achievement that it was flying in the face of Providence to attempt it. The devil himself was, they thought, against it; and,

furthermore, that it never could be completed without diabolical aid. The thing would have been, therefore, to have made terms with his Satanic majesty, a negotiation, we should imagine, easier to suggest than to accomplish. In this relation it is interesting to recall that in the legends of ancient times running water was proof against all sorcery and witchcraft :

> "No *spell* could stay the living tide
> Or charm the rushing stream."

We turn to leave this bitterly bleak yet fascinating, awful spot, and again glance up at the rocks. No; we were *not* mistaken : there *is* his majesty—and a big dog—and—if we mistake not—a loaf of bread. What can it all mean ? Stop ! did not Longfellow have something to say about this diabolical compact ? Certainly ! for he says :

> "This bridge is called the *Devil's Bridge.*
> With a single arch from ridge to ridge,
> It leaps across the terrible chasm
> Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
> As if, in some convulsive spasm,
> The summits of the hills had cracked,
> And made a road for the cataract
> That raves and rages down the steep.
>
> "Never any bridge but this
> Could stand across the wild abyss ;
> All the rest, of wood or stone,
> By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
> He toppled crags from the precipice,
> And whatsoever was built by day

In the night was swept away;
None could stand but this alone.

"Down in the valley we see a boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder.
As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, 'Herr Jé!'
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight.

"Abbot Giraldus of *Einsiedel*,[1]
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle;
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

"At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after;
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter,
To see the Devil thus defeated."

Thank you, good prior of *Einsiedel*, who thus cleverly outwitted the devil, for we now cross over the self-willed torrent without exertion, and, indeed, use it as a vantage-point to view the wild scenery. The lofty cleft, looking so much like the giant portal to a Titanic castle, reminds one that it is virtually one of those rocky portals forming a natural and all

[1] Where is the great pilgrimage church.

but impregnable gateway—a gateway wherein Nature would favour the besieged and deal heavily by the besieger. For its massive, immovable door-posterns are formed of the erect and rocky mountains, its moat is the roaring torrent, whilst the besieged might lower, with terribly telling effect, upon besiegers daring to pass beneath its beetling towers a veritable *portcullis* of rocky fragments.

Yes, Nature has built a fortress here, but so also has the watchful Switzer. Just before us we see a bridge entering a massive stone fort. A short while ago a bugle-call went reverberating through the keen frosty air, whilst high above us to left and right are hidden strategic military roads on which no foot of civilian may tread. These mountain patrol ways and the mountaineer sentries guarding them may be seen in ascending the Ober-Alp pass.

"The Swiss have certainly no feelings respecting their mountains in any wise corresponding with ours. It was rather as fortresses of defence than as spectacles of splendour that the cliffs of the Roths-lock bear rule over the destinies of those who dwell at their feet, and the training for which the mountain children had to thank the slopes of the Muotta-Thal was in soundness of breath and steadiness of limb far more than in elevation of idea."[1]

Just across the bridge we see a massive steel gate, furnished with little "port"-holes, through which the cold steel muzzles of lethal rifles could quickly be made to protrude if occasion arose.

[1] Ruskin.

Has occasion arisen for such bloody work? What is that cross we see hewn out of the solid rock before us, though large, for it is some forty feet in height, looking but small on its vast granitic wall? That perpetuates, and its superscription, in the Russian tongue, tells of an encounter of the bloodiest kind. Perhaps it were appropriate that man in angry and all-destroying mood should fight beside the angry, all-destroying torrent, mingling his war thunderings with those of the boiling waterfall, his heated blood with its seething flood, his groanings in anguish, his death-cries, his shouts of victory, his moanings, with those of the roaring torrent.

Yes, it was a bloody battle fought here in 1779, when, Nature favouring the besiegers — Austrians and Russians—they drove back the French, at first yard by yard, in the rock-walled chasm, until they more precipitately sought shelter on the expanse of Lucerne's wide lake. Cowper has said:

> "Mountains interposed
> Make enemies of nations, who had else,
> Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

Many of us are sanguine enough to believe that a time will come when "wars and rumours of wars" shall cease, when we shall degrade our exalted position among the animate of nature by

> "No threat of war, no savage call
> For vengeance on an erring brother,
> But, in their stead, the Godlike plan—
> To teach the brotherhood of man
> To love and reverence one another."

We now slowly—for the scenery is too grand to be passed quickly through—and with the "maddened Reuss our guide," pass down the lofty, rugged gorge of the *Göschener Reuss*, suddenly debouching upon a wider portion, which we descend by steepish zigzags to the isolated rock-bound *Göschenen*.

> "From the green vale of Ursern, smooth and wide,
> Descend we now, the maddened Reuss our guide:
> By rocks that, shutting out the blessed day,
> Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as they;
> By cells upon whose image, while he prays,
> The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze;
> By many a votive death-cross planted near,
> And watered duly with the pious tear."[1]

Yes, it seems appropriate that the crucifix should be in sight of the devout traveller through this sombre gorge, for its dangers are many; a single stone, dislodged by the fleet foot of the light chamois, far up unseen on the rocky crests, and launched into it from their giddy height, would suffice to launch him, in kind or cruel suddenness—according as his life may have been well or ill spent—into that future of which we know nothing.

Could anything be more incongruous with the sullen and severe surroundings than this Göschenen overlooking a great railway-station? There, on the narrow floor of this great pass, are laid out, straight and regular, side by side, numerous steel rails; on them stand dozens of coaches and hundreds of waggons. Some are resting, some are being pulled

[1] Wordsworth.

hither and pushed thither by ugly, grimy locomotives, whose capacious throats belch forth black breath, befouling the air as it goes rolling up the mountain side. We see a black and hissing monster harnessed to a long train looking like a great black serpent, and, as if impatient to plunge into the miles-long burrow beneath our feet, near to the black, gaping mouth of which it stands, it utters a screech which rends the air, and nearly does the same by our ear-drums, raising echoes which shriek out long after, as they are repeated from both up and down the narrow gorge. Then, with straining nostrils, a pair of glaring, dragon-like eyes, a hoarse voice, laboured breath, and a mighty jingling of trappings, he drags behind him his heavy train, and, as we see its tail just disappearing into the subterranean cavern, we hear him shriek again, as a warning of his death-dealing approach to the toilers in the pitchy bowels of the earth.

We say the train is drawn by a "monster"—this, indeed, is true, for the engines are necessarily immense, albeit unnecessarily ugly—but we should be more correct had we said the dark, grimy python was drawn into the burrow by *several* Promethean steeds, for three, four, or even five locomotives, coupled so as to exert the joint strength of their metallic thews, are frequently to be seen hauling at the same train of coaches or freighted merchandise waggons, slowly raising them up this steep-bottomed gorge, and casting aloft a five-stemmed tree of white evanescent steam.

If the railway to-day lend noise and animation to the

lower part of this sombre pass, what must its construction have occasioned, when for eight long years an army of labourers, numbering thousands—Swiss and Italian—had their occupation in the bowels of the mountain and their homes in the wilds beside it? Their thews and muscles, strained to remove but a mere pin puncture of its solid rock, were assisted from without by inanimate muscle of various forms. Steam-engines were panting, water-wheels were clattering round, turbines were noisily spinning, Nature's own strong hand e'en was made to lend its aid. Here beside us we see a tiny fraction of the forceful torrent, dammed, caught, and held back in the form of a silent lake. Surely all power has fled from it, would muse the lay mind; not so the engineer: he knows that it merely hibernates, for he has entrapped it and walled it at a point far too high above the ocean of heavenly rest it longs for, to enable it to sleep in sweet content.

Like the devout who desire to be set free from this earthly immurement that they may soar to the unknown, restful vast, this man-enchained, placid-visaged mass is still longing to burst its rocky walls, rejoin its relation, and dash headlong to its peaceful eternal slumber in the lake still far down the gorge. This little artificial lake it was that provided the muscle to drive the huge air-compressors which in their turn—through miles of snake-like hosen—transmitted on the light and invisible wings of *Æolus*, noiselessly yet with mighty strength, the power required by the many-armed rock-borers, the ponderous rock-drills—of Herculean strength, yet

legerdemain agility — which with *coups* delivered with incredible "assault" and "recovery" mercilessly dealt out—hundreds to the minute—night and day—week in, week out—relentless blows on the face of the hard, unyielding rock. Each punch, it is true, but chipped off a mere infinitesimal fragment, winning its way by the sheer pulverization of the hard material, but it is the persistent drop which eventually wears away the stone, so is it the oft-repeated blow which eventually breaks down the rocky barrier.

Such gigantic works cannot be carried out without the sacrifice of human life. Just as in the old and darker days it was considered necessary by the so-called heathen to offer up human lives in propitiation of the all-controlling gods, so do we to-day, in battling with Nature, find it necessary to offer at the shrine of progress human sacrifices, if not in propitiation, at least in fulfilment of the inexorable demands made by *her* controlling forces.

The St. Gothard claimed her sacrifices and victims, but the saddest day was when anxiety, hope darkened by fear, mental labour, and cerebral strain at length accomplished their fell work; for in the chaos of the long dark tunnel, the deafening din of the pounding drills, the reverberations of the dynamitic explosions, and the vile and suffocating atmosphere of their exhalations, poor Fèvre fell in a fit, from which he never rallied. Brought out into the glorious light of day, which his eyes were never again to know, he was laid close to his work—the

lasting monument which he himself had built—close to his men, in the tiny churchyard here at Göschenen. Perhaps he would have wished it thus, in preference to a cathedral burial. His energies, his last years, had been spent in communion with the mountain pass; why should not he be laid to rest in it?

Let us make a little *détour* through the rough stony street of the straggling village, to pay our respects at his tomb. What a comfortless, barren, and white-walled little place!—no clean white tombstones telling of recent bereavement, no lichen-grown ones speaking of revered and aged memory. Where is the soft green grass, the neatly-tended flowers of the English village churchyard, where the sombre, dark-leaved ivy, creeping slowly to cover the fresh-turned, flesh-chilling clay, where the graceful willow silently shading and weeping o'er all? Where the soft velvet moss, inviting us to recline and to reflect? Restful mosses, meek creatures! "the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness—creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them *rest*." When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, *moss* for the *grave*.

The gentle, all-o'erspreading plush of the mosses, the humane, colour-giving, creeping lichens, deal as

kindly by the cold and dreary gravestones as they do by Nature's own lithic fragments. When a rocky piece detaches itself and lies for some time apparently uncared for, they go to its assistance and comfort, they clothe it in soft clothing, they hide its barren nakedness in a coat of beautifully graded hue. They commence with the dints and dimples; they nestle in these and assimilate themselves with the lithic harshness; they spot and mottle its cold gray; they come forth from the crannies, and, like a slowly-healing dermis, cover its parched bone, cool it and keep it moist; they colour it with exquisite taste; they apply a pigment, not of granules, but of myriad beauteous organisms, an enamel formed of living microscopic forests.

So with the gravestones; they will not conceal their form, but will gather over them "in little brown bosses, like small cushions of velvet, made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crossed and curled edges, like hoar-frost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange-stalks with pointed caps, and fibres of deep green and gold and faint purple passing into black are woven together, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the contour of the stone they cherish until it is charged with colour so that it can receive no more; and instead of looking rugged, or cold, or stern, or anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft dark leopard's skin, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver."

But here in this God's acre ugly iron crosses, black and rusty, bristle around us. There is but one handsome monument standing out in the purity of white sculptured marble—it is Fèvre's. Nothing could be more appropriate. Elevated upon a column is the bust of the able engineer, his eyes, in thoughtful gaze, contemplating the opposing mountain-side. Beneath and looking up into his master's face as if for instructions is a stalwart miner, who, with his clumsy, flaring, gimble-lamp, is showing a light, as he crouches on a rack "jack" prone across his "pick" and a heap of "jumping" tools. The heat of the tunnel is typified by the rugged chest displayed through the gaping-breasted shirt, the arduous nature of the work by his strong "cord" breeches and immense, heavily-nailed "jack"-boots. Alas! he must wait in vain for his instructions; those eyes behold not his work, those lips will never again give orders, that mind will never again "direct the great sources of power in Nature to the use and convenience of man."[1] He himself fell a victim to them.

VICTIMIS LABORES.
CHRISTIANA COMMUNIO.
1889,

appropriately runs the epitaph.

The whole is beautifully sculptured down to the minutest details. Look at the rough, weather-beaten face of the honest miner; look at the large veins, the crinkled skin on the back of his useful, horny

[1] *Vide* Royal Charter of our Institution of Civil Engineers.

hands! We are sure that this would have pleased the great, prematurely-snatched-away engineer.

These are sad thoughts, but they do good; they raise up in our mind a feeling of intense disgust of those lives which appreciate nought but pleasure, of those selfish livers whose only feebly-put-forth energy is spent in searching for amusement in novel forms. But they also make our hearts throb with admiration and respect for those who have so shaped their lives as to have unconsciously built up for themselves a lasting monument. Such monuments may have their component parts of steel or stone, but they may also be built of kindness and good deeds.

The railway is now out of the tunnel, and we see the great black mouth of this as we glance backwards. Continuing to run down the pass, our admiration is aroused by its boldly-conceived curves and zigzags, spirals—in tunnels and out of them—and giddily-lofty gossamer viaducts, especially when passing *Wasen*, where we cannot but stop to admire a perfect galaxy of such. As we stand there, we can try to appreciate with what anxious thought the engineer looked down on the rapidly-rising gorge, hemmed in by precipitous mountains; how he must have pulled his thinking-cap over his brow as he stood where we now stand. To drag loads up its slopes meant excessive motive power, to tunnel from hence would mean colossal expense; however, the balance-sheet must be drawn up. We know not what a series of sleepless nights this decision, this

bold mental surmounting of giant obstacles, and this computation may have cost him.

We continue through the village of *Wasen*, the steep street of which dives down beneath a house[1] to emerge upon another beautiful view. Below here the harsh severity of the gorge begins to disappear, although it still remains narrow, but that is because its steep sides become thickly covered with dark-green firs. We run through these ; we hear the thud of the busy axeman, and we see the dark-blue smoke winding up from his improvised *hutte*. We have to go easy, for he leaves the trunks of his victims prone across and athwart the road, in a manner both unexpected and inconvenient. We run over a coating of bark tyre deep, in the stripping of which his *sisters* are assisting, their brawny arms bare, their heads enveloped in red handkerchiefs, their feet in boots as thick and heavy as their brother's standing in the snow. Our tyres run with a gentle swish through the thick carpeting of bark, our weight expresses the pine-sap, and we smell the delicious balsamic odour.

"Here the *St. Gothard*, snow-clad, proudly towers,
Where coils the snake-like road around his form.
Dread Winter reigns. On sledge we climb the steep,
Blind 'mid the whiteness of the mantling storm ;
The *ranz des vaches* long sounded, but we keep
Our buoyant hearts alive, heedless of harm
While skirting precipice and crevice deep."[2]

Soon after leaving *Wasen* we cross to the right

[1] This bit is very steep and leads to a dangerous bend in the road, high above the ravine of the *Meinen Reuss*.

[2] F. A. Mackay.

bank of the *Reuss*, and we see the railway opposite us passing under an avalanche tunnel, furnished with great groynes or "fenders" to guide the snow, rock, and *débris* over its crown and clear of the line.

Wasen church—of Moorish aspect—is a splendid place for a view of this lovely valley, with its two rows of varied and fantastic mountain-tops, snow-covered, and contrasting with the sombre green of the fir forests. About half an hour of this pleasant running brings us to the picturesquely-placed village of *Gartnellen*, looking far smaller than it really is, at the very foot of a great sheer-sided mountain, whilst another fifteen or twenty minutes brings us to *Amsteg*. Here again the line suddenly darts in and out of avalanche galleries. High above the village are the ruins of *Zwing-Uri*, which tradition says was the castle of the tyrant Gessler. All around here is of mountainous and verdant beauty; but another fifteen minutes brings us to *Erstfeld*, where the more rapid descent of rail and gorge terminates, and with it much of the grandeur of the scenery.

We are now approaching the end of this interesting gorge of St. Gothard—a gorge known the world over by reason of its great engineering achievement, a gorge in a comparatively short length presenting striking contrasts in the phases of Nature's countenance. Commencing as cold, bleak, frowning, and severe as it is possible to imagine, precipitous and stern, it opens and inclines somewhat to give place to a haughty grandeur; then it becomes clothed in the downy and restful green of forests, whilst now,

"As on we move, a softer prospect opes—
Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes;
While mists, suspended on the expiring gale,
Moveless o'erhang the deep secluded vale.
The beams of evening, slipping soft between,
Gently illuminate a *sober scene.*
Winding its dark green wood and emerald glade,
The still vale lengthens underneath the shade;
While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,
Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead;
On the low brown wood huts delighted sleep,
Along the brightened gloom reposing deep."

The valley is now far wider and its base flat, but we are approaching a large lake, and this is the contour we must expect, for this is a *delta*, reminding us much of the land about Bex, leading on to the *delta* of the Upper Rhone. All day long the sun has been quite powerful, the sky a lovely blue, the air absolutely transparent; now, however, it begins to be moisture-laden, and we quickly run into a thick mist, which, after the warmth and sunshine above, surrounds us like a cold wet blanket, through which we soon see looming ahead the town of Altdorf.

This said town of Altdorf is a place of much historic interest, and we must therefore visit it again with more leisure at our disposal. So we pedal on for another few minutes, to dismount on the pier at Fluelen. The *Vierwaldstatter* is alongside, and as we step upon the deck of the clean and well-appointed steamer, we glance back up the valley, almost hoping once again to see its whole length, closed at its head by the rocky, noisy, narrow cleft which had so much impressed us a few hours before.

As the minutes shorten for the boat to leave, we feel, indeed, inclined to step ashore, to again pedal up to its entrancing centre, spend the night there, and view it in its waking glory.

"Yet there is
Within an eagle's flight, and less, a scene
Still nobler, if not fairer (once again
Would I behold it ere these eyes are closed,
For I can say, 'I also have been there!')—
That sacred lake withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
Built by the giant race before the Flood,
Where not a cross nor chapel but inspires
Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God.
From Godlike men—men in a barbarous age,
That dared assert their birthright, and displayed
Deeds half divine, returning good for ill,
That in the desert sowed the seeds of life,
Framing a band of small republics there,
Which shall exist, the envy of the world."

Whilst leaning over the taffrail, and thus musing, the paddle-wheels begin to plash the clear blue water, and we realize we are on the calm, the beautiful Lake of Lucerne.

"In shape a cross, and walled with cliffs so high
That o'er each aisle of that quadruple plain
No unfit roof appears the vaulted sky,
It lies, a vast and crystal-paven fane."

And swiftly on across the "crystal-paven" lake—rock-walled and cruciform—we sped in restful laziness, calling here and there off spots varied of aspect, but all beautiful.

"How bright, how calm, how gentle, and how great
The soul should grow, ere yet for such a scene,
So sweet, so pure, so lofty, so serene,
It were an equal or an answering mate!
All day upon my breast had hung a weight,
And whence I knew not. Beauty seemed to lean,
Heavy for once, upon my breast; I ween,
Till now to catch her faintest smile elate."[1]

And so we glide on until, just at eventide, we enter and disturb the placid waters in that tranquil harbour, dotted with fine steamers, like great white swans at rest after their day's journeyings, around which cluster the ancient houses, the venerable walls, the watch-towers, the timber bridges, the edifices and churches, modern and medieval, and, lastly, the great hotels of the "lake-queen" Lucerne.

[1] Wordsworth.

CHAPTER VII

A PEEP INTO BAVARIA

MUNICH.

THERE are certain predilections to which it would appear all mankind is subject—and cyclists, although not walking bipeds, are of mankind—amongst them being the almost insuppressible habit of conjuring up mental pictures of places one has never seen; hence we crave forgiveness for having done so, and this erroneously, in regard to the town we are now entering. For if the *data* —the colouring, as it were—with which the mind has in some way become imbued, be false, the cerebral paint-brush will execute a truthless picture. But when one has so often seen works of highest art, be they upon canvas, by *Kupferstich*, or "litho.,"[1] be they comprised in the hammerings, embossings, and intertwinings of iron work, or the intricate mosaicings and delicious blendings of hue of cathedral leaded glass, all of which have emanated from Munich, what can one do less—as one's pre-

[1] It was at Munich that Senefelder discovered the art of lithography.

notion—than to paint for one's self a mental picture of an artistic town. And so, after visiting the salt-mines of Salzburg, and feeling that a short run into Bavaria could not fail to prove interesting, we were disappointed to find that Munich is not *per se* an artistic town—albeit a town of artists, a repository of art treasures.

One does not ask here, "What did you do to-day?" but "Which did you do to-day?"—the old *Pinakothek* or the new *Pinakothek*, or the *Glyptothek*, the *Academie der bildenden Künste*, or *which* academy, the *Gyps-museum*, or *which* museum; for all are replete with the good things of art—all are prepollent to set us admiring, but this we were unable to do as to their exteriors. Indeed, as we pass under the classical *Siegesthor*, which reminds us of the triumphal gates of Rome, and pedal leisurely down the spacious *Ludwigstrasse*, flanked for its whole long length with immense public buildings, looking so new and clean and flat, we feel something akin to regret that we should have conjured up, as our prescient impression, a *Strasse* hemmed in by towering and protrusive Teutonic gables, gibbous eaves, dormer-studded tile slopes, carved timber transoms, leaded glass façades, and quaint hammered iron signs; and, whilst we are vainly trying to obliterate this false picture, we almost forget to admire the great breadth of the *Burg* highway, the colossal dimensions of the buildings, or their imposing array. It is not that the buildings are at fault; the coldness, the want of colour and of intricacy and ornament, is due entirely

to the *genre* of architecture chosen by the advisers of those ever-to-be-lauded patrons of art, the Maximilians and the Ludwigs.

We must not, however, complain of want of variety in the architecture of Munich as a whole. As we pedal along this *Strasse*, we might be on an enlarged *via* of Turin; its façades are Italian, its one end is spanned by a gate correctly Roman, the other is blocked by the *Feldherrenhalle*, which might be a corner of the *Piazza della Signoria*, in Florence. The *Residenz* is precisely what a Medici[1] would have built. The *Theatinerkirche*, to our right, is distinctly Italian, whilst the lofty towers of the *Frauenkirche*, rearing up behind, are Persian of aspect. Again, just beyond, on our left, the Opera House and its platz looks so modern and familiar that it might have just dropped in from Brussels; whilst a few more turns of the wheel and we are in a medieval market-place, the *Marienplatz*, with its old *Rathhaus*. In crossing the Maximiliansplatz, with its *Wittelsbachbrunnen*—now plenteously draped in icicles—we might be in Paris, before the colossal "Bavaria" we are in Greece, and, surely, nothing could be more truly Athenian than the *Propyläen*; whilst within the *basilica* of St. Boniface we might well be sheltering from the ardent effulgence of sunny Spain.

To do Munich's interiors, with their galaxy of art and vertu, is a big business—it took us twenty days. We feel we should be serving no useful purpose in accompanying our readers thither, for what is art to

[1] Florentine merchant princes.

one is mechanical to another; a masterpiece to one is mediocrity to another; what is ravishing to one is platitudinarian to another. That which quickens the heart-pulse of one leaves unswept the responsive heart-lute of another.

"Perfect taste," says Ruskin, "is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection; but why we receive pleasure from some forms and colours, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood."

Let us go to the other extreme of taste, and hasten to discuss samples of that which doubtless has done most to diffuse Munich's fame—among plebeians—beer.

Among the things of interest *à dehors* of art and sights unfamiliar to Englishmen to be found in Munich, of paramount interest and novelty undoubtedly are the brewhouses. Originally founded many centuries past by the monks, to whom the town itself owes its origin, these brewhouses, once of the most primitive build and rudest equipment, have by time, increase of population, and the thirsty palates of the Müncheners, grown to be of immense proportions.

Their interest to the stranger, however, arises chiefly from the fact that each brewery has attached to it a vast building adapted for the *consumption* of its products. These buildings, or *Bräuhaus-Kellers*, as they are called, are often capable of seating thousands, who, whilst sampling the *brew*, have the

additional pleasure on frequent occasions of listening to the inspiriting strains of fine military bands.

The Bavarians are a music-loving people, and perhaps their enjoyment of it is at its zenith when they can puff away their favourite weed from monstrous pendent pipes, the while contemplating a frothy potion on the board before them. This, be it mentioned, they are free to do at almost every place of amusement, except perhaps it be at the Opera. Even there, during every *entre act*, the *foyers* become *Keller*. Resplendent officers go clanking about, in one hand carrying several tall glasses, whilst large *Flaschen* of beer depend from a couple or more fingers. Perhaps on the other regimentally white-gloved hand are seen a couple of *Rauchfleisch* sandwich rolls *en route* for fair ones who need them —and well they may—for six or seven hours is a not uncommon time to be occupied in a Wagnerian representation.

Recurring to the *Bräuhäuser*, these, though of colossal dimensions, in their architectural design, their immensely thick walls, heavy arches, vaulted stone ceilings, their massive columns and sturdy beams, convey—as they are intended to do—the impression of a subterranean cellar as implied by their name.

The Münchener *Keller* are visited by every grade of society. High and low, rich and poor, alike sit down at oaken tables to quaff the foaming liquor from out of great stone jugs adorned with elaborately-ornamented pewter lids.

Among the vast *Keller* we visited, one of especial interest is the *Hofbräuhaus*, or Court brewhouse. Here the beer for the royal household is brewed—or, rather, dispensed—for in the great cellar on the ground-floor, with its motley crowd of Bavarian thirst-slakers, one is expected first to find one's *Bierkrug*, then to wash it at a fountain and trough, then to present it at the counter to be filled from one of the many huge tuns, and afterwards to take one's place, if—in the busy hours of the day—one can find one.

We must confess that this "getting the beer one's self" tickled us not a little, and we hastened to perform the not unpleasant operation. In doing so, certain well-known lines of Ingoldsby origin kept running in our mind:

"And you may go to Jericho or fetch the beer yourself,"

words, it will be remembered, addressed -- when there was a little fuss—by the acute, worldly-wise Mistress Brown—a Margate landlady—to her kind-hearted but o'er-confiding single-man lodger. Perhaps, therefore, a description in parodied verse—with apologies—of the *modus operandi* by which "you fetch the beer yourself" may not prove uninteresting.

THE COURT BREWHOUSE.

(*Das Hofbräuhaus.*)

Now, Mistress *Bräu*[1] seemed rather cross—there was an awful noise:
'T appeared she didn't like to wait on thirsty cyclist boys.

[1] *Bräu*=brew [or brewery].

'Tis true, good *Frau*, she gave us *plâts*[1], but as she rubbed the delft,
Said, "You may go to Jericho or fetch the *beer* yourself."

We did not go to Jericho; we went, just like the mob,
And changed a *Mark*,[2] all bright and stark, just like a brand-new "bob."
It wasn't so much for ourselves, as for that wayward child
Of curiosity—every blank thing to see—he couldn't "draw it mild."

So off we went, on 'venture bent, tho' did seem so very queer,
A-going along, the *restaurant*, for to fetch one's beer.
Now, first a tankard one must find, in which to get the potion,
Which to an English cyclist chap did seem a monstrous notion.

Tier upon tier—it was so queer, on a kind of dresser thing,
Hundreds of jugs—with different mugs,[3] but all of 'em tall and slim.
Beery without and beery within, just as they'd been stowed away,
"Give us a bath—don't stand and laugh!" their open mouths seemed to say.

So from the great long rows before one's nose a bride we quickly lifted,
To wed to our lips, and with very few sips her foaming nectar "shifted."
But stay! not so fast; we're explaining the last of this very comical play,
For next to choosing comes the ablusing, "th' Order of the Bath" to obey.

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[1] *Plâts*, simple dishes of various viands are served here.
[2] *Mark* is of the value of a shilling.
[3] The *Krüge*, or jugs, have different faces upon their lids.

Well, quite close to the dresser, as no doubt you may guess, a great font[1] in *pewter* is found.
You may *impewter* pun, but that's how it's done, with baptismal sponsors around.
Yes! there they stand, all mug in hand; their *waschen*[2] to make they hasten,
'Neath a pewter nose,[3] where fresh water flows incessantly into the basin.

Your mug spick and span, get your beer as you can; you're "called to the Bar" in a manner *de rigueur*.[4]
In a *queue* you stand, like folks in the Strand, cutting a most pe-*queue*-liar figure,
At a *Guichet comme Chemin de Fer*,[5] *zweiundzwanzig Pfennige*[6] count, on counter wet and bare,
And get your *Schoppe*[7] with foaming top, and you "know what it is to be there"!

Having purchased your *Schoppe*, what puzzles your *Kopf*[8] is to find a spot for your—ahem!—well, no matter.
So, jug in hand, mid motley band, you go down aisle *Rechts*[9] and up aisle *Links*,[10] bewildered by the awful clatter,
Till presently you spot a place for your "pot," and by it one for your—no matter;
So to anchor you come, all hazards won, to sit and listen to the guttural chatter.

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[1] A *Trog*, or washing-trough. [2] *Waschen*=washing.
[3] A row of six jets supply fresh water.
[4] There are iron railings, the same as those to be found in Continental railway-station booking-offices, to prevent overcrowding, and one must take one's place in the file or *queue* in order, and wait one's turn.
[5] Window like a railway booking-office.
[6] Twenty-two *Pfennige*—a little over twopence.
[7] *Schoppe*—the word used in calling for a mug of beer.
[8] *Kopf*=head. [9] *Rechts*=right hand.
[10] *Links*=left hand.

Around you a sea of Bavarian *Kopfs*, all in company with close-lidded *Schoppes*, and their hirsute appendages!
Some of 'em short, and some of 'em long, many with great big *casquettes*[1] on—a queer sight let us append it is.
The uniforms grand of the dear *Vaterland* mingle with "shabby genteels" less bold,
Whilst from near and afar you hear *Nein* and *Ja*, *'s Gott*, *'n Abend*, *Danke schön*, and *Ja wohl*.

Your *vis-à-vis*' Cadie is remarkably shady; next to him a smart Uhlan, with moustachios fair.
At your elbow, it may be, you find a faire ladye, with nothing whatever to cover her hair.[2]
The bright-coloured caps of the 'Varsity chaps[3]—as everywhere else—are here in galore.
A blonde *Mädchen* we note, with a cross at her throat, whilst in the corner's a "toper" beginning to snore.

With a clink and a "Prosit,"[4] each Bacchus' son goes it, lifting on high his earthenware dear;

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[1] The wearing of imposing-looking peaked caps, or *Mützen*, called by the French *casquettes*, many coloured and with shining leather crowns, is a characteristic of Continental towns. The tramway men, hotel porters, messengers, *portiers*, scavengers, etc., all don them.

[2] The ladies arrive in a head-dress, often very elaborate, of the Mother Hubbard type, or a simple, brightly-striped silk kerchief bound about the head. In either case the headgear is removed on entering, guard-robes and attendants being provided for this purpose.

[3] The University and *Polytechnicum* students all wear peaked *casquettes*—of every conceivable colour, but of identical shape.

[4] Before drinking, friends knock their jugs together, and, bowing, invariably pronounce the word "*Prosit!*" the English equivalent being "Your health!"

Then, lip to lip and lid to ear,[1] up goes the *Maass*,[2] and down goes the beer.
There's a constant roar of Teutonic tongues, hearty guffaws from Bavarian lungs, and a constant clicking of lids going down.[3]
Be you honest you'll say, if you go but one day, 'Pon my honour, there's nothing like this about "town."

Well! our feeble endeavour to mention whatever occurred to us as being most queer,
Like Topsy, has grown, and your time has flown, so really we feel we must stop it "right here."
The whole thing is strange, and makes a nice change, tho' if you can't jab the lingo you'll feel like a mouse;
Still, we trust you'll enjoy, without any alloy, a frequent visit to the *Hofbräuhaus*.

Bitt' schön: next time you go to Munich just drop into the Kell;
Give my respects to Fräulein X., and say I'm very well.[4]

All this, and more, one sees in making the *Bierreise*.[5] In our mind it left a conviction most unfavourable to our system of public amusements and Sabbath-keeping. Here one sees multitudes of happy faces, comfortably ensconced in suitable, well-warmed buildings, and supplied with a genuine beer, all listening to elevating music and dramatic sketches, their hearty applause testifying to their enjoyment.

[1] The handle must needs be so held that the lid of the mug covers one's ear.

[2] The *Maass* is a *Bierkrug* containing a *litre*, about equivalent to an English quart. A *Halbe* holds about a pint, and the *Quartel*—seldom served in Munich—half a pint.

[3] The lid is closed after every draught.

[4] A. R. Sennett.

[5] The tour of the brewhouses.

Most of these have been to church in the morning, and are of the workaday world.

Our thoughts turn to home and a raw December day, sleet falling incessantly through a depressing fog. A decent working-man—we still have a few—is sheltering—he is single, and hails from a "doss"-house—watching a "pub," longing for its doors to open. At last! and what a reception! A bare counter! To this he elbows his way, gulps down a "pot" of *strong* beer, and is promptly elbowed away again. This is not as it should be. It should be incumbent on every caterer to furnish proper accommodation — comfortable rooms, and he would quickly find it to his interest to provide suitable recreation also.

But here we are at *another Keller*. The leader violin is in the middle of a *reverie*. The multitude are held spellbound; perfect silence reigns. Not a single *Krug* lid is incautiously closed; the concluding strains die away in a silence as complete as it is decorous. Now the applause—and so vigorously given. "*Bravo! Bra—avo!! 'Rauss! 'Rr—rauss!!*"[1] Not a bit of it—bowing will *not* do—"*Da Capo! 'Capo!!*" we must have it *again*.

Amid this outburst of genuine enthusiasm, this scene of innocent enjoyment of harmless amusement, it is annoying to reflect that on the statute-book of Great Britain there still stands—kept there by the preponderance of priests in the "Upper House"—an ordinance which pronounces it illegal, if not criminal,

[1] Abbreviation of *Heraus*.

to provide such an entertainment as we may here enjoy. Nay, more: a mere lecture intended to teach that highest form of worship—the admiration and intelligent appreciation of natural phenomena—unhappily comes within this ultra-puritanic and dictatorial Act. Priest and progress never yet agreed; nevertheless—by plodding—progress always wins, and it will in this. The priest who is most popular, the pastor who does infinitely the most good—morally and physically—is the village parson who says to all, "Come to church in the morning, and go play cricket on the village green in the afternoon." That done openly is far better than "pitch-and-toss" on the sly.

The oft-quoted — sincerely and sarcastically — "Good old times" were superior in this regard. Then each hostelry had its "tap," or "common room," where food could be cooked, the draught leisurely partaken, and the pipe contentedly puffed. Year by year, however, we are becoming more "Continental," and things will improve. All honour, we say, to those enlightened English ladies who are steadily introducing the Gottenburg system —or any other, for that matter—so that workaday folk may shelter, rest, refresh, and recreate in comfort, and let us hope in an atmosphere, not only of tobacco, but also of chaste melody.

An English electrician once said it would be difficult indeed to gauge the *Beerostatic capacity* of the average Bavarian. Certain it is, however, that it would be found very large. An idea of what such

a one might—without clouding either his brain or his conscience—deem as his diurnal "allowance" may be gleaned from the fact that to the *Kellnerin* are allowed twelve quarts, to the *Kellermann* four gallons.

It goes without saying that if the fair *Mariechens* and *Hedwigs* have such an allowance, whilst *Fritz* and *Ludwig* are practically unstinted, that a burgher's own allowance must be very large. This leads us to wonder what may be the effect of this wholesale beer-drinking upon the citizens. Well, to look at them it would appear that its only effect is to make them round, robust, and rubicund. We are informed, however, that a disease peculiar to Bavarians has introduced itself, known as *Bierherz* (beer-heart); but whatever inconvenience in after-life *Bierherz* may have upon them, its consequences are certainly not so dire that their anticipation has any effect—deterrent or depressing—upon the jolly Müncheners.

Mariechen there—blonde and buxom—is certainly stout, but her step is elastic and sure, her movements vivacious, and both her eye and mien bright. Contrast this with the effect of gin-drinking among our own masses. The picture is too repulsive to contemplate, and, unhappily, is not confined to the Dickensonian watercress seller or the modern coster's Donah, but, taken by women in all grades of society, who, unhappily, are more prone to fly to it surreptitiously to temporarily numb their senses to trouble or sorrow, gin has more to answer for than all the beer drunk in Munich. In this form it is truly a devil's drug delusive.

"... An eminent Welsh poet, one Pyndar ap Tudor,
Was right in proclaiming '*Ariston men udor!*'
Which means 'The pure element
Is for man's belly meant!'
And that *gin's* but a *snare* of Old Nick the deluder!"

Gretchen craves nothing beyond her beer, and well is it for her. One wonders if she could do her work so well without it. And it is work! Here she comes, fleetly sailing down between the long rows of benches, her sturdy arms holding out before her no less than ten heavy *Krüge* of beer, not upon a tray, but merely by threading her fingers through their handles. You think she is intent upon her fetching and carrying, but you are wrong. She sees you; she sees your *Krug*, and the signal to her you have unwittingly displayed by leaving the lid open. With a "noch ein Bier" and a buzzard-like swoop, the *mädel* is away with your *maass*.

And when she goes home o' night, she finds a scrupulously-clean *Kammer*, with a snowy cloth spread, and a bright polished *Krug*-lid at her elbow, and the newspapers do not tell in the morning of drunken violence, paraffin lamps used as missiles, surgeons, strapping, and police-court proceedings. These, the poet tells us, would not happen upon good beer.

"For the want of a drop of good beer
Drives lots to tipple more dear,
And they licks their wives
And destroys their lives,
Which they would not ha' done upon beer."

But Munich beer is not a "tipple," as dram-

drinking Mrs. Gamp would have said—it is "wittles and drinkables togither." Beer is older than the good monks of *Munich*a—as the country hereabouts was called in their time. Xenophon speaks of "barley wine," Herodotus lauds the "wine made from barley" drunk by the Egyptians, yet it has not destroyed the world. We are incompetent to say whether the beverage of Munich should be styled beer or ale; we will therefore "hop" it over lightly.

The quantity of *Lager* consumed in these *Keller* is enormous. At the beginning of the century the Müncheners annually reserved some 25,000 gallons; to-day a million and a quarter scarce suffice. But Munich is the capital of Bavaria, and the kingdom of Bavaria is the centre of the beer-brewing interests of Europe. It is here that this beverage is found in almost lavish quantities, and as absolutely pure in quality as it is possible to be made, for the laws regulating the brewing and sale of beer are so strict, and are so rigidly enforced, as to render adulteration impracticable. Beer is regarded by the Bavarians, not merely as a beverage, but as a part of the food of the people, and, consequently, no pains are spared to keep the same positively free from impurities. The local laws provide for the closing of all other places of business on certain holidays and during certain hours of Sunday, but no law whatever makes it necessary for the beer-restaurant proprietor to close his doors at any time—Sunday, or any other day; any effort to enact or enforce such a law would, it is said, meet with the most lively opposition from the people. The beer is sold everywhere throughout

the kingdom according to measure; no one who offers beer for sale dare use anything but the standard glass controlled by the Government, holding exactly half a litre (·88 of an imperial pint). The glass, to be genuine, must bear a mark near the top with the fraction "½" engraven on. There are, of course, ¼-litre and whole-litre glasses, but these must also bear the marks and figures to indicate the size.[1]

The ordinary price asked for a half-litre of beer is 12 pfennige—about 1½d. The price was fixed more than twenty years ago, when the Government made the change in its currency from guldens to marks. This, of course, is the retail price, the price at which the restaurants furnish the beer to their customers.

The statistics bearing upon the beer industry of the country are interesting. According to the latest official returns, there are in Bavaria 10,718 firms or individuals who brew beer. This number includes the regular brewers, or those who brew for the general market; the *commun* brewers, or those who take turns at the same brewery, and brew the beer they consume in their own restaurants; and *Haus* brewers, or those who brew for their own private use and not for sale. The number of regular breweries is 4,396, *commun* breweries 594, but the number of *Haus* breweries is not given.

These breweries brewed altogether, in the year 1895 (the statistics for that year being the latest published), 16,093,310 hectolitres, or 354,053,000 gallons of beer. Of this enormous quantity, 13,621,000

[1] The penalty for not filling a beer-glass to the limit is £25 fine and two weeks' imprisonment.

hectolitres (299,662,000 gallons) were consumed in Bavaria, and the remainder exported. The beer is made from barley, malt and hops, and in the brewing of the 354,000,000 gallons there were used 156,000,000 gallons of malt. The tax on this malt paid by the brewers to the Government amounted in the aggregate, in 1895, to £2,000,000.

The quality of the beer depends, of course, very largely on the quality of the hops used, and as this varies constantly and considerably, as shown by the price, it can be readily seen that to produce good beer no little skill and care are necessary in selecting this ingredient. The poorer grades of hops are not generally used, for as almost everyone in Bavaria is a judge of good beer, the brewer who would seek to profit by using a cheaper and poorer grade of hops would soon lose his business. The quantity of alcohol contained in the beer consumed is from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent., but the export beer contains from 6 to 8 per cent. It is necessary to brew the latter stronger in order that it may stand transportation.

There is a stringent law relating to the brewing and sale of beer. This law requires that "braun" beer, or the ordinary beer consumed in Bavaria, as well as exported, shall be made from barley, malt, hops, yeast, and water, and that no other ingredients shall be used, and if a brewer be found violating its provisions he shall be subjected to a fine ranging from 180 to 540 marks (£2 to £27), and, in addition, his beer will be confiscated and destroyed. This law is rigidly enforced. All beer is carefully examined

and analyzed by the Government officials, and it is therefore a matter of impossibility for the wrongdoer to escape.

There is no controverting the fact that to drink Bavarian beer in perfection one must go to Munich. So well is this appreciated that the inability to bring forth a "brew" of equal merit has given rise to heartburnings in more than one capital. Not alone have true Bavarian hops, malt, and barley been requisitioned elsewhere, but even water wherewith to brew them has, we believe, been transported from Munich to Berlin, to Paris, and elsewhere, but all to very poor avail. The cause of failure has, moreover, been diligently searched for, but is not considered to have been found amongst any of the ingredients, solid or liquid. Hence, in these microbic days of ours, it is not surprising to be told that success, in aggravating isolation, alone finds a diffused dwelling in the keen air of ancient Munich, hidden in the invisible forms of myriad Aerobic, Bacchus-loving germs.

That well-fed monks—burly and beery—had much to do with the introduction of this luxury here has been historically established; but if local legends are to be trusted, aristocratic fame was accorded to it, and its virtues proclaimed aloud through the wayward offices of a certain little brew-house-bred, monk-reared cherub.

Surely no visitor to the town of Munich could fail to have been struck with the constantly cropping up of a jolly, chubby-faced little gnome, or baby monk, in gown and capuchin. Sometimes he appears to be

a demure little man, with folded arms and a big Bible, with a big gold cross upon it, somewhat ostentatiously displayed, or his left arm is outheld to display the holy writ, and his right raised, with two fingers upward pointing, as if perennially administering a blessing, which, doubtless, he has the precocity to consider he actually does.

In that attitude he represents the city sign. But more often he looks decidedly more frolicsome; he then holds in his right hand, outstretched, a foaming *Bierkrug*, whilst within his left arm he bunches up against his little cassocked breast some fine specimens of black and white radishes, such as the thirsty Müncheners are wont to nibble as they quaff their *Lager*. In that guise—still with robe and capuchin—he represents Munich brewhouses. This bright-faced little rascal is the *Münchner-Kindl*, and the story of his little life we feel we had better tell as nearly as possible in the words of the native legend.

The Munich Mannikin.

In the same place as the Munich of to-day lies, our dear, old, great national town, long years ago a forest, was standing, much older, much bigger, and hardly less loved, and its tree-tops glittered in the red evening light, as now do the towers of the *Frauen-Kirche*, and the *Saar* rushed by then also as it does to-day. In those days came some monks from *Tegernsee* and *Schefflarn*, and they erected a monastery on this particular spot of earth, and called it *Altheim* (Old

Rome), and they discovered salt and opened salt-mines, and built a bridge to carry it across the *Saar* upon, and charged toll to others, and others joined the young colony until it became quite a pleasant spot to live in, and from these monks, or *Mönchen*—the first settlers—the name Munich was given.[1]

But their industry brought thirst—as happens to most people, whether monks or laity—and this thirst teased and troubled them, so a particularly clever young couple, who had lately arrived in the new place, set up a brewhouse and a cellar. The brewing couple had a lively little boy, who laughed on his arrival in the world with clear, sunny, blue eyes, and stretched out a chubby pair of sturdy little arms.

From the very cradle he was a genuine Munich child. On the occasion of his baptism he had as godfather a comrade of the parents, who worked in the brewhouse, but who was as poor as a church mouse. He had nothing but a tin-can to call his own, and this he gave as a godfather's present to the little chap, who stretched out his chubby arms from the cradle, seized it with both fists, stuck to it, and would take nourishment from nothing but the inside of this his baptismal pot—this metal *Bierkrug*. Even at night he declined, with vociferous cries, to allow it to be removed from his cot, and seemed to sleep in placid content with his jug companion in his arms. So he and his godfather's present became veritably inseparable.

The little urchin grew apace, but still the *Krug*

[1] *Mönch* = monk.

remained his favourite toy. With it he fetched beer from his father's *Bierkeller*, with it he watered the radishes in his mother's garden, by him it became a vessel of universal utility and affectionate solicitude, and, indeed, the *Kindl* would never let it out of his hands.

As he grew up he developed a great fondness for knavish tricks, and so, trusting to inculcate discipline within him, his father sent him to school with the Altheimer monks; but if he thought his son would forget his roguish games and escapades there, he was quite mistaken. By means of his little "larks" he nearly worried the good monks to death. Once, when they gave their cassocks to be mended, he sewed up the sleeves so that they could not get their hands through, and laughed at them from a safe corner. Another time he found a pair of rusty spurs, and fastened them on to the Abbot's sandals, binding on a mocking rhyme written on parchment:

"Stachelsporn am Sandelschuh—
Trag's nur liebes Aebtlein Du!
Stehet auch die Ritterfier
Wunderlich und seltsam Dir:
Passt's nicht hinten, trag' es vorn—
Sandelschuh am Stachelsporn."

He also fixed little bells to the points of the monk's capuchins, the sound of which puzzled them much until they found out the cause. Another time he changed a coffin—in which one of the brothers insisted on sleeping—into a cradle, by fixing rockers on below, so that the poor, old, queer-tempered

monk could not sleep a wink all night, for he felt quite "at sea" through the joint influence of *Lager* and larks. He amused himself by changing the violet seeds for the monastery garden to salad roots, to the utter astonishment of the gardener-monks.

Once, to punish him for his wild ways, the cellar-monk mixed the boy's vesper wine with vinegar; but he had tried it on the wrong youngster, for he was soon even with him. The child dressed up a hollowed-out gourd to represent a weird face, put lighted candles in it, so that the flickering eyes were simply terrifying; this he placed on the top of the barrel, so that the would-be punitive monk, who came to get the supper beer, when he saw it, was nearly bereft of his wits and fled discomfited, his knees shaking beneath him. He tampered no more with the youngster's vesper potion.

Another time when the monks' cells were being painted out in frescoes of the Apostles, after long begging, he managed to get a hand in it, and painted caricatures of his fellow monks instead, so that it was difficult to paint over them. Moreover, he painted animals in the cloister Prayer-Book, whilst in a book of Aristotle's logic he put a branch of hops, saying: "More than Aristotle love I hops, and my thoughts arise from their brown liquor." Another time, on Ash Wednesday, he "helped" the baker—a jolly dog—and the face of the bottle-nosed Abbot appeared on each matutinal roll, whereat the rest laughed consumedly. Another time he changed a great bouquet of roses intended for the Abbot to

one composed of small and large red-and-white radishes.

As he grew older he stuck up witty—but personal—verses on the monastery walls in feigned handwritings, so that at last the monks themselves rebelled against this rebellious little wag, and packed him off back—lock, stock, barrel, and beer-jug—to his father. In doing so, and doubtless in reference to his tuition, or want of it, they are said to have made use of the now prevalent German expression: "Hops and malt wasted; there is nothing further to be done."

Back again with his parents, he by no means desisted from his antics, but, on the contrary, continued them for the delectation of the guests in his father's *Bierkeller*. There he continued to wear his little dark-brown monk's gown and yellow cassock, and his lively moods and queer tricks brought custom to his father's house, so that eventually he—little gown, cassock, capuchin, beer-mug, radishes, all complete—came to be set up at the corner of the *Keller* as the sign of the house.

That is all very pretty! But how came he to figure in the arms of the city of Munich? Well, this is what legend tells: When he had grown up somewhat he became—need we record it—a staunch advocate for Münchener beer, and it happened that a certain august and powerful nobleman, the Duke of—but under the circumstances we will not mention names—fell seriously ill. The skill of all the leeches and apothecaries availed nothing, and things were

very grave—except our little Münchener Kindl—and he obtained permission to show his jolly little face beside the Duke's bedside. But he did not go empty-handed; his inevitable beer-mug was in his hand, and in his mug a foaming draught of Münchener. This he offered to the Duke, saying: "My brew will bring everybody back to health and strength; it repels illness just as a strong young *goat* repels his adversary." It did—so runs the legend—bring the Duke back to health and strength, and from this fact our dear little Münchener Kindl figures in the various civic coats of arms. There we see him to this day, his bright, saucy eyes beaming out beneath his perkily-placed cowl. Bible in hand, and fingers up-pointing, he truly blesses and sheds good fortune on this queer old beer-brewing town of Munich. In the medallions of the many brewhouses, where we see him also always ready to offer us a radish and a draught of sparkling Munich beer, the festive, skittish "goat," to which he referred, also figures in the arms. But "goat" in German is "bock," and is that not what we cyclists call for for each other—the Continent over to-day—though centuries have elapsed since the foaming draught was taken to the bedside of the noble Herzog by the *Münchener Kindl.*

Fellow-cyclist, give *grauss nach die Kindl!* "*GESUNDHEIT*" to us, and to you we say, "*PROSIT!*"

NUREMBERG.

The guide-books considerately caution visitors to be provided with an ample supply of warm clothing ere visiting Munich, situated, as it is, on a high plateau 1,600 feet above sea-level—the great Bavarian plain—and it wanted but a day or two to Christmas Day when, at 6 a.m., we sallied forth upon it, our handle-bar steering for the old town of Nuremberg. We felt both the wisdom of the guide-books and the chill blast across the plateau ; but this chilled us not so much as the sight—at that early hour—of poor old decrepit, rag-swathed women employed in endeavouring to extricate the iron-like mud from the tramway lines. "I wish that all the women of Germany could die for a time!" exclaimed to me an old English lady, in a burst of indignation at treatment she had seen meted out to some of her Teutonic sisters ; "then, and not until then, would Germans be taught how to treat them." But where one cannot assist, one must perforce pass on. As the crisp white mantle crackled beneath us, we thought of "th' untrodden snow" of Linden, once so profusely arabesqued into gory pattern on that same plain at Hohenlinden, and was not "Iser rolling rapidly" still—as on that day—by our side? The plain we need not describe, except to mention that one's thoughts were constantly bent towards Kentish scenes in passing between great expanses thickly studded with hop-poles. It was after a truly exhilarating and health-imparting run that we drew up before the ancient walls of *Nürnberg*.

Nuremberg

The Toy-shop of the World.

Perhaps the most interesting—medievally speaking—of all the towns we have visited is Nuremberg, which, from being in the Middle Ages one of the richest cities of Europe—both in intrinsic wealth and in aristocratic splendour—has now, after experiencing a low ebb of the tide of fortune, become of such importance commercially as to merit the above cognomen. Of its origin little is known more than, that long centuries back, a strong and imposing castle was reared on an eminence commanding the river Pegnitz, the advantageous position of which we shall appreciate when we roam between its venerable towers and walls. There we may endeavour to picture it just as it stood, quite alone, with nothing—far as the eye could carry—but flat and undulating, tree-covered lands on the one and the other side, and the great Bavarian plain stretching away southwards as far as where then stood the monasteries and embryo brewhouses where now stands Munich. Winding peacefully along, not far from its then white ramparts, was the clear river, and between the two arose, subsequently, the handsome *Kirchen*, which we shall visit and enjoy.

In those days castles constituted towns, and little in the way of human habitation was to be seen without their frowning and apparently impregnable walls. As population increased, however, extramural domiciles were required, but these obviously could not be built and left exposed to the onslaughts and depreda-

tions of nomadic marauders or hostile feudal lords; they must perforce be reared under the shadow of the protecting *Schloss*. Moreover, the dwellers therein could not subsist without water, and therefore it is not surprising to find documentary evidence of the first houses having been built around the churches, and between the castle and the river. The oldest document is dated 1050, and from it we learn that about that time the town received from Heinrich II. the freedom of a market, and the right of levying duties as well as of coining money.

The ideal spot for an ancient fortress would appear to have been, first and foremost, a commanding eminence for the castle base, the more precipitous on at least three sides the better. Were the fourth more gently sloping it would be advantageous, by reason of its affording easy ascent and access to the Schloss for inhabitants and friends, whilst entailing the defence of but one approach against enemies. This we find exemplified frequently in towns in which the castle is perched high upon a ridge or, better still, monticle, and in conjunction with which the walls of the town run like a pair of horns from either extremity of its own ramparts down to the banks of the river. Such a disposition will inevitably recall Freiburg and Morat (Switzerland), whilst here we have the same before us. It may be remarked that the ramparts at the former town do not terminate at the river brink; true, but once they did, until the exigencies of an increasing population and a growing town forced the inclusion of another

segmental patch of land under cover of arrow-proof battlements.

Nuremberg—which could not have been very large at that time—was nearly destroyed in 1105 by the Emperor Heinrich V., to be reconquered some twenty years later by the Emperor Lothar, who appointed officials called "Burggrafen" to govern it as his consuls or deputies. Another twenty years saw it an Imperial residence, for the Emperor Konrad III. took up his residence in it. After much oscillation on the part of the pendulum of war, the town appears to have arrived at about its present *intra*-mural size about the middle of the fourteenth century; then it was that the market-place was extended, the "beautiful fountain" built, the paving of the streets commenced, and the first stone bridge built. On the occasion of a Diet held in 1356, much of the "Goldene Bulle"—comprising the fundamental laws of the empire—was adopted. By this the town acquired the prerogative that every German Emperor was to hold his first Diet within it.

This may be considered as the beginning of Nuremberg's aristocratic period. The principal churches were then built, the Imperial insignia and relics transferred hither, and the town enriched by the transfer of important forest rights to it. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in addition to its being a Court town, commerce and trades were flourishing, whilst arts and sciences were encouraged and at their zenith, for then were found at work

within its walls such men as Albrecht Dürer—a master hand at painting, designing, wood-engraving alike—the great German painter, Michael Wohlgemut, his master; Adam Krafft, the sculptor; Peter Vischer, the bronze-founder; Veit Stoss, the wood-carver; Wenzel Jamnitzer, the goldsmith; Veit Hirsvogel, the glass-painter; whilst there lived there also Martin Behaim, the navigator, who constructed the first globe; Willibald Pirkheimer, the learned Regiomontan; and the famous poet and Meistersinger, Hans Sachs. We shall visit the house of the former and hear more of the others.

Towards the middle of the sixteenth century the effects of doubling the Cape of Good Hope began to be felt by this commercial town; its trade with Venice and the Netherlands began to decline, and with it the wealth and power of its citizens. The *puissance* of the Government declined and degenerated into oligarchy, the moral power of the Senate being now but feeble. The last effort of the Government—a mistaken one—the building of the great Town Hall, only served to involve the town in debt, whilst the Thirty Years' War, destroying the remnants of commercial activity, dealt a heavy blow to the town. A flicker of its old brilliant flame illumined it in 1649, on the occasion of the ratification of peace, but only to present the last pomp and splendour of the erstwhile powerful city. After this the town found itself in debt, and its embarrassments were such that it was well for it that it ultimately became incorporated —in 1808—into the kingdom of Bavaria.

It is always interesting to learn that a town was *once* surrounded entirely by such ancient *murielles de guerres* and *bastions*, but at the same time it is tantalizing when their sites have been largely built over, and their surroundings so changed that it requires a strong effort of the imagination to rebuild them. Here we require no imagination at all, for there they are—walls and towers alike—before us, behind us, around us, on all sides of us, but it is rare indeed that we can light upon a Nürnberg, a Frieburg, or a Morat. How interesting the walls are, in the majesty of their carefully-wrought masonry, of creamy hue, subdued by the rain-lavings of ages—with their narrow slits and cruciform arrow *brochures* —and surmounted by a continuous roof of once vermilion tiles—with their unfamiliar pointed or curved lower edges—now toned down by the gentle brush of time through many a shade from almost the original brightness to the near black of to-day. What quaint things the towers are, too, at every few yards rising up from the continuous wall, all of them roofed in old tiles! Scarcely two are alike; some are round, some square—one pentagonal—some hexagonal—some octagonal—the roofs of some are squat, of most acute, of some spirated, of some gabled.

Longfellow thus describes Nuremberg:

"In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rocks that round them throng :
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.
In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;
On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart :
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.
Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!
Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers chanting rude poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime:
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laugh'd.
But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.
And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.
Vanish'd is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.
Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.
Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay :
Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil."

As we stroll along the outer edge of the moat, now protected by a dwarf stone wall, we are recalled to pre-railway times by encountering a handsome monument—near the Ludwig Station—on which is a bronze panel representing an old-time station, from which is steaming out, amid the plaudits of a crowd in old-time garb, a train—of "uncovered" and "covered" carriages—drawn by an old-time locomotive, recalling at once "Geordie" Stephenson's "Rocket." A soldier is doing his best to keep the public off the line, and this recalls the sad incident of the otherwise joyous opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway—in 1832—when the above-mentioned "puffer" knocked down and killed poor Huskisson. This monument commemorates the opening of the first German railway—between this town and Fürth—the *true* toy manufactory.

Bearing round to the right and rising, we soon find ourselves opposite the Hallerthor, where another rises up all by itself from the bottom of the moat. The fortifications, not to be stopped by such a mere trifle as a river, here span the Pegnitz by a graceful arch, through which we see a suspension bridge—for its *genus*—also of great age.

You cannot get into Nuremberg without crossing the moat—some 100 feet wide and 50 feet deep—and passing a portal. We will therefore invite the reader to go with us again into this quaint old town, by taking the little timber bridge under the great round tower known as the *Frauenthor*, for we put up at the Würtembergerhof, and this is just opposite. In thickness the wall—pretty black here—is in character with the tower, and we see various staircases, where the warriors ascended to the space provided for them beneath its roof, just as we saw and mounted them at Morat. Passing through a kind of courtyard, we find ourselves in a broad street, which has also just entered by another and larger gate. On our left is a great medieval building—a giant's barn—with quaintly-groined gable end and a huge roof containing an array of no less than six tiers of "dormer" windows, or rather shutters. The width of the street here suggests it as of but youthful age. Everything cannot be old, but everything may be old in style, and we should be ungracious were we not to congratulate the good Nurembergers on their excellent taste in designing their new erections in such wise as to harmonize with their more ancient ones. We have not far to seek for an example, for just opposite is the new *Deutscher Kaiser;* although young, he doesn't look incongruous, by reason of the style of his architecture, for does it not possess its old-day roof —acute in batter and replete with its rows of dormers, pushing themselves out between the pointed tiles? On a caubald of its coign stands a Virgin and

child, overhung by an extinguisher, which we dreaded might fall and extinguish*er* before we had time to get a good look at her.

With every step now the street gets narrower. Before us we see rising boldly yet gracefully the two towers of the *Laurenze Kirche*, as they have done since the end of the twelfth century—or perhaps we ought to say that of the fourteenth—for it took two centuries to build the venerable pile. We are now before its handsome *façade*, and cannot fail but to be impressed by the beauty and richness of its fine rose window, its beautifully niched and carved tympanum above, and its graceful fretted work and open-roof balustrading.

In travelling from country to country one cannot but feel that the character of their—or their former—inhabitants is faithfully revealed in the works they execute, or their forefathers may have executed. Contrast, for example, the honesty of workmanship of this pile before us and the thoroughness displayed in its completion. Integrity is engraven upon every stone and finial without, on every boss and caubold within. But was not integrity of purpose a characteristic of the men of art and handicraft we have mentioned? Here we have a church ornate and imposing without, chaste and beautiful within. The very *genre* of such monuments of skill and industry is in keeping with the sober phlegmacy, the indomitable perseverance, of these medieval workers. On the other hand, the churches of Italy are too often slovenly without and gaudy within, consonant with the laxity and love of display of their builders.

Having admired the intricate workmanship of its fine gable and ornate portal, its massy towers and lofty but graceful spires shooting up some 250 feet skywards, we enter, to find ourselves beneath three lofty, gracefully-proportioned naves, whose warm, creamy hue has mellowed by centuries into a most acceptable tone, relieved by most effective, naturally-formed striations on the walls, and beautiful clustered and foliated piers of early Gothic design. We notice that the contour of the organ has been so arranged that the fine window is but little obscured when viewed from the high altar, a detail so often improperly carried out.

There is so much to admire in the edifice itself, but words assist little; they cannot explain the effective groinings of the choir, nor the entrancing hues of the very ancient and lovely stained-glass—(1450-1490)—nor set up in one's mind the slightest tinge of that pleasurable sensation—a merging of reverence with admiration—which one experiences in standing within an edifice built of good—though it may be mistaken—intent, reared by the honest toiler, embellished by minds whose work is their worship, sanctified by the prayers of multitudes, honoured by years.

But apart from this, the Laurenzerkirche contains several *chefs-d'œuvre* of the master workers of medieval Nurnberg. A more beautiful Gothic candelabra than that of Peter Vischer, which weighs nearly 500 pounds, and was cast by him in bronze as early as 1489, it would be difficult to find. The fine crucifix,

containing in its flowers figures of the Apostles, is commandingly placed upon a transom representing the rainbow. The Ciborium, 400 years old, which took seven years to execute, is in our opinion one of the most gloriously effective pieces of sculpture we have ever met with. It is the work of the celebrated Adam Krafft. The Pix is carried upon the kneeling effigies of Krafft and his two assistants, the former carrying the tools of his handicraft. The panels represent Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, and as a corona to these tympani is a magnificently-wrought sculptured lacework representing the crown of thorns, composed of many blocks of sandstone keyed together by invisible iron ties, an exquisite specimen of the habile craftsman's skill. Superposed, and rising with utmost grace to a height of over seventy feet, is an exquisite pierced-work Gothic pinnacle—a pinnacle finished in a most unusual manner, for although provided with a finial in the usual manner, its delicately-slender extremity is reticulated, being so curved as to present the appearance of a bishop's crozier, although Longfellow saw in it a resemblance to the crest of a fountain. One's curiosity is aroused to account for this quaint treatment. Some aver that its significance is that the office of Christ as Shepherd is the crown of the work of salvation. It might have been that the design was found to be too lofty, but we feel that a legend attaching to this superb piece of handicraft gives a very tangible explanation.

This Ciborium was the gift to the church of a

wealthy burgher, one Hans von Smhoff. During the interviews consequent upon the drawing up of the agreement with Adam Krafft—which contract, by the way, appears to have been a queer instrument—and certainly not very binding upon the prospective benefactor—for the cost of the work was not to exceed 700 florins, but if he were dissatisfied with it, he was at liberty to pay as much less as he chose; but in this relation, however, it is gratifying to learn that so contented was the patron with his craftsman that he paid seventy florins in excess of the contract sum. During such interviews Adam fell in love with his patron's daughter. The latter's father, it would appear, was not indifferent to the supplications of the young workman. Nevertheless, he seems to have sought to secure temporary evasion by setting the ardent worker and lover a task beyond his ability, for he promised him that, should he succeed in erecting an edifice higher than the neighbouring column, he should be rewarded with the coveted hand of his daughter.

Poor Adam, downcast at the result of his interview, retired to the garden to ponder upon his work, and whilst there fell asleep and dreamed a pleasant dream of success, wherein, as a central figure, he saw a lovely rose whose handsome head was too weighty for its stem; for this it had drawn over in a graceful curve. Why should not his work have a stem higher than the column, and be, like it, gracefully reticulated? The confiding Marguerite—for such was the young lady's name, though in loving defer-

ence to her Adam she changed it to Eve at his expense, seven gulden—was admitted to the secret, and loyally did she wait and watch the progress of the work for seven long years, until, on its completion, the Gordian knot was tied within this same sacred edifice.

Veit Stoss, the wood-carver, has a fine memento here in the "Angels' Salutation," in the choir, the largest of his carvings extant, whilst Albrecht Dürer is represented in several of the figures. A fine piece of artistic work is the staircase, executed in 1519, which leads from the lower to the upper sacristy, and there terminates in a gallery which runs, like a pierced-work frieze, around.

The vivacious old Frau, who so volubly gave details, was proud of many happenings in her church: one that Luther preached in it, on one occasion being accompanied by Melanchthon, who, having mounted the pulpit, descended without uttering a word, for, said he, "I felt choked with nervousness at such a sea of faces." But he was promptly sent back by Luther, who said: "Go up again and preach just as if they were dolls." Luther, we know, was not easily disconcerted, and his advice was very sound—namely, to lose one's sense of self in the depth of one's energy.

Another episode upon which she prided herself was that the "Herzog" Irving and Frauline Ellen Terry had visited the church for the purpose of scenically reproducing it. Here, she explained, was Faust to enter, by that door Margarita, whilst

Mephistopheles would approach by the aisle and hide behind that column, etc.

Most of Nuremberg's streets are steep, many tortuous, and all are medieval of aspect. Continuing along the Koenig's Strasse and over the Pegnitz, we are soon in the *Hauptmarkt.* This market-place, one of the largest in Germany, at once takes us back to the Middle Ages; indeed, its appearance to-day is striking, like the aspect it wore many centuries past —a square of quaint gables and irregular façades. At one end stands the venerable and richly-carved Frauenkirche, at one corner rears up in Gothic grace the slender, tapering pinnacle of the "beautiful fountain."

To-day, however, the ancient Marktplatz is dressed in an exceptional garb. It is Christmas Eve, the roofs are thickly laid with spotless snow, it lines every ridge upon the ancient fronts, it lies a white pall on every caubold and crossbeam, it clusters like white cushions in every cranny and mullion coign. Alice would indeed dream herself in Wonderland, for it is one vast bazaar of toys; avenue flanks avenue of canvas-roofed stalls, all aglow with the bright colours of heaped-up toys and pendant decorations, in vivid contrast to the virgin snow, the eve of the feast proclaimed by every available space being filled with a miniature forest of Christmas-trees, shooting up from temporary blocks of wood. To-day it is a veritable feast for the eyes of the youngsters. Where can these hundreds of little trees go to? How can these thousands of toys be utilized? one is

tempted to ask; but it is all explained by the fact that *no* German household would be without its Christmas-tree—rather would it forego the Christmas dinner.

It would be impossible to mention a fraction of the myriad toys produced in and around the old town, from the small wares at a few pfennige per gross to large and expensive ones, such as goats who ride tricycles, and beat drum and cymbals as they go, life-size babies, who wish their baby-mothers *gute nacht* when they are put to bed. The tinsel was displayed to as great advantage as in the transformation scene of a pantomime; it hung in long rows, like a fairy cascade, from the snow-covered eaves of the booths, and glinted and scintillated in the bright winter sun, instead of the limelight, not alone in gold and silver, but in every colour of the rainbow. Festoons of the bright, every-coloured glass balls, which lend such *éclat* to the tree of Noël, swayed in the keen breeze; whilst, as provision for the hour when the sun has gone to rest, and on ordinary days the "dustman" would have come to the eyes of the happy youngsters, were millions of coloured candles, which the adult children — for all are children on that day—will be implored to light up long before it is dark.

The dolls' little inanimate bodies seemed in danger of being crushed by the weight of every kind of toy "made to hang." Some of the young sapling conifers were, indeed, ready dressed in their Christmas finery. Well-dressed young ladies, apparently of Norwegian

nationality, elbowed clowns and punchinellos as they hung from the tree, gazing in vacant astonishment at huge 'Father Christmas," in a heavy snow-besprinkled brown overcoat, from every pocket of which baby boys and girls and other queer things were surreptitiously escaping. To-morrow down will go blinds and up will go shutters, all prematurely, to add to the theatrical effect of the revels of Santa Claus.

Poor little youngsters! their little brains are almost turned when in the maze of "joujoux" at a Christmas display at the *Grande Magazins de Louvre* or *Bon Marché*. What would they be here! and how *could* they choose from such bewildering variety, from "goodies" all put up in pretty translucent coverings, through which one could read the amorous messages one would send by sweetmeat-post to another, to say nothing of the true-hearts and sugar engagement rings? Armies of soldiers, depôts of accoutrements, helmets, breastplates, belts, swords, and scimitars, which they could themselves buckle on, drums and fifes, bugles, balloons, and pipes of Pan. Horses that went on wheels, big enough for them to mount and dismount—with vocal accompaniment; little horses on square grass plots, artfully concealing the miniature wheels, and whips to drive them with—and to drive Alice to tears when poor "gee-gee" is whipped with a vigour that upsets everything, especially "gee-gee." Rifles that won't go off, and violins which are happily mute; mouth "harmonicons" incapable of harmony, and accordians to be played *accordian* to child fancy; soldiers and sailors, ships and boats,

carriages and waggons—toys that would take a few extra happy minutes to break.

But what for the she-mites? Why, dolls in galore! All sorts and conditions of dolls; lady dolls and peasant dolls, dolls with clothes on and dolls "mit noddings on." Dolls in wedding gowns and dolls in sombre gowns, dolls robust and chubby, dolls pretty and *fragile*, wood dolls and wax dolls, dolls that went to sleep, others that woke up and said "Mamma"—they seem to say that the world over. Dolls for show and dolls for use, utilitarian dolls that won't break, but are used to break others with, cheap dolls that could not be accused of tight lacing, or possessing any figure beyond that of a banister-stick. And such elaborate residences for them to live in, furnished from roof to cellar, not forgetting the *batterie de cuisine!*

But mothers and fathers want things, and there are all things mothers and fathers can possibly want—great *sabots*, great smocks, rolls of linen and stuff, baskets, brushes, bacon, cheese, and provisions of all kinds—around the edge of the quaint old *Hauptmarkt*. The stalls were presided over by old dames, with striped aprons, mittens, and varied headgear, looking much as they must have done centuries ago, and talking like it, it may be, for, as they chatted volubly among themselves, or expatiated to us on their wares, we understood never a word.

The toy-trade may be traced back to the Middle Ages; it is the predecessor of the doll-trade, which

is of a much later date. Simple as a doll may appear at first sight, the work needed for its completion is complicated. The commonest kind of doll now in the market is the one which goes under the name of "wax doll." Its trunk is made of cheap shirting, stuffed with sawdust; its legs and arms and head are usually of *papier-maché*, the last having a thin wax covering; a coarse shirt completes this very poor and simple style of doll, and yet many hands have been engaged in getting it ready. Certain workmen make the arms and legs, either by cutting them out of wood or by moulding them of *papier-maché;* others arrange the limbs in flat wooden boxes, which are put near the stove or in the sun to dry; others dip the arms and legs into a basin containing red dye, to give them a flesh-like appearance; others sew, cover, and stuff the doll; others paint the eyebrows, lips, and hair; if the last be not merely indicated by paint, mohair is glued on. The manufacture of the glass eyes, as well as the fixing of the same in the head, is again done by different people, and all the parts are put together by a small manufacturer, who usually lives in the town, and to whom the workmen engaged in the manufacture of parts of dolls carry the product of their weekly toil.

Model dolls are quite similar to the wax dolls, with the exception that they are provided with heads made entirely of wax. In the manufacture of mat dolls, the limbs and head are dipped into a solution which is supposed to make them washable. The making of fine doll wigs must be considered an art by itself.

Mohair, which is imported in large quantities from England, is used in this manufacture; sometimes human hair is employed, but the latter material being expensive, its use will always be limited.

The consumption of china bisque heads is very large, and about a dozen factories are engaged exclusively in manufacturing them, two new ones having recently been built. The material out of which china heads are made consists of china-clay, quartz sand, felspar, and kaolin. These materials are put into iron drums and mixed, ground between flint stones and wetted. The mixture is filled into hollow gypsum "forms," and remains long enough to allow part of the mass to settle on the inner surface of the mould and become firm. The remainder is poured out again, and the gypsum moulds, which consist of two parts, are removed, leaving the china heads in their unfinished state. Before they have become quite hard, all roughness is removed from the surface, and the spaces for the mouths and eyes are cut out. Next the heads are exposed in ovens to an intense heat for about three days; they are then painted and placed for a few hours in another kind of oven, so that the paint is burnt in. The glass eyes are blown out of tubes, held over a strong gas-flame; they are connected by wire, and if it is desired to make them movable a lead weight is fastened to the wire.

The dressing of dolls is also an extensive industry, manufacturers employing up to 200 or 300 hands,

mostly girls. Of recent years dolls are brought out dressed in uniforms to represent some well-known characters. Dolls dressed in khaki have of late been sent to the English market.

Although the fair proceeded with about the one-tenth part of the hubbub of an English, and the one-hundredth part of the pandemonium of a French, one, it was a welcome contrast to step inside the beautiful *Liebfrauenkirche*. This old church, for it was built 1355-1416, is to our mind one of the most artistic sacred edifices we have ever seen. The west portal is surrounded by most artistic grill-work, nearly all of it being in hammered iron. Its lower panels contain finely-forged floral-work—roses, leaves, and buds, their stems entwined and passing the one through the other in a manner calculated to show the highest skill of the smith. Through this are seen the old oaken doors, protected with a tracery of floral scroll-work—roses, leaves, blooms and buds, and even the thorns, being reproduced with admirable fidelity. The doors are surmounted by a richly-carved architrave and glazed lancet tympani. The portal supports a fine pierced-work choir or belvedere, in the apex of which is the celebrated clock of Nürnberg, surmounted by a light and elegant bell-cage.

Behind the choir rises the handsomely-niched gable in gray sandstone, "stepped" and studded with carved finials, and terminating in a belfry of perfect harmony of design. The clock is the work of Georg Heus—1509—and, apart from being artistic, it is

interesting, for every day, at twelve o'clock, the seven Electors are seen to pass the Emperor Charles IV., as he sits upon his throne, supported by two heralds.

The interior, whilst being in perfect harmony with the exterior, is as beautiful and refined in its ornamental treatment as is possible to imagine in a sacred edifice. Its tone is so grateful and warm, yet without a suspicion of the gaudy, that one experiences a feeling of ecclesiastical comfort. What a contrast to the display of loud colouring of some Southern churches, or to the barrenness and puritanic coldness of Swiss places of worship! All the windows being of stained glass, the "dim religious light" is there in perfection. Its walls are of a beautiful brown stone; its ceilings of the same, groined and picked out in voussoirs of darker brown, are supported by four lofty columns, graceful in their smallness of girth, and in their figure capitals of sage green and gold. The long lancet windows are of perfect proportions, and of exquisitely subdued colouring. It is three o'clock, and the almost horizontal winter sun, bright though sinking in the west, sends in a polychromatic sheaf of beams which light up the motes to dazzling brilliancy.

Here also we see the crucifix—in cream and gold—supported upon a bridge symbolical of the rainbow. We see to advantage the beautiful glazed tympani of the porch, in which stands the font, beneath a richly-groined and gilded dome ceiling, the church being entered through an inner portal, the richly-

figured and gilded architrave of which is in pleasing accord with its ceiling.

The altar is simple, and of exquisite transparent white marble, backed by a reredos of gilded and illuminated carved work in the Pointed style. There are two fine painted altar-screens on either side of the choir.

Standing before the altar, and turning our back to it, we see to great advantage the fine stained glass of the upper portion of the beautifully ornate annex which forms a feature of this ancient edifice; the effect of the stained glass is enhanced by some of it being seen through an effective pierced and gilded tympanum in the lancet arch. The pulpit, which is finely carved, is so well worked in on the right pier of the choir that it may almost escape attention.

The stranger should not omit to visit this "Dear Mother Church," and after bestowing a peep at the "Gooseman" fountain behind it—the *Gänse-Männchen*, whereon a peasant holds a goose under either arm, from the bill of each of which water pours—which was cast in bronze by Pankraz Labenwolf, we should cross to the opposite side of the *Hauptmarkt*, and stop to admire the *Schönbrunnen*.

Like the generality of Continental towns, especially those in the vicinity of mountains, Nuremberg possesses a number of fountains, from which in days gone by the inhabitants had to fetch all the water they required. These are of especial interest, and possess the charm which clings to so much that is Nürembergian, by reason of the fact that not only

do they date from mediæval times, but that their *entourage* is so little changed as still to present to us to-day a truly *moyen-age* aspect. The most beautiful of these *Brunnen*—as its name declares it to be—is the *Schönbrunnen*, an antique of great merit, and the masterpiece of the brothers Schönhover. Apart from the interest all works of art gain by virtue of their age, we have, in regard to this fountain, legendary interest of that mythical *genre* of which from time to time in Germany and the Tyrol one hears so much. The lofty and graceful masonry spire before us, which recalls our own Charing Cross, and is darkened by about the same lapse of time, stands, appropriately enough, in the corner of the *moyen-age* market-place; and as we contemplate the two together, we cannot but be struck with the similarity it to-day bears to its appearance of five centuries ago, as we see it in an old plate.

Apart from being the most *schöne*, the legend—a legend popular throughout the length and breadth of Franconia—would have us to believe it to be the most miraculous of fountains; for, according to that, "all the dear little children," by some physiologically inexplicable fecundity possessed of it, "spring from its clear cool waters." Flying upon pinions as invisible as themselves, they are received into the happy homes where little strangers are expected. Thus here the little water-bred angels take upon themselves the duty which throughout Germany is considered to be performed by the fabulous stork.

Though we are given to understand they come

trooping out by moonlight and sunlight, early and late, yet the good people of Nuremberg aver they have been unable to perceive as yet—curious though it may appear to the uninitiated—the least decrease in the font's regenerative capabilities. There it stands much as it did long, long ago, so that it is not difficult to fill in its quaint surroundings—before the days of water conduits—when, at certain hours of the day, it formed the *rendezvous* for buxom, fair-haired serving *Mädchen*, who, in drawing water from its inexhaustible source, ofttimes contrived to have by their sides their *Burg* swains, so that they both might—together—peer into the magic mirror formed by the clear water contained in its venerable basin, wherein the faces of a pair of future life partners could be seen, and we know not what else. Then, when they had taken as much time as they dared—"to fetch the water"—their load was scooped up, and away they went with something to think of until the morrow.

At a later period the curious iron supply-pipe—which we should certainly take for a Titan's musket, were it not for the fact that it was there serving its useful purpose before gunpowder was thought of—was added. Take care of that muzzle all the same, fair reader, and do not recline upon its barrel, when you are before its mouth, for then you might get an uncomfortably cool bath. You might tilt it down, however, with surprising effect when your brother—or another's brother—is *à bouche de canon.*

There being now no necessity for using the dipping

pail, and the good burghers having a commendable respect—and a commercial regard—for their old-world relics, this venerable font has been surrounded by a high railing of hammered-iron grill-work—modern it may be, but handsome it certainly is. In design it harmonizes perfectly with the sculptured stone it surrounds, and represents the skilful *chef-d'œuvre* of an ingenious locksmith and son of Vulcan —one Köhn by name—whose picture is still to be seen at the "shooting-house." This handsome grill-work is worthy of close inspection, especially to observe how the bars apparently pass through each other, so skilfully has the welding been effected. Particularly is this the case where the small rings pass through the cross-bars, and are all welded into them. All! we say, but that is not quite correct, for we will let our reader into a little secret: standing opposite the muzzle of the water-spout, count a few finials to the right, and you will find that *that* ring is *not* welded. Take it between your finger and thumb, and slip it round. It is quite loose! It is a bit of consummate skill! Who did it? Well, it appears it was done—surreptitiously—by Köhn's apprentice, done for the purpose of showing *what* he could do—surreptitiously for the purpose of *not* showing *how* he could do it. It is certainly difficult to understand how the welding has been effected without the setting fast of the ring; this, however, need not "fash" us —as James Watt would have said—for tradition tells that neither master nor man was able to guess "how the job was done."

So this movable ring has remained as a *souvenir* of the skill of the *habile* apprentice, to be visited by thousands of artisans. Looking at this we were reminded of the quaint *'prentice* column at Melrose Abbey, a fine piece of work, said to have been executed whilst the master-mason was abroad. Sad to relate, this work, executed *con amore,* cost the industrious 'prentice his life, for on his return —in a fit of jealousy at the partial eclipse of his own work—the incensed master-mason slew the deserving apprentice. We trust the forger of the movable ring at Nuremberg's *Schönbrunnen*—whose name, unfortunately, we have been unable to trace —may have shared a fate more consonant with his skill.

When roads were bad and cycles existed not, workmen in search of work often journeyed—padding the hoof—many a hundred miles. The difficulties they met with would appear to have had the same effect upon them that the difficulties the average angler has in landing his catch have upon him, for it happened that the tales told by workmen finding themselves back in their native villages were sometimes deemed by the stay-at-homes as more adapted—as we should now say—for the ears of a certain amphibious branch of the "service." A workman, therefore, who had worked at Nuremberg, and who was given to narrations in the *Gasthaus* parlour of his native village, would be taxed as to his knowledge of the 'prentice ring on the *Schönbrunnen* of Nuremberg.

Some of the "sayings" of the inhabitants of these ancient towns—as old-fashioned in their manners and modes of thought as the houses they inhabit—are very quaint and amusing. Here, for example, they tell one of the big stone ox on the *Fleischbrücke* —or *Ponte Rialto*—not only as a *chef-d'œuvre*, but because it has "never been a calf." Again, of the round tower on the castle, that it is at the same time the "highest and lowest, the thickest and the thinnest," of all the towers of Nuremberg, since it is the highest on account of its situation on the castle hill, the lowest because all others exceed it in actual height, the thickest as regards its masonry, and the thinnest by reason of its smallness of girth.

Nuremberg, to-day renowned for its toys and many mechanical operations, was centuries ago the birthplace of a number of useful inventions. The first terrestrial globe was constructed here by Martin Behaim; wire-drawing was devised and carried on by Rudolph in 1440; spectacles are said to have been first constructed here—1482. The air-gun—still manufactured here in the form of a toy—was invented by Lobsinger.

We tried our hardest to enter one or two typical toy factories, that we might give our readers the result of our inspection; but no! these were *loci prohibiti;* not alone, we were informed, to strangers, but even to merchants of the pleasure-dispensing commodities.

Here we may remind our readers that Nuremberg is of particular interest to cyclists, for we con-

sider it to be undoubtedly the veritable birthplace of the muscularly-propelled carriage or velocipede. The generally accepted version of this invention, however, we found to be erroneous. It was that so long ago as about 1650 a certain Nuremberger was so unfortunate as to be deprived of the use of his legs; but it happened that he was an ingenious man, and, calling his wits and his arms to the aid of his legs, he constructed a tricycle chair, in which he propelled himself over the rough and hilly streets of the ancient town, it being recorded and established that on Sundays his faithful "mount" was to be seen standing without the Lorenzkirche, waiting to convey its constructor back to his house. The name of the ingenious constructor is said to have been Stephen Farfler, who was born at Ultdorff, a neighbouring village, in 1633, and who died at Nuremberg in 1689.

An excellent idea of the appearance of this historically-interesting cycle, as well as its *modus-eundi*, may be obtained from an old print still extant, which we were fortunate enough to come across.

That Stephen Farfler did wend his way about Nuremberg's cobbley streets in such a muscularly-propelled vehicle is well established, and so it was natural to speak of it as Farfler's velocipede—a queer misnomer in his case, for Farfler could not use his feet. We found, however, on making careful research, that this version was incorrect, and that, in ascribing the invention to the owner, injustice was done to an exceedingly ingenious Nuremberger

It seems that at the time of Stephen's advent into this world there lived in Nuremberg a certain Johann Haustach, presumably a man of means, of most ingenious turn, and described as an amateur mechanic. In his early days he is known to have constructed a model building—a mechanical wonder—in three stories. The lower portion represented Haustach's idea of how the world was created up to the introduction of Cain and Abel, whom he imbued with mock life by suitable mechanism. On the first story were no less than seventy-two model men at work in various occupations, whilst the top story was furnished with an ingenious fountain, the whole—a progenitor of Nuremberg's dolls' houses of to-day—being set in motion by a small water-wheel without. Haustach is also known to have constructed a chair so contrived that it could be propelled by the occupant. It seems that this consisted of an ordinary chair furnished with casters under the front legs and wheels under the hind legs. These hind wheels were the driving-wheels, and were geared to a spindle furnished with crank handles, to be turned by the person sitting in the chair.

Johann Haustach was born here in 1595; consequently he was thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old at the date of Farfler's birth. Now, the records put the year 1640 as that at which this velocipede of Farfler's was first seen in the streets of the old town. Stephen Farfler would then have been about seven years old, and thus with the utmost of goodwill, even if Stephen himself had been a mechanical

prodigy, we cannot see our way to accrediting him with the construction of the machine he rode in. What, then, is more reasonable than to assume that the ingenious and good-natured Johann had brought his wits to bear upon the construction of a muscularly-propelled chair, in which the unfortunate child should propel himself, and in which we know he did propel himself, the ingenious Johann doubtless remembering that

> "Bright thought and strong arm
> To labour are given,
> Idleness never
> Won blessing from Heaven"?

Thus is accounted for the invention of the first tricycle, progenitor of such thousands of muscularly-propelled vehicles and such vast industries.

Clockwork or self-propelling toys are to-day made in Nuremberg by the million, yet who would have thought *their* progenitor was by no means a toy, but a veritable motor-carriage, or *automobile*, as the French expressively style the self-moving vehicle? Had the "toy-shop of the world" anything to say in regard to the invention of the horseless carriage?—a matter of much interest to us to-day, when considerable stir is being produced by the introduction of self-propelling road-traffic in our own country. It had, indeed! for it was here in Nuremberg also where the first self-propelling vehicle—a veritable motor-*car*—first saw the light and ran.

Having previously described the exceedingly in-

teresting and early motor-vehicle[1] which here first made its sluggish peregrinations, we found that, on account of the very early date ascribed to it, a certain amount of scepticism was evinced as to whether the carriage—even if built—could have successfully run.

Consequent upon this, we made a special point of inquiring into the matter when within the precincts of the actual town, and were pleased to be rewarded with incontestable evidence, not only of its actual construction, but also of its having actually run. Inventive and mechanical genius of a much higher order was called for in the design and construction of this self-propelling carriage than in that of the first muscularly-propelled vehicle. Both of these to which we have referred, however, were possessed by the ingenious constructor, for it is to none other than to Johann Haustach, the mediæval mechanical genius of Nuremberg, to whom we must ascribe the honour of the invention of the motor-vehicle. After much inquiry and searching, we were fortunate enough to obtain an old print of Haustach's wonderful carriage.

The first run of this ancient motor-car is known to have taken place in the year 1649, and it is recorded that its speed was some 2,000 paces (*schritte*) an hour. It made its appearance on certain *fête* and gala days, resplendent in its gilded carving. It must have cut a fine—an artistic—figure, its medieval design harmonizing well with the old-time streets and bridges. On either side it carried a gilded angel,

[1] "Carriages without Horses shall go" (Sennett). Whittaker and Co.

and these heralded its approach, like premature Gabriels, by sounding their golden horns. Probably for purposes of effect, the figurehead, a dragon, solemnly and deliberately opened and closed his great eyes, whilst for effective purposes and further persuasion towards the crowd to make way for his carriage, he squirted water—and not improbably wine—from his capacious nostrils. We say wine because it is known that fountains ran wine on certain days of feasting and rejoicing. In the illustration referred to is shown the appearance of the streets of medieval Nuremberg on a grand gala occasion—the conclusion of peace after the Thirty Years' War. Prince Gustave of Sweden is supposed to be at a banquet within the ancient Rathhaus, and from its walls we see ejected streams of wine, which is being eagerly caught by the populace.

This same Prince Charles Gustave is known in 1650 to have purchased this horseless carriage of Johann Haustach, the year following that in which it had been constructed. Prince Gustave was then in command of the Swedish army, and it would appear he desired to make something in the nature of a triumphal entry into his native town of Stockholm on his return. He therefore induced the inventor to part with his carriage for a consideration of 500 thalers.

The carriage in due course—or in undue course, for it is scarcely to be expected that the Prince could await its arrival, if it persisted in plodding its miry way at its sober 2,000 paces per hour—

arrived at Stockholm, and, seated within this clock-work-propelled box—or car—of tricks, the Prince made his slow but doubtless impressive entry.

The news of this novel and marvellous means of road-locomotion spread—with a rapidity appropriate to the sluggishness of the time—with the result that the ruler of the adjoining kingdom—the King of Denmark—"commanded" a duplicate of this the first *automobile* to be made. This was done, it being recorded, moreover, not only that the carriage ran, but that Haustach received handsome remuneration in respect of it. What became of these two entrancingly interesting ancient motor-cars, or if they be still in existence, we have so far been unable to ascertain.

We should now continue across the town to the ramparts on the opposite side, for here is situated the old castle, which, being placed as we explained at the commencement of the chapter, commands a fine view over the ancient city. We leave the *Hauptmarkt* by the corner, where stands the *Schönd-brunnen*, and, passing the front of the old Rathhaus, ascend by the Rathhaus Platz and the *Burg-Strasse*.

A peep into this ancient Town Hall is repaying; some portions of it date from 1332, but its main front —which, unfortunately, is in the Italian Renaissance style—dates only from 1616-1622. In the first court is a charming Gothic gallery and a pretty bronze fountain by Pankranz-Labenwolf, whilst in the second is one—the Apollo-fountain—by Peter Vischer. The large hall is situated upstairs; it is surmounted by a

curved timber ceiling completed in 1521, from which hangs a candelabra by Hans Behaim (1613-1615). One of the points of interest here, however, is the frieze representing the triumphal entry of the Emperor Maximilian I. This is the work of the pupils of the celebrated Albrecht Dürer, and was doubtless copied by them from the celebrated woodcuts prepared by him at the Emperor's orders.

As we pass up the staircase to the third floor, we are attracted by a large medieval representation by Paul Ritter. It represents the bringing of the Imperial regalia to Nuremberg in 1424. Such pictures, apart from their artistic merit, are of much interest, as revealing to us the manners and customs of past ages. Here, for example, we are shown the ungainly lumbering waggons which did service in transporting the "fayre ladyes" and even regal personages of the epoch. Some of the chariots were unprovided with any kind of cover, which instead—in the form of a canopy—was carried by a number of stalwart retainers, from which may be pretty accurately inferred the speed of travel of those days; the covered—two-wheeled—conveyance being practically a reproduction of the cisium of the Romans.

We wonder how our fair sisters would care to don the queer but effective head-gear—a huge extinguisher with drapery depending from its summit—worn by the lady who is presenting a letter to a bold knight cavalier, with his long spear and his neck protected behind a *rideau-en-maille*. We feel they would be nothing loath if it were "the fashion," but then

surely the fashion in carriage-building would also have to be altered and elevated—at least, so far as their roofs. This picture also recalls to us how little the market-place is altered to-day.

Continuing our way toward the castle we should not omit to look in on our way up at the Church of St. Sebald. This is an interesting and venerable pile. The western and oldest portion was begun in the first half of the thirteenth century, the main building being completed about half a century later; the Löffelholz Chapel about another half a century later. Thus, so long did its building occupy that one can observe the transition in style of architecture, the eastern portion of the choir, built 1361-1377, being in part Gothic. The steeples, commenced in 1300, are no less than 242 feet in height. Like the Lorenzkirche, St. Sebald's has its "Bridal door," surmounted with statuettes of the five wise and the five foolish virgins: a thing of great interest in it being a masterpiece of Peter Vischer—the sepulchre of the holy Sebald. Vischer, with his five sons, worked for no less than five years at this—"the greatest sanctuary of German art." It is considered that these twelve Apostles and twelve smaller statues—usually referred to as the prophets, together with something like six dozen other figures—chiefly mythological, represent about the best work done in German founding. The monument arches together towards the top, and terminates in forty-five small towers and pinnacles, the uppermost supporting the child Jesus. The coffin containing the ashes of the

saint is covered with plates of gold and silver; this was completed in the end of the fourteenth century; beneath are bas-reliefs representing the legend of the saint. St. Sebald must, indeed, have been a worker of miracles, for there we see him healing a blind man, sinking a disbeliever into the solid earth as if it were the sea, generously changing stones into bread and water into wine, and then—we leave it to the last—warming himself with *burning* icicles. Of what paltry use is science after this?

The "Parsonage House" of St. Sebald (*Sebalden Pfarrhof mit Chörlein*), just above the church, has a most effective choir or oriel window upon it well worthy of inspection; but we must mount the Kaiserburg.[1]

The ancient castle was built in its entirety by Frederic Barbarossa, and is open to visitors. "Castellan to the right of the door, ring the bell, gratuity," are the terse instructions for gaining admittance as given in the local guide. Continuing up the Burg Hill, we see that it is an eminence of solid sandstone, for before us projects a solid block rounded over by time and the glissading of children; cut into this is a kind of cage containing a biblical figure. This point is, we believe, called the Mount of Olives. Above this little cave are the frowning walls of the castle. Hard by is a massive building, surmounted by one of those vast mediæval roofs, of which many specimens are to be found in Bavaria, lined with its six tiers of dormer windows—thirty-six

[1] King's Hill.

in all. Above its pointed arched door—the intersections of the members of its architrave being curious and the spirally-carved mullions noteworthy—it displays a well-sculptured coat of arms and the inscription :

"ERBAUT DURCH HANS BEHAIM D. A. VON 1493-1495."

Here again, on this quaint burgh, we feel we are, for a short space, living in centuries long since passed away. We need no ancient carving on the wall to recall the date. The fortress gates, the tiled ramparts, the grim watch-towers, the age-darkened tilings, the old copper sheathings, subdued by ages to a tender green, the time-blackened timber and many-shaded grays of the ancient fastness sombrely standing out in the December sun-rays from a pall of spotless snow, all silently yet eloquently attest this. This massy building connects, by a piece of loop-holed brickwork, the great tower of square build, with its four square "look-out" boxes in stone, with red tile roofings. Mounting the steps, we find ourselves on a lofty rampart overlooking the moat—now cultivated—and a stretch of open country. We note a picturesque timber staircase, and upon it a doorway surmounted by a grotesque face in bronze with a movable jaw, the expression being that of pain.

This, we learn, is the entrance to the historical museum and criminal chamber—a veritable chamber of horrors, culminating in the "iron maiden." Glancing at some interesting engravings as we enter—among which we recognise our old Inns-

bruch friend, Andreas Hofer[1]—we brace ourselves up for the contemplation of perhaps the most complete display of instruments of torture in the world. Struck with the diabolical ingenuity shown in the design of some of these mechanisms solely designed for the infliction of pain, we commenced to sketch them. Fräulein, however, promptly told us this was not allowed; but she would explain them minutely, she said, and she was as good as her word. The gruesomeness pervading the contents of this ancient tower is in a measure relieved by the quaint devices for effecting a mediæval rendering of the Gilbertian

> ". . . notion all sublime
> Of suiting the punishment to the crime,
> The punishment to the crime."

Here we have it exemplified, and in a manner which, whilst causing the greatest inconvenience to the guilty, could not but give the greatest satisfaction to others. Imagine the supreme satisfaction of the wife whose husband sought the comfort of the tap-room instead of the comforts of home, regularly, irregularly, rolling home o' nights, when she should view him promenading the ancient thoroughfares in his "Spanish mantle," consisting of half a large beer-barrel, reaching from shoulders to knees, his hands and arms comfortably ensconced within; he could not have raised the flowing bowl to his parched lips even if the circular table of wood, forming a huge collarette, would have permitted of

[1] See "Tyrolean Thals," by the Author.

it. To add to the ridicule, the tub was gaudily painted.

Or of the beaten husband—things surely must have become reversed since these "good old times" —when he met his wife her face and head encased in an enormous mask, grotesque in the extreme, and provided with a pair of massive horns; in addition to this it is said the "hen-pecker" had to carry about with her a live snake in each hand.

There also we see distinctive straw hats and long pig-tails worn by "fallen girls." It is well the "good old times" are not with us, for then Piccadilly would be crowded with straw hats and pig-tails. Publicity was also given to "men who loved other men's wives"—we are quoting from Fraulein's information —for they had tied to their persons a large wooden goat with projecting legs; with these they were certainly unable to approach with any degree of familiarity the already allotted dames. "Women who loved other women's husbands" were not forgotten: for them was at hand a kind of corselet with large staghorns projecting; this appeared an apposite and efficient costume for the purpose intended. Quarrelling men had attached to them massy timber pigs, whilst quarrelsome women were forced to wear iron masks provided with immensely long noses, which would at least serve to keep them at nose-length from their victims, though from the point of view of face-scratching it would have been more effectual if the assailed had worn the mask. We have but to look a little further, however, to find the

very thing to stop all scratching and hair-pulling. It is a massive collarette of wood made in two parts in the form of a large clamp—just as stocks are made —there being three holes, one for the neck and two for the wrists.

Ladies of that stamp who would to-day disturb whole communities by "nagging" each other over backyard walls, or throw into embroilment whole sets of "flats"—material and organic—were efficiently gagged by the wearing of sarcastically-expressioned masks. Surely the punishment was suited to the crime in the case of quarrelling husbands and wives, for for them was provided a double edition of this connubial collar, this veritably-inseparable link, large enough and heavy enough in all conscience, and made to "accommodate" the pair. But in this case only one hand of each of the contracting—and united—parties was detained; the other was free to perform household duties and the necessary duties to the inner man—and woman. But oh!—almost too cruel retribution—only one plate and one spoon was allowed to husband and wife. Imagine the language which must have passed along the timber Gordian knot from the husband who was thus forced to eat out of his wife's plate, and with alternate spoonings with her, the pastry or pudding she had made single-handedly, though not unattended by her inseparable spouse. Surely her heart must have been heavy if her pastry was not; yet Fraulein assured us "they soon became friends." For minor offences there were also suitable punitive modes; thus a

slanderer would have chained around his neck massive blocks representing playing-cards, an abandoned gamester heavy cubes representing dice, whilst the confirmed smoker was weighted down by pipes.

There was one instrument the contemplation of which we must confess gave us great satisfaction; we should have been overjoyed to have seen it in operation on a whole band—German band. It was a "trumpet for bad musicians"—happily mute—to punish the maladroit musician for neglecting his practising. The instrument was held in position by a ring round his neck; his eight fingers—temporarily relieved of their work of discord production—were, nevertheless, not allowed to part company with his instrument, for they were thereupon affectionately squeezed by little clamps.

One cannot but feel that this system of public punishment and the holding of offenders up to public ridicule must have had a more potent moral effect, not only upon the offenders themselves, but upon the citizens at large, than the mere and costly incarceration within prison-walls. Wife-beaters who were thus branded, drunkards who were thus held up to public *persiflage*, bakers and other tradesmen who were ignominiously subjected to the "ducking-chair," would, we feel, be more likely to turn from their evil ways than would they if they were able to expiate their misdeeds in the seclusion of a prison-cell.

We fear we have said all there is to be said of the more lightsome side; the contemplation of the remainder of this unique collection sets up in us the

most intense feelings of disgust and indignation for the inventors and cowardly utilizers of this most inhumanly ferocious, cruel and cacodemoniacally ingenious machinery of torture.

Leaving the castle and going to our left, the last house in the Söldnersgasse will be found interesting by reason of its queer shape—for it is an irregular pentagon—by its gable, and by its artistic dormer window above an oriel. This is said to be the oldest house in Nuremberg. Opposite to this is an ancient gable, evidently built at two periods, in the right half of which are pierced-work balustradings beneath the arched windows, and a handsome spiral staircase which centuries ago was evidently open, each bay of its elaborately-carved balustrading being of different design. A fine specimen of such a staircase is to be seen in the German National Museum (in the *Karthäusergasse*).

To the west of the castle is the "Schlosszwinger" and garden with quaint corners, whence we may descend by a flight of steps to the Pilatus House. It was from this that the Knight, Martin Vietzel, commenced the erection of the celebrated "Stations" of the Passion, by Adam Krafft. As is well known, these "Stations" figure upon the walls of every Roman Catholic cathedral or church—it may be as well-executed oil-paintings or sculptures, it may be by the most garish of oleographs—but it may not be so well known that they are frequently to be met with in Germany so arranged as to act as a guide to the church in or near to which the

"last station" is to be found. They may be found on the corners of streets, or they may be on country roads or ascending the hillsides to their destination —the sacred edifice. Here they commence at the *Tiergärtnerthor*, go through *Burgschmietsstrasse* to the cemetery of St. John—where is the Crucifixion and the Descent from the Cross—whilst the Burial of Christ is to be found in the *Holzschuher* Chapel.

At the end of Albrecht Dürer Strasse, opposite to Pilatus House and to a very picturesque portion of the ancient wall, above which rises one of the many towers to which we have referred—this one being surmounted with an acutely-spired roof and projecting windows at each of its four coigns—is the house in which dwelt Albrecht Dürer.

A pleasant hour may be spent within, for not only does the house contain—on the upper floors—many samples of Dürer's skill, but it has been preserved and furnished—by the Albrecht Dürer Society—so that it wears to-day, internally as well as externally, a faithful semblance of what it did when the hard-working artist, painter, etcher, wood-engraver, modeller, he of such versatile art, found quiet shelter therein 600 years ago.

As we enter the hall we are shown the tiny room—not much more than a cupboard—allocated to the maid-of-all-work. We are introduced to the mysteries of a kitchen, and its utensils of the Middle Ages, which we feel will interest our lady readers. It is said to-day to be in its *status quo* of the year 1500. The fireplace is nothing more

nor less than a square of raised tiles furnished with a timber hood, in shape like that above a smithy forge. Everything seemed to us to be on a large scale—the copper bread-box, the great copper swinging-handled urn, for "warming beer or tea," we were informed. There were earthen plates 100 years old; we noticed one—made specially for serving eggs and salt—which was 200 years old: Dürer's plates were of pewter. There were a very interesting pair of snuffers, mounted on an iron standard, four centuries old, and one is led to contrast Dürer poring over his work by the light of a flaring and ill-smelling flambeau with the advantages and comforts of to-day. We also remarked a quaint oil table-lamp working on the "bird-fountain" device, showing that scientific principle to have been known centuries ago.

In this old place one finds it necessary to "duck" one's head as one steps over each threshold, but that, perhaps, only serves to call our attention to the queer transoms; even the hinges, the locks, and the queerly-working latches are interesting. The dining-room is also said to be just as it was, with its table made with sliding top and secret draws. Here is a candelabra from his own design, some Venetian glass, a money-chest in the wall with quaint lock. The furniture is very old: a buffet of the year 1500, and a money-box of the same date, ancient linen-chests with ornamental hasps; we noted also a queer chain-purse with a hole at the bottom, from which, however, it was impossible illicitly to withdraw the

coins. The Dürer house contains the oldest clock in Nuremberg—date 1500.

Amongst the varied Dürer works of art are sketches in pencil and crayon; one in colour of a patrician lady is dated 1495; Agnes *Duerin*, 1500; some unfinished studies. Dürer's wife appears several times: once as Eve, Adam being Dürer himself, and once as a Flemish lady, which seems to be accounted for by the fact that Dürer spent two years, 1520-1522, in Antwerp. A portrait of H. Holbzschover, 1526, was that of a Burgmeister of the town and an *habitué* of the *Bratwurstglöcklein*. One of Dürer's greatest works was the design for a gorgeous pageant to celebrate a triumphal entry of the Emperor Maximilian.[1] Samples of this work we see in the house, notably in his studio, where is a chariot drawn by twelve horses. The command for this work came directly from the Emperor, whose liberal patronage of the arts is well known. Some of his projects were destined never to be carried out, and others he was destined never to see; as, for example, his elaborate tomb at Innsbruck, to which we have referred. It is a moot point whether this great work was ever completed or the procession carried out. Certain it is that the banderolles were never filled giving the description of the chariots, the detachments of horsemen, and the other components of this truly magnificent pageant. It was a great work, entailing much versatility of idea and immense patience. As

[1] Copies of some portions of this are to be seen in the Rathaus.

first executed, it consisted of "miniatures of the most precious workmanship." Of these, there were no less than 109 upon parchment, each 34 inches long and 20 inches high. To give an idea of the work entailed, we find Dürer writing to a friend at Court, and in 1515 reminding him that he "had been already three years upon the work, and had made many drawings," and asking that some hundreds of gulden should be sent to him. We find the gulden were sent as part payment, and also a pension of 100 gulden was bestowed upon him. Still the work continued, and four years later—1519—we find the Emperor sending to the "loved and trusted Albrecht Dürer, *our* painter, for his true work upon our triumphal waggons," and other work he had so willingly done, a further sum of 200 florins. This was accompanied with an order as to payment made direct from the Emperor to "our Burgmeister of Nürnberg," and the receipt is appended.

We were shown this great work at Munich, and at Innsbruck we had the good fortune to purchase a number of sections of this vast procession, comprising all the muscularly-propelled vehicles, which naturally interested us most, and we have reproduced them elsewhere.[1] The original wood blocks from which these were printed are at Vienna, and the curious black patches are due to the fact that the wood has not there been cut away, because it was not known what the superscriptions were to be.

[1] "Horseless Road Locomotion: its History and Modern Development." By the Author.

Such great blocks had necessarily to be "built up" of smaller ones, and careful inspection will show where this has been imperfectly done.

A visit to this ancient house we found most interesting. Descending again into the town, one should make a visit to the Trödel Market. If it should be on a market-day it will be very repaying; one may say of it that it is a great assemblage of "old curiosity shops" under canvas, where one may roam and pick up many a quaint and antique thing, whether it be in furniture or in *bijouterie*. The quaintness of the scene is in a large measure due to the fact that almost the whole of the business is transacted by women. A queer sight indeed it was to see a stalwart Frau, raised upon an improvised rostrum, dilating upon the good qualities of her wares, and taking the bids—Dutch auction fashion—from a large group of old Frauen, whose continuous and animated chatter seemed to render it impossible to carry on any business at all. No one can picture the heterogeneity of the wares displayed without paying a visit to this old Trödel market.

The two parts of the city are connected across the river Pegnitz by six stone bridges, and we should return by the Carlsbrücke, for this is one of the oldest. Surmounted at its centre with obelisks, its inscriptions, with the Roman eagle displayed, run:

"Carlo SeXto
Augusto Pio
aC feLICI PonteM hVnC
Covse Crabat
S.P. 2 N"

"QVI PONTEM HVNC CAROLI
TRANSIS FAC VOTA PEREMET
CAESARIS AVGVST DVM FLVIT
VVDA GENVS"

Another reason why this bridge should be crossed is that, looking eastwards, we have one of the most *moyen-age* views the old town affords, for there we see the Fleischbrücke, and surely all who have been to Venice will exclaim, "A miniature Rialto!" so that we were quite prepared to find that it had been built in imitation of this famous Ponte, which, in fact, we find it was—in 1596-1598, by Peter Carl, the arch, it is added, having been constructed by Jacob Wolffsen, "workmaster of the city," which we take to be the mediæval equivalent of our town surveyor.

There is a queer little place in this queer old town, visited by scores of tourists, who like to feel themselves for a time participating in a time-honoured way in old customs and in old surroundings, rubbing shoulders, as it were, with those of the workaday world, whose habits are to-day similar to those of the workaday men who have made themselves and this town famous. This can be done by paying a visit to the quaint *Bratwurstglöcklein*. The thing to do, and done by many, is to sup there—off as one may guess by its name—sausages. To reach it we must retrace our steps to the *Sebalduskirche*, beside which is a chapel—the *Moritzkapelle*—and behind this is our—but what is it?—Gasthaus? Speilsaal? Neither! look for a pigmy cabman's shelter snuggling up to and leaning against the venerable kapelle, with

a bell hanging out by way of sign—that is the little cabin in which we are to sup, where so many English and Americans have supped before us, and where, ages before cycles or cyclists were thought of, outside Nürnberg its great artists supped and chatted in clouds of blue smoke-wreaths from their great and weighty pipe-bowls. You open the door, step in, and find yourself in a sausage-kitchen, about the size of a cook's galley on an ocean "tramp"; open another door, and you are in the dining or supper-room. In width it scarcely exceeds 9 feet, and in length it *might* be double that. It is all of timber, darkened by age; in fact, its ceiling may with accuracy be said to have toned down by time and tobacco to black. Nailed to it is the presentment of a great Austrian eagle and other shields of lesser size.

By day it is lighted by stained-glass windows in leaded lattices, by night by a couple of bent iron-pipe gasaliers entwined with rose tendrils, buds and blooms showing no mean skill in the art of black-smithing. By way of a coving on one side is a long row of tiny frames—a good score of them—enclosing engravings of celebrities who have "patronized" this Liliputian hostel. The restricted walls are simply covered with queer engravings, their sombre black frames harmonizing with the umber hue of their surroundings. Engravings, photos, water-colours—one with a white palfrey, whose broad back is adorned with saddle-cloth and holster in real velvet, richly embroidered in real gold. A demure mounted squire holds his bridle, whilst his master—

a plumed knight in armour—kneels, and in a wooden tub washes the feet of a saint seated at the door of a wooden "shanty." At one end is an oil painting, said to be of *Albrecht Dürer Platz*; it is, however, too far beneath the surface of the dirt of ages to be dug out by the eye of the ordinary layman.

Here you sit and smoke, and rest your back where have rested the capacious shoulders of Albrecht Dürer after many a long days' work—for Dürer was a worker in the true sense, as, indeed, were all of these industrious mediæval townsmen. In fancy you sit by the side of the submissive Adam Krafft, the skilful Peter Vischer, the dexterous Veit Hirsvogel. You fancy you see the navigating Martin Behaim, chalk in hand, explaining the globe upon the oaken table; you fancy you hear Hans Sachs discharging quip and poem perhaps. Melchoir Pfinzing, another Nuremberger poet, secretary to the Emperor Maximilian, who composed an ode, "*Theuerdank*," on the occasion of the Emperor's marriage with Mary of Burgundy, for he also looked in here from time to time. As time flies you fancy you see Peter Henlein draw from his fob a clock-like watch, made by his own hands, to see if his usual hour for retiring has been exceeded.

Along one side of the cabin is a narrow shelf, packed with imposing metal beer-jugs, by no means inartistic in shape, in which have been served many thousand *litres* of foaming *Nürnbergerbrau*, and this in many cases to celebrities. Take some down; they won't fall, for each one is inverted over its own

big wooden peg. You will find each to be engraven either with the initials or with the full name of its owner and regular customer, and usually with the date. These go back for a century or so, but that is nothing to what you may take down from the little ingle shelf opposite. Take down and examine the little squat pot—of the thinnest pewter—to which probably many a hundred times the celebrated poet —and shoemaker—Hans Sachs had put his lips. Next to it, in striking contrast in height and slimness, is a drinking-mug of great interest, both historically and constructionally. It is the veritable *krug* of that great artistic genius and indomitable worker, Albrecht Dürer—a thing of historical interest, but surely it is unique in make. We know that his wedlock was the outcome of pure love, yet—for such is the weakness of the most loving—his drinking-mug was built specially to correspond to the moods of his loving spouse. Put your hand inside, and you will find that it is double, to suit a double-phased temperament, for under normal circumstances—and let us hope this was almost always—the mug was used as a loving-cup, husband and wife sipping from the same pewter; but when the latter was "naughty"—as my Bavarian host explained—the inner cylinder was withdrawn, and, both having been filled with beer, the inner—and smaller—*krug* was allocated to the recalcitrant Frau Dürer, Albrecht enjoying his own *maas* in bachelor isolation.

The same shelf at the end of the room is replete in historical interest, for interpolated between antique

earthenware drinking-mugs are bronze statuettes of the celebrated habitués—Peter Vischer in his leather apron; Veit Stols in another; Hans Sachs, with his shoemaker's apron grasping a heavy book—he was successful, and became Burgmeister of this his native town; Adam Krafft, with his hand resting upon a column of his own sculpturing, of whose love affairs we have spoken in the Lorenzkirche, and who died in a workhouse on his way home from work in a distant church; and, lastly, Albrecht Dürer in his artistically-draped robes, holding in his right hand the laurel spray of triumph—triumph of art, not mundane success, for he commenced poor—his mother often selling his early works of art at ten pfennigs each—and he died poor.

Alas! what change is wrought by Time! The old clock ticking solemnly here in this ancient cabin could tell a tale, for it has thus ticked on for more than four centuries. It is somewhat strange that such a number of artists—and of various crafts—should have been born in the same town, and lived and worked almost contemporaneously. The table at foot[1]—taken from the Bratwurstglöcklein—is of interest as bearing upon this.

	Born.	Died.
[1] Albrecht Dürer	1471	1528
Wilibald Porkheimer	1470	1530
Peter Vischer	1460	1529
Adam Krafft	1436	1508
Veit Stols	1447	1542
Lazarus Spengler	1479	1534
Hieronimus Paumgärtner	1498	1565
Hans Sachs	1494	1576
Conrad Grübel	1736	1809

After quite a number of the wee sausages, several —not wee—*krugs* and several smokes, we felt it would be enjoyable to circumambulate this circumvallated old city, and interesting indeed we found it. Fresh snow had fallen, and hung from every overhanging eave in fluffy whiteness; not a footprint was to be seen, and as we mounted the Kaiserburg, we felt the full influence of a resplendent December moon, which cast deep and faithful shadows of the ancient gables, roofs and towers on the crisp and crackling carpeting beneath our feet. We feel that the summer tourist has never seen Nuremberg at its best, for that, surely, is when its venerable roofs and gables, oriels and dormers, frowning towers and graceful spires, raise themselves in calm and hoary superexaltation above the expanse of ancient piles, all spread out like a mosaicing in pure white marble in the sublime silence and effulgency of a resplendent moonlight night. It seemed a malefaction to desert the lambent coruscations of the fulgurate night-watcher, so we followed the ancient embattlements till we came upon the fire-station.

All men have weaknesses, one of our many being to visit fire-stations in all towns in all countries we may happen to be. It must have been between 1 and 2 a.m., but a watch must be kept throughout the silent night; why should we not enliven it? We shouted, and down came a member, who took us to the captain—a member, by the way, who had been employed on one of our river-floats. Of politeness and alacrity this captain was the embodi-

ment. He had his doors open and his men out with the promptitude characteristic of firemen. We admired, as we had admired in the Hof Theatre at Munich, the Continental system of enabling a man to suspend himself by a hook from his stout webbing belt, and he had his man drawn up to a window and hung there.[1] The hanging-ladder, too, is a useful device, and scaling was quickly effected by it; the tensile strain upon these renders them far less dangerous than the transverse strain upon our sectional ladders; moreover, in case of accident, they fall *from* instead of *towards* the conflagration. The very crude and affrighting system of giving warning of the fire-engine's approach adopted in England—namely, by lusty shouting—is more efficiently done by a powerful bell—as in the States. For hand-lamps the men carry flambeaux; safety-lamps being provided for dangerous positions. A very useful invention was demonstrated to us—the "pneumatic" mask—a double metallic mask between the double casing of which air—from a compressed air reservoir—was made to rapidly pass, and thus keep cool the face of the wearer.

Standing as we were in an elevated part of the town, we were curious to know of the available normal pressure in the mains. Happy mountainous districts! the captain had his hydrant up, his hose on in a twinkling, and lo! a splendid jet was washing the thick snow from the house-tops, and blowing it

[1] The hooks here are double; we consider the swivel and spring hook of Munich preferable.

in a veritable blizzard across the *Strasse*. In the town, he informed us, the jet would reach to eighty metres—well-nigh up to the points of St. Lorenz's spires. Hose-reels, wheel-ladder, and engine—the latter with a very ingenious pole-chain attachment—were brought out manually, for strangely enough the only things he could not show us were the horses, as these were locked in their stables and could only be released by an electric—and we feel senseless—arrangement from the central station.

The ancient clocks had all just rung out two o' the night, and it was very crisp; we noticed some of the hosemen's breasts were well incrusted in ice, and we retired to the watch-room, where we observed on the long table as many *bierkrugs* as men of the watch. To replenish them would, of course, be hopeless in the early hours. By no means! But, by some means, the jugs were soon froathy, pipes were lighted, and men were as snug behind them as a watch could well be in a Bavarian fire-station.

We could not restrain the desire to cross the old market by moonlight. If Nuremberg's medieval market-place had looked quaint and picturesque by day, by night it looked weird and fairy-like, and as we passed out of the time-honoured portal 'neath the shadow of the venerable *Frauenthor*, we were well satisfied with our visit to the old-time town of Nuremberg—now the toy-shop of the world.

CHAPTER VIII

A VISIT TO MONTE CARLO

MONTE CARLO! Charles's Mount! How familiar the name is! Yet it is but a bit of a place, with a population—some 4,000 only—equalling but that of an ordinary English village. The names of far larger and more important towns, counted by thousands, are quite unknown to us, yet Monte Carlo is a name known throughout the world. Is there a single house or wayside inn in our own land where its name has not been mentioned? Yet but a score of years ago the barren arid rock upon which the buildings are clustered was quite unknown, except to the dweller in its immediate vicinity. To-day it is known the world over, and all on account of one solitary, albeit ornate, building now perched high upon it, but that building is a "gambling hell."

About that time a Monsieur Louis Blanc, formerly concessionaire of the "games" at Homburg, proposed to the ruler of this toy country—this principality of a few thousand acres—that similar "games" should be instituted here. Monsieur Blanc knew his

public in particular and mankind in general. He anticipated that civilized mankind would come and take a hand in his games, and therefore he felt himself justified in undertaking not only to pay a formidable annual subvention; but to transform the barren rock into a *veritable petit paradis terrestre*. It is good that he did not also undertake to transform the minds of his players into a blissful Elysium of contentment to match, for, though many aver that he has succeeded in the former, he would have failed signally in the latter.

Had this bold conversion been entered upon by the English, even on a spot as rugged, romantic, and beautiful, they would, with the expenditure of capital, quickly have succeeded in knocking not only all the romance but all the beauty out of it. Great straight roads would have been cut, ugly flagstone pavements would have gone down, a hideous glass-house structure would have gone up, angular and cold without, a veritable "hothouse" within, ugly wood fences would have bounded this and that, hideous touch-me-if-you-dare spiky iron railings would more effectually than gracefully have performed the useful office of preventing one from falling off the edge of the rock, ugly wood or iron staircases would have been erected, curbstones would have been laid, and these studded with the ugliest lamp-posts and lanterns it is possible to conceive, square lawns would have been put down and round ponds cut in them, and *voilà tout*.

Now, what do we find here? The rock gently

sloped and levelled; on the most prominent point a handsome building and solid, yet of such style of architecture and so relieved by ornament as not to appear heavy. It looks as if it were for pleasure. It has neither an ecclesiastical appearance nor has it a severity more suited to a factory. It is not one in which two-thirds of its cost has been expended on a useless cupola or a solitary clock-tower of disproportionate height. It rears itself from among beautiful gardens; on the seaward side are broad *parterres*, bordered by appropriately-balustraded balconies, led up to by gracefully-winding roads and pathways planted in profusion with shrubs and specimen trees. On the landward side is an effective circular drive, approached by broad curved roadways, flanked by undulating grass plots and artistic flower-beds, verdant and resplendent beneath exotic and evergreen foliage. The whole attests the skill of the landscape gardener and the architect. Any and every detail of it will bear careful survey, from a simple flagstaff, with its ornate Venetian base or the indispensable lamp-standard, to the ornate interior of the building itself.

The English are good at many things without a doubt, especially those in which thoroughness and integrity are required; but if we are not in our element in the design of things of art and *vertu*, why do we not have the frankness to admit it, and the courage to enlist the services of those whose speciality it apparently is? Let us consider but the last item—a simple lamp-post. Take the ordinary

British type, scan it carefully, and you will sigh to think what little good has apparently sprung from our great expenditure on our Science and Art Department. We say the "British type" of lamp-post, because throughout the length and breadth of our land there he stands in his ugly individuality, proclaiming the want of artistic feeling and artistic originality characteristic of us. Look round our towns, go into the country—there they are, these ugly light-bearers, all of them apparently cast off the same pattern. The flickering "bat's-wing" supported by them shines in at the first-floor front of a 4s. a week tenement of the slums, lights up the brazen knocker of the nobleman's mansion in Piccadilly, stands close to the portico of the West-End mansion, and lights you to the garden-gate of the suburban villa. Why should this be? A ton of iron costs much the same whether it be cast in an artistic or in a hideous mould. The cost of the pattern itself is negligible, and yet what a pattern it is! Take a long square bit of wood, plane off the corners, and there's your octagonal lamp-post—nearly all British lamp-posts are octagonal. A little thin at the base, you say? Well, take eight thin bits of wood and nail them round, bevel off their tops into a feeble semblance of a moulding, and there's your base. The shaft looks a little bare still? That's easily got over. You tie a broad band round it, or, if you wish to be "more artistic," a couple of narrow ones, stick it in the sand, pour your metal in, and there's your noble British lamp-post!

There's a picture for you! No wonder the midnight reveller hangs on to them and trembles; they're enough to frighten even sober people.

Carry one of these posts—metaphorically, of course—in your eye to any street in Paris, look across the *Place de la Concorde* and up the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, the façade of the Opera House, or along any *Boulevard*, and picture the effect of the presence of the British lamp-post. Look along the *Quais* of Geneva or Zurich, or the squares and places of quite small towns, and see if you can find anything like it. We can only call to mind one respectable row of lamp-posts in the whole of our great Metropolis—namely, that on the Thames Embankment. In this matter of lamp-posts certainly the City puts the West End to shame, if anything inartistic can do so. The lanterns are as conservative in their hideousness as the posts. Four bits of nearly square glass form the sides, four bits of nearly triangular glass form the dome. There is, of course, the ornament to be mentioned. This consists in the pure simplicity of a pot-bellied ball of brown earthenware, like the top of an extra large ginger-beer bottle.

But to return to the *parterres* of Monte Carlo. There are artistic lamp-standards and hanging lanterns, making the place brilliant with incandescent gas-burners; there is the handsome *kiosque* for the orchestra, with an artistic balustrading formed of porcelain panels, emblematic of music; whilst above us is the ornate south façade of the *Kursaal*

with its towers, reminding us a little of the Trocadero at Paris, with its columns, balustrades, marbles, bronzes, mosaics, ceramics, and mural painting within and without. Walk a few steps further on and compare even the lifts, especially the wee one with the classic temple dome in white stone and turquoise finials, with those at Scarborough—our queen of watering-places—or those at Folkestone.

We enter the Casino by its north façade from the *Place du Casino*, to find ourselves in a vestibulum in ornate harmony with the exterior.

"Continuous staking and *petits jeux* is scarcely the pleasantest thing to do," probably mused Monsieur Blanc. Your gambler must have his recreation, and what more soothing thing can be found for his super-excited brain than music—good music? Moreover, your foreign gamesters are generally accompanied by ladies, sometimes even by their wives, and the less *they* play the less they lose; besides, he can manage that part of the domestic economy; they can sit it out, and they will find beautifully decorated rooms, *foyers* and *salles des lectures*, to "sit out" in, whilst if they both want the consolation of sweet music's melody they have but to turn into the elaborately ornate auditorium of the theatre, or *salle des fêtes*, to hear it discoursed by one of the finest orchestras of Europe. As a matter of fact, it appeared to us that women were far more fascinated by the gambling than the men. As regards the relative number of men and women, there is little to

choose; if there be a preponderance, it would be in favour of the "gentler sex."

Well, we must be doing, and we must be in the fashion; consequently we must go in and speculate a little, if it be but a few "cart-wheels."[1] Crossing the vestibule, we find ourselves in a lofty and handsome *atrium*, a handsome space, round which runs a balcony, carried upon massive and costly marble columns, its general aspect being Ionic. Lighted entirely from above and through obscured glass, the light is suffused and subdued, as is the ornamentation, principally in brown and gold, the ceiling and tympani at either end being embellished with paintings by well-known men. The present *atrium* was originally the *salle des fêtes* of the establishment, for, although the building first put up was commodious and costly, it was soon found to be inadequate, by reason of overcrowding. Turning to the left—if we be not in the black books of the scrutineers, who stand on either side of the double portal —we step into the world-renowned *salle des jeux.*

It is a curious sight and unique, for there is nothing like it elsewhere in the world. There are the "Monte Carlo" tables, and each one is crowded. Yet there is little noise except the jingle of gold and silver, louder at short intervals as each table's quartet of *croupiers* vigorously and dexterously rake in the stakes. The silence, however, is periodically broken by the cries of the officiating *croupier:*

[1] Five-franc pieces.

" Messieurs ! faites vos jeux !"

" *Messieurs ! faites vos jeux !*"

" *Le jeu est fait !*"

" *Rien ne va plus !*"

" *Vingt-sept ! rouge, impair et passe !*"

Thus runs the formula, the last sentence of which brings satisfaction to a few, disappointment to many.

" Gentlemen ! make your play !"

" The game is made !"

" Nothing more goes !"

" Twenty-seven ! red, odd numbers and 'pass' !"

Thus for twelve consecutive hours, workadays and Sundays, does the gambling proceed. No one sees you enter ; every eye is fixed steadfastly upon the boards of green cloth. Little is said, and this in a whisper or undertone. We approach and look over the shoulders of the back row—to get a seat without much patience is impossible ; there is the great long table, its cloth at either end marked out by yellow lines into squares and other rectangles of various shapes and sizes. Upon this absorbing pattern are laid—apparently in hopeless confusion —five-franc pieces, louis, little towers of louis, and bank-notes. Some are on the numbers, some are on the lines, some are on the corners, some are on blank spaces, some are on the black diamond, some are on the red diamond, some are on the " *douzaines*," while some are on the spaces allocated to *passe*, *impair*, and *manque*. Midway down the table, slowly, noiselessly, and incessantly, revolves the pan of the " roulette."

After the words, " Le jeu est fait," one of the

croupiers takes out the little white ball, grasps one of the four bronze arms of the *cylindre*, reverses its direction, and deftly sends the light solitaire racing round the circular woodwork containing it, until—its centrifugal force failing it—it hesitates and descends with a spasmodic hop, dives into one of the thirty-seven little brass stalls, hesitatingly, oft-times jumping out again to stable itself in another. "Zero!" cries the *croupier*, and a murmur runs round, for is not zero *l'ami de la maison*, as the *croupier* once told us? In this case he adds nothing further, for neither *couleur*, *impair*, *pair*, etc., avail anything, and the rakes are at once busy denuding all numbers, as well as the red diamonds, of their monetary burthens. The money of the less venturous players, however, those who have chosen the lesser odds of *impair* or *manque*, or staked on black, is merely "put in prison." Decisions are now again hastily made; money is again showered down upon the cloth, pushed into the fancied positions with spare rakes, dexterously pitched from end to end by *croupiers*, with requests for *quatre premier*, *six dernier transversal*, or *carré*, the *cylindre* again reversed, the ball spun, the rapping of its rapid hops heard, and the number again called, *vingt-neuf noir*, *impair passe!* The black stakers may now lift their stakes, the odds are now rapidly counted out, thrown or pushed down to the winning squares, to be eagerly taken up by the winners, and so the game goes on. *Dix-huit rouge*, *paire et manque!* The reds now have it! And so the exciting play goes on.

Truly it is a game of "chance." Take thirty-six numbers, multiply by each other, and each result multiplied by every degree of rotatory force that can be imparted to the cylinder, multiplied by the various obstructions, multiplied again by all the possible bounds and rebounds of the ball over such obstacles and the angles of the divisions; then multiply each number by all the possible degrees of force exercised by the wrist and fingers in spinning the ball, and the various sizes of balls employed; then recommence all these calculations to meet the case of the ball being spun the reverse way, and let all the results be multiplied by the number of *croupiers* and their various temperaments. Take into consideration all the points of the game—the cheating, the want of change, the crowding when players are numerous, the speed at which the game is played when there are few, the difficulty of staking where you wish, and the loss by zero. Mix all this up together, calculate, combine, provide against everything, get into battle array, employ a martingale, double your stake, play the *Varraine*, the *Caillette*, the *d'Alembert*, the *San Malah*, the *Tiers-et-tout*, the *Finales*, the *Masse-en-avant*, or play by arithmetical or geometrical progression. Stake *en plein*, *à cheval*, *en transversales*, *en Carré*, on the dozens on columns, or even chances, on zero, on the *quatre premiers*, *six derniers*, *passe*, *impair* and *manque*, and, when everything is dancing in your poor brain—when you have learnt all the *voisines*, the *répétitions*, the *sautes*, the *series*, the *triolets*, the

piece-brûlés, and all the other fictions of that wretched common-sense gone mad which clings to *anything* in its search for a straight tip, from a mere fetish to the hour of the day, the word just spoken, the age of anything or anybody, the number of buttons on a garment, second sight, dreams, the number of a railway-carriage, the number on your brass *vestraire* ticket, the number the hotel manager or porter predicts for the "night," the number on your return ticket to Nice that the red line cuts, the date of a birth or of a death, everything most sacred or most grotesque—warm all this up together, adding all you have forgotten to what you never knew, sprinkle with good and bad luck, and serve hot! This is the game of roulette.

And so the exciting games go on! Ever and anon a player pushes back his chair—ofttimes exhibiting a very pale face and trembling hand as he rises to leave. Why should he stay longer? He has lost all he had with him! His seat, which by mutual consent has probably been "booked," or *marqué*, is immediately taken, and so the group remains, go in what hour you may. As one player slowly finishes, others enter to commence, and it is interesting to note how this is done. One will enter in hot haste—haste engendered, it may be, by inexperience and fervent hope, or by a vindictive feeling and impatient desire to repair the losses of the preceding day. Another—obviously a novice—will enter, his face wearing the look of utmost surprise, the strange novelty of the scene inspiring

something akin to respect in him for it, so that he will approach one of the tables as noiselessly as if he were entering a church. On the other hand, a stout, jolly-looking, white-haired old Englishman —a successful merchant, perhaps — who believes neither in "system" nor speculation, will come bustling in with his wife upon his arm, go straight to a table, put his arm over a shoulder, throw down a louis, allowing it to remain on almost any number it may have rolled upon, to be, in less than a few seconds, scooped up by the scraper of the gold-scavenger. He will then turn to his equally smiling-faced wife, laugh more heartily at its disappearance than the average winner, go to the next table, "just to see if the luck's the same, my dear," "put on" another "yellow boy," with a like result, and, with a fresh smile, will disappear through the exit to have a cigar on the terrace. Another will enter, press his pencil or card firmly against his lips, slowly circulate among the tables, his eyes cast down upon the floor, except when he takes rapid glances towards the different tables, seemingly powerless to make up his mind at which to risk that which possibly he can very ill afford to hazard. Perhaps in his mind may be taking place a fierce conflict, in which his feeble entrenchments of duty and better sense are opposing, yet momentarily being breached and broken down by the resistless projectiles of avarice, impelled by the potent powder of hope; the battle will soon be over, for his last stronghold of common-sense will shortly be invaded

by the shells of greed and gain, and then silenced and devastated by the explosive bomb of disappointment. When he thinks of duty it is towards his wife and offspring. Is he right in risking that which may land them in the desert of desolation? Yet if he win he will benefit them. Yes, he will try again, and *if* he win he will at once return, and never, never, never again gamble. He shoulders his way in; he stakes—all that remains to him, and heavier than usually. Nine! Hurrah! the day of the month and the number of the month in the year when he was born—his "lucky" number. Take it up? No! only fools and cowards take up their stakes when they win, and he is neither the one nor the other. *Zero!* God! what next? He turns away, looks down to his watch-chain. Oh! I remember, for it is no longer there. With pallid face, he staggers to the door with the haste of desperation, a brain no longer a fit monitor, and limbs no longer his servants; he seeks another door, above which is writ in letters of gold, "Avances sur bijoux," the *Mont de Piété.*

Entering, he tears from his wrist-bands his links —links which, had they been left undisturbed, might have held him longer to life. But they go! For his last stake, you say? Yes, that's it; but of what nature? Ask the bushes—and the custodians who took the body from them during the night.

So is it in life; prudence and perseverance battle with greed and impatience; hard-earned, slowly-garnered gains, by irresolution and an all too feeble

will, are staked and "speculated," to be lost and swept up by the hand of the great *croupier* Fate with a speed that for the moment numbs the loser to the appreciation of the depth of desolation he has wrought for himself; but when he awakes he is a shattered being, dead to all earth's pleasures.

And so the "games" go on. Absorbed, dumfounded, delighted, puzzled, elated with success, racked by disappointment, the groups stake on. "There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate—when he can't and when he can."[1] The chairs are usually occupied by men and women who sit with pencils, cards—printed with N and R[2] columns, which they puncture as the game proceeds with giant pins, thus registering the eccentricities, the sequences, and the "runs" of the *couleurs*, miniature "roulette" discs, which tell them the colours of their numbers without reference to the pan; note-books filled with figures, which they inscribe with pencils red at one end, black at the other, and even sheets of figures representative of the behaviour of the erratic ivory in *jeux* long past. One can scarcely credit this of educated people, but such it is. Before them are piled silver, gold, and notes. These are all at work on "systems," and so absorbed are they in them that they scarcely glance at the numbers. On the right of the *croupier* sits a young Englishman, engrossingly engaged in a

[1] Pudd'nhead maxims.

[2] Noir and Rouge; the *trente et quarante* cards have in addition "C and I"—*couleur* and *inverse*.

system, before him a heap of gold and much paper, the paraphernalia above mentioned, and his note-book, not only smothered with figures, but embellished with lines, zigzag and otherwise, connecting certain of the figures—all part and parcel of his "system." He merely listens for the number, then rapidly makes a calculation—his muttering lips and twitching hands as he adds and subtracts and pushes out more gold and notes to be placed on such a variety of numbers that without his notes it would be impossible to remember where they had been placed, speaking anything but enjoyment as ordinarily construed. Clearly the mathematics Cambridge had taught him have not served to impress his mind with the fundamental fact that the odds are so much in favour of the "bank" that all the systems—and they are nearly as numerous as the players—are powerless to build up a certainty, and that loss and gain alike are but sheer matters of "chance," decided wholly by the erratic little hops of the uncontrollable, liberty-demanding, tiny ivory sphere. Ask him next week whither "his system" led him, and he will probably answer in "words" unprintable, but more easily understood than the intricacies of his system.

> "Alas! our little systems have their day;
> They have their day, and cease to be;
> And then what broken lights are we!"

It is highly probable, however, he will have another "absolutely infallible" and equally efficacious system

next year, but the obstinacy and pig-headedness displayed in connection with such is wholly eclipsed by the fatuous nonsense practised by some of the players—for your gambler is the most superstitious of beings. Were we to give examples of the more idiotic of such practices we could not hope for credence. One lady assured us that she always—or nearly always—won if she did such and such a thing immediately after the changing of a seat by the croupier. But croupiers are not very frequently changing, so this was but a poor look-out; another lady, at the wind-up of a run of ill-luck, turned to her friend of over twenty years' standing, and who had numberless times been her companion at the table-side, and swore—yes, swore—declaring that the presence of her friend *always* brought her bad luck.

But that is nothing to the conduct of a man who frequently played, and assured us that he never played unless he bought matches of a certain old woman in Nice before coming. If he could not find her he would not play at all, and seeing that the purchase of "luck" by this process was an economical one, he was liberal in his dealings, and took a dozen boxes at a time. Those of us conversant with the Continental match will appreciate that he thus purchased enough sulphurous sticks to fumigate a fever-hospital. His study had matches everywhere, but not one fit to use. Asked by an anxious mother what would be a "good business" for her son, one of the Rothschilds replied that

"selling matches was as good a business as he knew of—if you could sell enough of them." There, then, was a future for our friend; he had but to act upon the banker's advice, and we feel he would eventually make far more by his matches than by the "tables." By the way, we watched the play of one of this celebrated firm of financiers for some time, but he, to say the least, was *not* making money just then.

One cannot be long in Monte Carlo without hearing "systems" discussed, and this ardently. After having "assisted" at a few dissertations of this nature, one marvels that anyone should be foolish enough to leave the little *Paradiso* a loser. The Riviera, especially in the vicinity of Monte Carlo, is highly productive, but one would scarcely expect to find it prolific of philanthropists, yet such is nevertheless a fact—philanthropists abound! Everyone will *tell* you how to make money, and philanthropists of mathematical turn have even gone to the length of formulating fortune-tables, by means of which you may make any fortune you may desire—no matter how large your desire may be—by the simple expedient of employing a capital of proportional magnitude, though the latter, not the fortune, is remarkably moderate. These fortune-makers, enclosed in sealed envelopes, are procurable at all the Monte Carlo stationers' shops at truly philanthropically low prices. The ways of the philanthropist are unknown to the vulgar herd such as that to which *we* belong, and therefore it does seem to us inexplicable that they—these recondite speculators—(in

figures, not coin) should, for an inadequate consideration, a paltry pittance, part with a secret at least as valuable as the *open sesame* to the gold caves of *Ali Baba* of old.

The blind and puerile devotion reposed in "systems" is scarcely exaggerated in the following lines we have ventured to write, descriptive of a system-possessor's visit to the gambling-tables, in parodied verse, on the pretty and evergreen poem from the sympathetic pen of Tennyson.

THE SONG OF THE MAKE-WIN.

(With Apologies to the "May-Queen.")

RECITAL BY NEWLY ARRIVED.

(*December* 31, 10 P.M.)

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, *Portier* dear,
For to-morrow I'm to take the biggest make
Of all the glad New Year.
I'm going to play at the tables, Portier,
I'm impatient to be there;
For I'm to be King of the day, Portier,
I'm to be King of the day.

(*January* 1, 7.30 A.M.)

I wasn't sleeping, I woke early,
Tho' thanks for calling, Portier dear,
For to-day I am due to make my *début*
At the tables over there.
I'm going to "make" to-day, Portier;
For me you need have no fear,
For I'm to be King of the day, Portier
I'm to be King of the day.

Song of the Make-win

Well, now I'll be going; I wish to be early
On the steps 'neath the Portal, dear,
To go in with the first, for *les jeux* I thirst,
"To know what it is to be there."
My luck's to start from to-day, Portier;
In my dreams 'twas made quite clear
That I'm going to win to-day, Portier,
I'm going to win to-day.

I want to be seated—that's why I go early—
At the "board of green cloth," Portier dear.
Each hour for me like lightning will flee
When I join the glad throng over there;
For I'm going to "play" to-day, Portier,
In earnest, and no "bunkum," I swear,
For I'm to give 'em a lead to-day, Portier,
I'm to give 'em a lead to-day.

A "tip," did you say? You must rise very early
Ere you try to teach *me*, Portier dear,
For I've my own *system*, and why folks don't listen
To me's incomprehensibly queer.
No! I'm going to play on my *own*, Portier,
So simple, so sure, that it's clear
I'm going to "sweep in" to-day, Portier,
I'm going to "sweep in" to-day.

A man's a gone coon who takes the age of the moon
As his "tip" for "*en plein*," Portier dear;
That it isn't "*en plein*," but "*on plan*" you must play,
To me is as crystal is clear.
So I'm going to air *my* own *plan*, Portier;
It's a dead "cert.," it's infallible, dear;
So I'm to be in the "win" to-day, Portier,
I'm to be in the "win" to-day.

Song of the Make-win

I know coons who've tried the nos. that divide
The red lines on their *billets*, Portier dear,
The *numéro* of their *chambre*, or *voiture* or *ombre';*
But this is all humbug, most sheer.
It's *mathematical reasoning* you want, Portier—
Oh! it grieves me to hear you thus jeer—
Before you can win *any* day, Portier,
Before you can win *any* day.

Now I've passed the sacred Portal;
I'm in the *salles des jeux* so dear;
They are ornately replete; the very air I think sweet,
As the tables of *fortunes* I near.
I glide o'er the *parquet*, my place I have *marquée;*
Quite close to the *chef de table's* own chair.
Yes, I'm going to "live" to-day, Croupier,
I'm going to "live" to-day.

Again, *cent louis* on *noir*—for I'm winning;
I'm "making" early, *Croupier* dear;
Already I've gained a biggish pile,
That 'll last me all the year.
Now *cinquante* on *manque* and *impaire*, Croupier,
I love to see them there;
For my luck's in to-day, Croupier,
My luck's in to-day.

(*January* 1, 11.30 P.M.)

If I'm sleeping, call me early;
Call me early, Portier dear,
For to-morrow this fat purse, as the French say *grasse-bourse*,
'll be but a fraction of what I shall clear,
For *my* system is infallible quite, Portier,
When given a chance fair and square,
So I want to be again at the "play," Portier,
I want to be again at the "play."

Song of the Make-win

(*January* 2, 2 P.M.)

What's this? I'm no longer making—I feel quite surly.
Lost again, have I? D——n! Croupier dear,
Alas! to-day, with no smile, I observe that my pile
Of it's old self's a fraction mere.
Oh! where is my first "lucky" Croupier?
I long to see him again in his chair,
Or I'll not be King to-day, Croupier,
I'll not be King to-day.

(*January* 2, 10 P.M.)

Horrors! I—not the Bank—am breaking; to my system let me refer:
Yes! this time 't'll be *rouge, quatre et pair*, dear—there!!
Lost again! tush! I've no luck with my system I've struck.
One more *mauvais coup* my pockets will clear.
Gone—all gone! Ah, where is my capital, dear?
Alas! I can't make to-day, Croupier;
Ruined—I no longer can play.

Oh, let me get out of this veritable hell!
Ope' the door, my *Garçon* dear,
For to-day I drop the biggest "pot"
I've made this many a year.
The whole thing's a cheat, the very air's effete;
I *curse* my stupidity sheer,
For I'm sadder and wiser to-day,
I'm sadder and wiser to-day.

(*January* 3, 1 A.M.)

You must wake and call me early;
Call me early, Portier dear,
For I have seen the saddest day
Of all the glad New Year.
I'm going a long, long way, Portier;
I've no money to stay here,
So I'm going to old England to-day, Portier,
I'm going to old England to-day.

Song of the Make-win

(*January* 3, 9.30 A.M.)

Well, good-bye, my Monte, I grieve to leave you thus early;
For your *pourboire* you must go "tick," Portier dear,
Tho' on me rely my utmost to try
To send it some time this New Year.
Now I must "make tracks" for the *gare*, Portier,
The "Bank-man" with my ticket is there,
For I'm to be sent back to-day, Portier,
I'm to be sent back to-day.

(*January* 5, 7 A.M.)

Through its fog and its smoke, at this hour so early,
Once again I see our "Old London" dear;
'Twas the unluckiest day when I went away
Of all the waning year.
I'll never go gambling again, Porter,
This little "fling" has cost me most dear;
Henceforth in old England I stay, Porter,
Henceforth in old England I stay.

God bless you, my pet! it gladdens my heart
To be back in my roof-tree so dear;
Come! for your head make a nest on my stupid old breast,
Of my erring again have no fear,
For I'm going to work from to-day, Vic',
My vow may the One above hear,
I'm going to work from to-day, Vic',
I'm going to work from to-day.

And you, my doting, loving mother—
Don't scorn me, mother dear,
For to-morrow your son without fail will make one
More toiler in our city so dear.
Never again will your son be a fool, mother;
Come! trust him, and have no fear,
For Vic's to be Queen from to-day, mother,
My wife's to be Queen from to-day.

What an incongruous line this line of seated players is, to be sure; their faces, the types of these, the idiosyncrasies of the many nationalities, their different and ever-varying expression of countenance, all form an interesting study, but which words can do little in the way of conveying a faithful picture. We will just glance at their hands instead, as they lie on the table, and before which are their "banks," large and small, of silver, gold, and notes.

The hands of the individual whose *modus operandi* we have alluded to are those of a middle-aged English gentleman; they are white and of medium size, and scrupulously kept. Next are a trembling pair owned by a prematurely old man, who appears to have "wasted his life in riotous living." By his side those of a bulky *demi-mondaine;* they, too, are white, but it is an artificial whiteness, are very fat, and the fingers are literally covered with handsomely-bejewelled rings; these hands now and then dart forward to "grab" their "winnings" in a manner highly unladylike. Next her, and in striking contrast, are a tiny pair of soft white hands, through the transparent skin of which the small blue veins are clearly traceable; the fingers, thin and tapering, rest upon a gold chain purse and a few louis. These are not busy and restless hands, for they belong to a fair-haired English girl, who appears to be lost in thought, and far away from the "tables." Beside her are an ugly and, be it said, grimy pair of great size and roughness, belonging to an immensely fat foreigner. He is a sandy chap of great rotundity,

and his fat hands laboriously and slowly push out the stakes by means of the spare *croups*, even this exertion causing their double-chinned, stunt-necked owner to utter audible grunts. Another pair of hands, similar as to their griminess, but very dissimilar in form and master, are the next, for they are thin and busy and veiny, and the nails are cut in that ugly, long, and excessively-pointed style so often affected by the foreigner. His is a tallish but thin and lithe figure, his face a mass of black hair—of Russian aspect; his fingers are never still for a single instant, and in this they keep company with his dark, restless, and flashing eyes. He is constantly rising to pitch coins along the table, or arrange others on the four sides or corners of *carrés*, or to hurriedly collect his winnings and pile them before him. But he gives these no rest either; every few seconds he pushes the towers over, so as to expose their edges that he may count them, to immediately repile them, forget their number—as a man does immediately he has looked at his watch—to push them over afresh and again count their serrated edges. The next pair, yellow and bony, belong to a cadaverous-looking woman, dowdily attired, with a wrinkled, parchment-like countenance and sunken eyes—possibly an absinthe-drinker. She scorns the use of a purse, and brings a large and ugly chocolate satin *sachet*, which she carefully fastens to the cloth by means of a couple of the big registering pins. Into this *sachet* she scoops, in a vulgar and miser-like manner—like an old crone

nursing a charity pittance—her winnings, or dives with vicious energy down into its chinking depths for other coins to replace lost stakes. At the head of the table sits a lady with white kid gloves on. She is a very cautious player. She confines herself entirely to the dozens, and informs us that she wins thereby. She never removes her gloves, though she says that five-franc pieces are very destructive to them, and never puts her money on the table, but drops it in and takes it from a red morocco satchel, which she closes with a snap at each operation.

Some of the owners of these hands are by no means " fair to look upon," and by no means fair as to play. Said an Englishman to us once at one of the tables : " My wife has had the good luck to win no less than three numbers this afternoon—thirty-five *louis* —and that black woman over there on two occasions has picked it up and claimed it. If you have time, just watch and see if it occur again." Upon this we preferred the advice to be found in the French guide-books : " If you have not a seat, entrust your stake to one of the *croupiers*, with your instructions as to placing it." Our friend's wife was seated, and he stood behind her, having again resumed the honourable, but in this case unprofitable, position of banker to his wife, for the thirty-five louis won had been dissipated, as far as she was concerned, " into thin air "—much in the same way as if it had been staked in the carbon electrode of an electric furnace. He took our advice, or rather that of the guide-book, and handed his money to the *croupier*, and *continued*

to hand his money to the *croupier*, a thing by no means foreign to Monte Carlo, until in an hour or so his wife—who was extremely lucky that afternoon—again "spotted" the winning square. Nine turned up, or rather the ball turned down into nine, and that—on the cloth—was just opposite "the black woman." In due course down came the money, and, gracious heavens! in due course down came the grimy claws of "the black woman," and under them went the louis. This was the last straw—or illicit haul. Englishmen are not rarities at Monte Carlo, and others of that ilk had been "watching." There was a bit of a hubbub. Mistress Black was accused by more than one. She was livid—livid not so much from fear as from anger—her little game was exposed. She looked like a tigress, and behaved as one. She would retreat not an inch; she would deign not to enter into the discussion. She made but one remark, and that a hundred times—"*C'est à moi! C'est à moi!*" What could be done? What *is* done by Englishmen in such cases, be it unfairness in business, or sport, unreciprocal customs, or even sugar bounties?—and we are not sure but it is the best thing to be done—treat cheats with the contempt they merit, and utilize the time some would spend in litigation in striving to repair the unfair loss—which leads us to what struck us as being the most interesting part of the episode.

Silence having been partially restored, the *chef de table* quietly inquired of the end *croupier*, "To whom

pays one the money? Is it to 'Madame'?" (Mistress Black). "No," said the *croupier*. "'Twas I who placed the 'piece'; it appertains to Monsieur." Then the pan of the "roulette," which for the first time in a series of some score of visits made by us we had seen come to rest, was restarted. "And so the games go on." In a few minutes, however, we heard uttered, with a gentle pressing aside of our shoulders, "Pardon, 'sieurs et Madame." It was the iron-gray *chef des croupiers*, who, with true French politeness and a graceful bow, quietly and without a word deposited the little pile of thirty-seven golden louis on the green cloth in front of "Madame," our friend's wife. We looked at each other in surprise, for we both knew that, despite the unhesitating assertion of the croupier who had staked the piece, no application whatever had been made on the part of the bank to Madame Brunette for the reinstatement of the illicitly-picked-up coin. But surely this point requires no mathematical reasoning —only think of the odds! "Give a fool rope enough," says the adage, "and he will hang himself"; give that woman—or anyone else, for that matter—time enough, and that money will find its way into the *coffres fortes* of the "bank."

And so the "games" go on. But we can't get near to these tables, so we pass on, as we have only so far reached the second room, a spacious apartment in the Moresque style, richly painted and gilded, but spoiled to our mind by the employment of the heavy, flat, sloping covering permissible in

that style of architecture. A row of three tables confront us here, whilst two more are to be found in the recesses on either side. The third room, with its three tables, is lofty and very ornate; around its walls are panels painted by celebrated French artists, representing sports and pastimes: riding, punting—not in the gambling sense—shooting, hawking, archery, salmon-spearing—a pastime, not a sport—fencing, riding, and croquet. This *salon* was formerly reserved, as the French put it, for "repose and conversation." None of the former is to be found there to-day, however, for space here is too valuable for "repose." Three ever-gilded tables instead "repose" beneath its richly-gilded ceiling. Passing through another vestibule, we enter the two new and perhaps even more handsome *salons*.

These are sometimes called the "gold-rooms," not in reference to their decoration, but because they contain the four *trente-et-quarante* tables, a glance at which will show the origin of the term, for are they not literally bespangled with gold, besequined by the many louis, interspersed with little heaps and towers of the rich metal, amongst it a goodly array of the handsome 100-franc gold pieces of the Principality? Though 'tis principally "gold that glitters" and makes the most noise, there are other tokens of less *éclat* but of still higher intrinsic worth. These, too, are to be seen in plenty, modestly reposing on the dark green cloth in the form of bundles of drab, dingy-looking bank-notes, corresponding to our clean and welcome "crisp uns." These are the

trente-et-quarante tables, where no "roulette" is made use of, but instead the exciting game goes on by means of an inexhaustible pack of miniature playing-cards. With spare cards, having blue rectangular spaces upon them, the *croupier* "cuts" off a length of their long white body, and rapidly deals the requisite number out upon a piece of green leather provided for that purpose, causing the cards to turn over in falling in the reverse direction to that usually made by English "dealers." As the bottom little line terminates, the croupier calls the game: *Deux ! rouge gagne ! Un après. Cinq ! quarante rouge gagne et couleur*, and so on. The used cards are then brushed away into a recess provided for them in the centre of the table, close to the inevitable brazen-lidded wells, made the size of *notes de banque*, into which the "flimsies" are pushed down.

Before the centre *croupiers* are long, neatly-arranged lines of gold coins and heaps of paper rolls containing Napoleons, valuable *petits pain* indeed. Near them lies the *croupier's* little bell, which, when he requires anything, he generally strikes, as it lies on its side, with his croup, to be answered with astonishing alacrity by two claps of the *valet-de-chambre's* hands, and lo! he is behind his chair. There are a great number of these *valets-de-chambre*, resplendent in their blue frock coats with broad gold braiding, the latter being arranged in the small of their backs above their tails in a zigzag or "flash-of lightning form," possibly symbolical of the "flash-of-lightning" rapidity with which the coin from the visitor's

pockets is transferred to their masters. These gentlemen in blue—some of them gray-headed and others very rotund—are called *garçons-de-salle*, which reminds us of our own misnomer of the end of last century and beginning of this in regard to our "post-boys." Every table has its four officiating *croupiers*, and an additional one at either end, each being presided over by a couple of *chefs*, or overseers —overseers in both senses, for they sit perched up on high-seated chairs, their feet resting on raised wooden cross-bars.

Both by day and by night the lighting of the *salons* is subdued: by day the blue curtains are always drawn, whilst by night, although the general illumination is by electric lights, the tables themselves are lighted by numerous oil-lamps, arranged beneath great green shades depending from the long gilded chains which reach down from the lofty ceilings. These *trente-et-quarante* tables are still more silent than the *roulettes*, for even the little jarring sound of the solitaire coming to rest in its twirling annular bed is absent, and the gathering up of the gold and notes is less noisy than that of the "cart-wheels." The golden winnings are noiselessly pushed down the table, whilst the notes gained are folded over the end of the *croup* and thus handed down. The company here, too, is more select, and the air of the rooms fresher, but is capable of much improvement, and could be improved if the stuffy—chamber-loving Continentals would allow it. We will, then, although there is much to be observed and "taken in" in the

unique scene, seek the fresh air and return again in the evening, and so we pass down again between the absorbed groups.

And so we leave the *salons* in search of a breath of sea air, a commodity beloved of the English. It is true that the air is "perfume-laden," but at first we thought the excessive use of scent by many of the lady habitués was objectionable. However, after having leaned over their backs often to watch the play, especially in the evening, we arrived at the conclusion that the scent was more offensive where it was *not*, which reminded us of the *bon mot* of the wit who, on singing a duet with a lady more admired for her voice than her sweetness of breath, remarked that "the words of the song were well enough, but it was the *air* he objected to." It is indeed a fact only too palpable to at least one of our senses that the commendable—even if excessive—bathing proclivities of the Latin-speaking forbears of those to whom we refer has not, unfortunately, been handed down with due observance to the present generation.

The air in the *salles des jeux* is anything but fresh, but did one ever go to a Continental place of amusement without soon experiencing this disadvantage? Anent this, a lady has just recounted an amusing incident on her way down by rail. So frightfully stuffy was the *coupé* that the increasing faintness she felt caused her some uneasiness, so that her hands moved in an uncertain manner as she sought to grasp the strap of the window for

the purpose of opening it. Seeing this, a super-polite but air-abhorring Frenchman said, "Is it that madame feels a *courant d'air?*" at the same time running his hands quickly over the cracks to discover where the offending current squeezed itself in. "Heavens, no!" said our friend; "would that I *could* feel a *courant d'air!*"

Moreover the *salles* are not so interesting in the morning as in the evening, as there is then but little of promenading, nearly all present are players, and these principally men. All are engrossed in the gambling and all are pressed closely around the tables, and the back view of one man is remarkably like that of another, as a charwoman in a royal palace once found to her chagrin, for on one occasion George I. was leaning carelessly out of a window, with the skirts of his coat a-gaping. Perceiving the favourable opportunity, our sturdy scullion, mistaking His Majesty for one of the cooks, advanced on tip-toe, and, with a well-directed aim, delivered a heavy, resounding blow on the royal buttocks. "Zounds!" cried the King; "what the devil's the matter now?" The poor woman, thinking herself undone, fell upon her knees, and excused herself in protesting she had mistaken the King for Bertrand. George was all good nature on such occasions, and, whilst rubbing the tingling part, remarked: "Well, if it had been Bertrand, whyfor the necessity of striking so hard?"

At several points the stout no-waist-to-speak-of forms and John Bullish rotundity of our countrymen

contrasted ludicrously with the fine and slim dapper figures of the "Continentals." The disparity even descending as far as the feet.

What a variety of feet, indeed, were there, from proper 12-inch feet to apologies for feet, encased in boots to be walked in, and boots which could not possibly be walked in—boots with John Bull soles and boots with Zephyr soles, good solid toe and heeling "lace-ups," beside the giving elastic side-springs! By the way, it has been pointed out that there may exist some connection between temporary insanity and side-spring boots, since the latter so often figure in descriptions from "crowner's quests." Those dapper little *bottines* there belong to a dapper little Frenchman. What funny little things they are, all full of myriads of comically-arranged little holes, punched in fantastic patterns, and in useless, artistically-"scalloped" toe-caps, as full of open-work as ladies' evening hose!

We see also the queerest row of heads — of back hair and heads without back hair—it is possible to conceive. Indeed, we could not have conceived that so many varieties existed in all the millions which populate our little earth. The variety, especially as regards the men, lay not only in the shapes and forms, but the hirsute coverings carried upon them. To nationalize them one might perhaps say: Dark and cropped—French; blonde and cropped, absolutely flat as a table on the top—Teutonic; fine and sleek—English; black and greasy—Spanish; black and crimpy—Italian; brown

and bushy—Russian. The row is flanked by a tall man with an abundance of hair, if not unkempt, at least very *derangé*—he may be a Russian; then one with straight, dank, fair hair, hanging straight down like a drooping willow, and rather coarse, like the fibre on a cocoanut—he may be a German. Then a black *coiffre d'arriere*, parted with scrupulous exactitude straight down from crown to collar, and plastered out to either side like a palm leaf, stiff and sticky with *cosmetique*—he may be Belgian or French. Then a big fine head dressed with a fine wide parting, with no hair to speak of, but a scalp as white and polished as a billiard-ball, and as innocent of hair as that useful article of pastime—he is undoubtedly British. Then a smaller, very round head set on a short neck and *coifferée* with a pair of horse-clippers à la Bill Sykes, with that curious blue sheen to be seen only on such *têtes* or in the *tonsures*—just beginning to grow again—of an Augustinian monk—he undoubtedly is Parisian.

In the midst of all that is foreign to us and pleasure-seeking, it is pleasant to learn of what is happening in our own little plodding island, so we go upstairs to glance at the papers. Passing through the writing-rooms on the way to the *salle de lecture*, we are surprised and delighted to see the window open, and we at once step out on to the balcony, and the words of Monsieur Blanc then recur to us—"a terrestrial paradise"—a beautiful oasis of man's habitations built on the rocky tableland known as the *Spelugues*, or grotto rock—which nestles in the

lap of the majestic Mount *Agel* (3,757 feet). This, with her sister, *La Turbie* (1,500 feet), and the *Tête de Chien* (1,774 feet), forms a continuous rocky arena, at once a beautiful range of blue mottled rock and a natural screen and wall to the north winds. La Turbie is now accessible even to those who have a rooted antipathy to anything in the nature of severe exertion, for a railway—a rack and pinion, not a *funicular*, as it is styled (was there ever a word so constantly misapplied as this?)—now winds up from the back of the town to its summit. For the good effect of these, our silent companions, we have but to glance at the exotic and equatorial nature of the luxuriant vegetation before us. There in the profusion and irregularity of Nature's art we see the tall and graceful palms; the outspreading, smooth, and peeling-trunked eucalyptus; the tall-stem'd cocoa-trees; the burnished-leafed indiarubbers of giant stature; the umbrageous, flat-leaved palms, with their fanlike leaves supported from queer trunks of immense girth; the bushy Phœnix palms, with no stems at all; the gracefully drooping draucaria, with its feathery fronds; handsome conifers, with masses of lacework instead of foliage; and the dark evergreen Italian poplars, with leaves so thin and delicate as never to rest, and to earn for their bearers the cognomen of "earth-tremor-trees," among many others, beautiful of form and striking by reason of their unfamiliar appearance to the eyes of we more Northern dwellers. Beneath their lovely foliage we see flower-beds of such beautiful shapes

that they make us blush for the recurrence of our own geometrical and hackneyed forms.

At our feet is the *Place de Casino,* with its circular drive and ornamental centre, and beyond it rectangular gardens, affording an effective vista towards that useful building—at Monte Carlo—the *Credit Lyonnais.* Everywhere is deliciously cool verdant grass, brilliantly-coloured flowers and flowering shrubs.

Such, flanked by green, shady, and undulating grounds, forms the *Eden Monegasque.* And what an animated Eden it is, all life, all pleasure! All is so bright, the surroundings are so seductive, Nature is in such hospitable mood. Although the year's first month has not yet sped, the weather is quite hot; ladies are strolling about in white serge, some with long feather boas on their arms, others with small but handsome capes of sable carelessly thrown back. Many, indeed, find it necessary to carry parasols, their bright colours adding to the life of the scene. The veranda of the *Café de Paris* is crowded. Frenchmen sit drinking absinthe, Englishmen "Schweppe and Scotch," Frenchwomen sip their *café noir*—and cognac, Englishwomen drink their afternoon tea.

The Hungarian musicians are pouring forth a swinging waltz, which proceeding, however, does not quite suit the views of a sweetly-pretty English girl who stands beside us, keeping time with her dainty fingers on the coping of the balustrading, whilst her body almost involuntarily and gracefully

moves in rhythmic swings in time with that of the scarlet-and-gold-coated conductor, whose ponderous body is his baton, as he "bows" with his troupe. Whilst watching and listening, we were surprised to hear the church bells suddenly peal out, for until that moment it had not occurred to us that the day was Sunday. By a strange coincidence—which obviously would not have occurred had the orchestra been playing in another key—the church bells were in harmony with the waltz—a coincidence which the quick and musical ear of the bright English girl at once appreciated, and upon which she commented. We will not inquire as to whether the sounds were as morally in harmony as they were musically; they are both aural invitations, the one to duty, the other to pleasure—*chaque à son gout*—or the whisperings of conscience.

The "players'" favourite afternoon train is just in, and a heterogeneous crowd of them is approaching the Casino steps, upon which a veritable stream of visitors incessantly ascend and descend, some briskly, as if anxious to economize their time for the "tables," some listlessly stopping to admire the gardens and rub the noses of the heavy-antlered bucks who scramble up the interior of their cage for that purpose.

"To get a true idea of Monte Carlo and the people who flock to it at certain hours," says a French guide, "go on to the terrace which adjoins the Casino, and watch the arrival of the trains from Nice and Mentone about four o'clock. The carriages

empty themselves as by enchantment, and a motley crowd, composed of the most heterogeneous elements of society, and including representatives of all nationalities, flows out of the station and climbs the acclivity leading to the plateau on which stands the Casino. This ascent, which is effected slowly 'midst the rustling of the dresses of a bevy of charming women and wafted perfumes, is particularly impressive and characteristic. They go up full of hope, everyone is cheerful . . . a little while, and this gay and doting crowd returns, wearing the impress of the *salles des jeux,* some exchanging miles of contentment, others looks of distress; some engaged in loud conversation, and others morosely silent; while here and there we see individuals glancing into their *portemonnaies* to see what, if anything, remains beyond the return ticket. *Rendez-compte* of the varied emotions agitating the breasts of these tempters of fortune."

Children are playing, and the eternal French air-ball, or *petit balon,* is in evidence among them. Resplendent French *bonnes,* with rich silk cap-ribbons a quarter of a yard wide and reaching to the ground, saunter quietly along with their chattering charges. Three or four Algerians in their Eastern garb, with long flowing white robes and red morocco leather top-boots, go about selling pillow and sofa covers in brocade richly worked in colour and gold. Some wore queer head-dresses of the turban type, whilst others made their heads their shops, balancing a pile of their wares thereon, whilst they held spread

out in their hands the cloths for their customer's inspection. Buyers seem—and rightly too—to have anticipated that the Eastern custom of "bating down" would obtain with these nomadic merchants on the *littoral*. We heard several cloths disposed of informally, offered at eighty and forty-five francs, for fifty and thirty respectively.

Now and then a cyclist arrives, very dusty, and we are to assume also thirsty, for his mount is soon resting against the veranda, and he is quickly inside the café. A sound very like a coffee-mill is heard, and up trots—we beg pardon, up runs—no, up motes—an *automobile*. The owner—we beg his pardon, the stoker—for all Continental land-yachtsmen like to be called "chauffeur"—is quickly down and up the steps to the vestibule; the *cocher-mécanicien* takes his place, and the motor-carriage is quickly off again, leaving in its wake a smell *not* very like coffee. But you must be patient, gentle reader! Rome wasn't built in a day; the coffee-mill will make less noise when we understand its mechanism better. Monsieur *Petrol* will make less smell when we know how to handle him better. The "hideousness" which many have discovered in the motor-vehicle is chiefly due to want of familiarity with it. We all saw the same hideousness in the first *pneumatic*-tyred bicycle. Many there were who said no man would make himself such an idiot as to ride the "hideous thing"; but men did commence to ride them, and were promptly dubbed "cads on castors," for no *gentleman* would ever ride one.

Kings are sometimes gentlemen, and half the crowned heads of Europe—and of the world, for that matter—ride them to-day, and among the many *millions* of the mass who now ride we fancy a goodly number answering to that name might be found.

One has but to see the number of automobiles running about here — starting, stopping, steering with precision, outpacing the fleetest horse —to feel that they are with us to stay. The "hideousness," and not the thing itself, must go the way of all things, and be improved off the face of the earth by steady, persevering evolution. Have any of us paused to think what our views of that beautiful locomotive of nature, the horse, would have been had things been reversed? Had the self-moving vehicle first been put into vogue, had it been the first to go through the cleansing fires of trial and experiment, have been the first to emerge from the filter of centuries and the ever-improving mould of evolution as a mobile thing approaching perfection, if to-day our streets were crowded with more or less efficient self-propelling carriages, and we were about to try the bold experiment of attaching imperfectly-trained horses to heavy loads, should we be unreasonable enough to expect things to go without a hitch? Could we look at the beautiful creature covered up in bridle blinkers, leathern thongs, and chained and traced to a thing which formerly ran by itself, without declaring that both he and his vehicle looked hideous? Why, the very

diversity of opinion held by the ancients and moderns will answer the query! The Egyptians said the horse was a noble creature, and was degraded and made hideous if *ridden* by man; he was therefore harnessed to the lightest, the least obtrusive, and most ornate of chariots. A few thousand years roll on, and he becomes still more noble and perfect; but then the mediævals said he was far too noble to draw anything: it was degrading to him to do so. He looked hideous attached to a vehicle; he looked at his best when he was galloping across the soft sward with his cavalier upon his back—and so we think he does. Every man who rode in a carriage at that time—and what hideous things they were!—unless a cripple, was dubbed effeminate, and should, and sometimes did, have rotten eggs cast at him. The exigencies of the mechanical details unfortunately ordain that a horseless carriage shall have much the same form as a horse-drawn one, and a horseless carriage is declared to be far more hideous than a carriage without a horse; therefore there seems but one thing left for poor inventive mankind—namely, to fashion their horseless equipages after the image—the noble image—of the horse himself. Lots of people have talked about doing it, and some have done it, but none very successfully, and the day, unfortunately, has not yet arrived when we can offer to our readers such a fleet and non-consuming Pegasus as did the Knight in Chaucer to King Cambuscan:

"He sayd, 'The King of Arabye and of Inde,
My liege lord, on this solempne day
Saluteth you as he best can and may,
And sendeth you, in honour of your feste,
By me, that am already at your heste,
This *stede of bras*, that easily and wel
Can in the space of a day naturel,
This is to sayn, in four-and-twentie houres,
Where so you list, in drought or elles shoures,
Beren your bodie into every place
To which your herte willeth for to pace,
Without wemme of you, through foule or faire.'"

The brazen mount, therefore, was a far more perfect mechanical contrivance than even that of the cyclist up to date. It could, it seems, break any twenty-four-hour record you chose to impose upon it, and, moreover, and what is far more important, it could not have possessed that strong word-provoking defect, "side-slip," for the poet distinctly refers to its ability to go anywhere in drought or elles—we note that he does not spell this with the aspirate, as is now usual—showers and through foul or fair—without "wemme of you"; that latter, however, is strictly correct to this day: it is the *wemme* of your "mount," certainly not of *you*, to which you find yourself subservient as you mutteringly pick yourself up from the muddy gutter of a "side-slippery" road.

But we were speaking of *automobiles*, and well we know that utility, and, above all, economy, conquers all prejudice. Economy is indeed the planet around which all innovations and new inventions

gyrate, and into which they eventually gravitate, and this will hold true with motor-vehicles; they will evolve and multiply—in fact, the demand for them has multiplied to such an extent that it is found impossible to turn them out quickly enough, which to an English engineer is somewhat galling. For, three-quarters of a century past we led the world in this matter of horseless travel, but grandmotherly legislation has stopped all progress until within the last few years.

Our owner-*chauffeur*, albeit in garb strikingly incongruous to his associate within the verandah, looks supremely contented as he puffs his cigar and sips his *vermuth*.

Some people wonder why men who are driving their horseless carriages should don a "get-up" so very different from those who are driving their horse-drawn carriages. Experience, which doubtless was their adviser, has taught us that they are right in doing so; albeit, they make themselves look something in the nature of a cross between a yachtsman and an engine-driver. The reason is that the horseless vehicle spells speed and long travel; the horse carriage is slow and short luxury in comparison with it, and your silk chimney-pot and covert-coat are then suitable. Try, however, an exhilarating run of 100 miles in five hours in a bright sun over dusty roads, and you will then say the lower your hat crown, the broader your peak, and the more impervious to dust your coat is, the more appropriate.

Half a dozen motor-carriages have just arrived—for the concourse—from hundreds of miles distant, and their drivers are pretty well peppered, but they are all dressed alike, and that suitably. On their heads are caps, or *casquettes*, somewhat heavy, of dark blue cloth, with tremendously-projecting peaks. To be cool, the crowns have drawn over them clean linen covers. Their bodies are buttoned up in "pilot" jackets made of leather, of a dark morocco-red colour; these, whilst being impervious to rain and dust alike, can be sponged down on arrival at the "stables," and then one is rapidly presentable and free from grit. Thick stockings and knickers are worn in place of "unmentionables," for then the all too inquisitive *poussière* is frustrated in its attempt to get up your legs. But we must not pursue this subject here.

What a pleasant promenade, and what glorious surroundings! we reflect, but fail to call to mind such another place, equally attractive and agreeable. The sky is cloudless and of the loveliest, brightest, deepest blue; the sun rebounds from an ocean also of the most exquisite and deepest blue. The sea-line is as pleasing as the rugged arena landwards. We are standing on the point of this rock of grottos, the sea leaping and gurgling in them at our feet. The whole of the curved headland may be considered as a series of hanging gardens, reminding one of the celebrated ones of Babylonia, which are classed as one of the seven wonders of the world. Here, too, are the broad stairways, as with the Babylonians, so skil-

fully built and curved as to destroy as little as possible Nature's own charms, the graceful balustradings winding up through borders of aloes, cacti, yuccas, castor-oil trees, and other exotic vegetation. Looking westwards, we see the rock of Monaco, which itself is dominated and watched over by the dominent "Dog's Head." Down in his paws, as it were, dipping in the blue water, nestles the irregular and white-housed Monaco, upon which the castle, with its long row of irregular, squat arches, appears indolently to smile. Looking eastwards, in the little bay a couple of beautiful steam-yachts lie idly waiting. We follow the hills, whose bases are clad in olive-groves, as they go out to sea, to stop abruptly in the tree-covered, orange-groved headland of Cap Martin, beyond which again we see the beautiful outline of the Italian mountains. Years gone by scions of the ancient family of Grimaldi might have stood on this rocky promontory, where now we walk the terrace, and proclaim: "I am monarch of all I survey." The present Prince, however, is unable to do this. Some men aver that to be able to put on the hat and feel that one's whole family is covered by it secures a freedom from anxiety not otherwise obtainable. And there are doubtless many advantages obtaining from a principality yielding a bulky rent-roll from an extent so small that it can be seen in its entirety at a glance. This assuredly the Prince can do, and so can we from where we stand, for the *principauté* is but a strip of land some two

miles long, nowhere exceeding 1,000 yards wide, whilst at places it is but some 200 yards.

Strolling westwards along the terrace, a few steps, bring us to the brilliant white "toy" Post-Office, in the letter-box of which it is *drole* to read "France and Foreign," for France and foreign is but a few yards west of itself. Glancing northwards, we see the gold lettering of the Bank—the *Credit Lyonnais;* that, too, is in France, though they, for obvious reasons, have cut it very fine. Whilst desiring to be near the "tables," it was also desirable to be amenable to the laws of France, the boundary of which *bel pays* runs across close to the front-door. For "reasons" also the little English church just to the left is also in France, the Bishop of Malta declining to consecrate a sacred edifice if erected on the soil of the Principality. Eastwards, but a very few minutes also suffices to land us in *la belle France.*

We look in the post-office and over one "pigeon-hole" of the wire cage in which the officials are busy note the words, "*Emission des Mandats Français et Internationaux.*" This is a pigeon-hole much resorted to, especially by ladies who have not their own banking accounts, but make use of those of others, and their faces are often very anxious whilst awaiting the expected "orders." Behind the wirework, too, we see the truly wonderful telegraphic instruments, their metallic fingers writing down, with electric and incredible speed—in actual type—messages flying through air and sea. But a minute since in the midst of a pleasure-seeking and money-loving

throng, one cannot help reflecting upon the widely divergent temperaments, tastes, and aspirations of the millions of units by which our small globe is peopled. Here almost all are guided—or misguided—by indolence and love of languid excitement and voluptuous living, most of whose anxieties, hopes, and disappointments are of their own making, whilst these recondite, obedient, and untiring instruments, as they write off their messages, are at the same time ticking out the immortal praise of men who have passed away, and whose lives presented the most striking of contrasts to those we see around us here. Their guiding star was "duty"; their gambling was with Nature herself; their hope of gain was the winning from her of some of her secrets, that they might "convert them to the use and convenience of man."[1] The crowning *prix* they competed for was modest fame, the honour of having worked and conquered—a prize which brought a happiness and a quiet contentment unknown in Monte Carlo.

Nature here is beauteous indeed; she seems marred but by the "artificiality," not so much of things inanimate as of the animate. The people are the most artificial things: their appearance is artificial, their deportment is artificial, their every movement is artificial, more especially as regards the fair sex, and of these the "Continentals." Their very dogs look artificial, and even *their* move-

[1] *Vide* Royal Charter of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

ments are artificial—their nature having been so tampered with.

There is a poor little fawn-coloured mongrel which has been *half* sheared. Did he belong to a respectable family you might be able to recognise him as far as his head and shoulders go, but his fur goes no further—no pun intended—than that; his wobbling little back and sides are innocent of hair, and so is his "narrative," except that the biggest possible tuft has been left at the end, in a feeble endeavour to make a French mongrel look like a British lion. Here comes a bandy-legged, solemn-looking dachshund—of whom it has been said they might be conveniently sold by the yard, as butter still is in some places; he gets along the best way he can with his apologies for legs, at every other step nearly getting his clumsy paws caught in the loops of an enormous bow of cardinal red corded silk ribbon, so big that its ends are all the time dragging along the ground.

A good-looking French poodle comes and stares up at us. He would look well indeed if he had all his nice, well-formed white and curly hair on, but there is not enough left to get a good look at it. The only place it is left as Nature intended are the shoulders; all "astern" of that is shaved, and one sees a pink skin where a handsome woolly coat should be; his tail, too, is shaved, and with the lion tuft, but he is most disfigured about the head and face. His head has but woolly tufts left exactly like that of a clown, the centre one being tied up

with a large bow of bright yellow ribbon, whilst his poor muzzle would not be so badly disfigured by being shaved were it not that tips have been left to form a *moustache*—an appendage which their masters must needs wear because it is *de rigueur*, whether it suit the face or not. His walk, too, has been made unnatural, for above a tuft on his right leg he carries some noisy bangles, which convert the free and rapid pitter-patter of his feet into a constrained shamble. The only thing required to make the poor poodle absolutely ludicrous would be the dyeing black of his *moustachios*.

A poor little white fox-terrier actually came along in a mongrel attire, a cross between a livery and a lady's fashionable cloak; for his overcoat was of olive-green cloth, trimmed with gold braiding, and kept in place with two silver chains crossing diagonally in the centre of his back; here was a ring by which he was steered in a crab-like fashion. To-day he was having a little extra freedom, his mistress—and probably somebody else's—explaining to us that she liked him to "walk a little" by himself *sometimes*. The crowning absurdity of this "get-up" was that, although we understood he was a gentleman dog, the coat was surmounted by a huge collar, quite as large as Toby's when he is a clown, cut exactly to the Medici model, to stick up at the back of the neck only. This was lined with real royal ermine, replete with the little black tails. The coat had a little pocket on the right side, braided with gold, and from this protruded a tiny *lace handkerchief*.

The lady left us, and poor terrier looked up in our face—as we smilingly wrote down his "get-up" —in a kind of shame-faced way, and lingered a little near us. He seemed to say: "Don't give us away, old fellow!—don't call attention to me. If my old woman is such a fool as to make a fool of me, I can't help it! I'd give anything to have a run and a roll on the grass. *She's* dressed in a light dress, of course, on a day like this, whilst I've got this —— stiff overcoat thing on. Why, it's awful! Her nephew's a Lieutenant in the navy, an awfully jolly chap—has such romps with me, and one day he took me into the hot room of the Turkish bath —I think he called it—and how he did roar when I scampered about on the tiles because they were so thundering hot. But, Lor'! it was nothing to what I feel now, packed like a—— There, now she's calling me, of course. Good-bye! All right, I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Other miniature apologies for doggies were there, equally disfigured and grotesque. Some, indeed, had, in addition to their "Newmarkets" and fashionable mantles, white silk undershirts and complete little collars and pink ties, whilst some carried valuable charms on the latter by way of scarf-pins. Poor little toy terriers with fashionable coats and "storm" collars, their diminutive heads looking out at the front of the heavy covering, and a pointed—and *not* wagging—tail, with none too much hair on it, at the back, very like tiny armadillos or salamanders, their delicate little legs looking

almost unequal to the task of carrying the turtle-like coverings!

This, we regret to say, is no exaggeration. The shallow-minded habitués of the fashionable world, being unable to see anything beautiful in Nature, or to enjoy the company of anything which does not approach to their own artificiality, must needs practise disfigurement upon animals who cannot argue or make known their objections, and yet who are far too noble-minded and sensitive to be thus treated without it materially affecting their happiness. Your average Continental dog, however, is far from being such an aristocratic chap as his British-born brother, but things are improving in this respect. Such a jumbling-up of the uses and *status* of our four-footed friends, apart from being in the worst possible taste, is, we contend, often a direct insult to the two-legged. As an example, we might mention that in the hotel at which we stayed at one table were four persons—a man and two women—whose dinner-party invariably included an intelligent old Yorkshire terrier, whose place—a high-seated child's chair—was always reserved for him. We often spoke to him from the back of his chair, but he could only look at us in a weary sort of way out of the corners of his eyes, and, without turning his head, just chucking up his black chin as if to say, "What a bore this long dinner performance is! What price this for freedom, you English chaps?"

Whilst walking on the terrace we hear the report

of fowling-pieces, and, looking down, see a green segmental grass-plot on the edge of the sea. This is the *tir aux pigeons*. It differs from an ordinary grass-plot only in being provided with five little green boxes—veritable lethal chambers—in which poor innocent birds are imprisoned prior to their execution by well-armed sporting "gentlemen." Into these boxes the luckless pigeons are thrust, happily ignorant to the last of their fate. This is evidenced by the fact that often when the fatal bolt is drawn, and the cold muzzle presented, and the box collapses, they still stand in awed surprise, it may be, but making no effort at flight. But this is not "sport," and these are "bad birds," so a heavy wooden ball is bowled at them. Then they rise, only to be, in nine cases out of ten, ruthlessly and cruelly knocked over by the oncoming shot. Then, man having done his noble and humane work by a poor innocent and helpless bird, a period of supreme agony still awaits it, for as it tosses, maimed and suffering, on the green sward, frequently able to limp as far as the cruel restraining wire netting, an intelligent dog—a far too noble and sympathetic creature for such humiliating drudgery, and who would be better far carrying on his profession on the open moors—is despatched towards it. The poor bird sees this, and, with its fast ebbing strength, struggles to rise and escape. Can we call to our minds any position in which *we* have been placed which could in *any* degree compare with that of this poor friendless pigeon in its excruciating

agony as she sees hell itself bear down upon her in the form of the pink jaws of the "setter"? He overruns her, bowls her over afresh, and then returns to gather her up—fluttering yet. The dog is but faithfully doing its duty, and this intelligently and tenderly. We see him with his muzzle roll over the twitching bird, gather it up in such a way as not to further damage it, and trot off to add it to the great heap of the already killed.

In this he presents an unpleasant contrast to the cold-blooded cruelty of man—man, rich in worldly things, yet such a pauper in brain, self-respect, and ability for intellectual amusement, to say nothing of useful work, that he must needs capture all too confiding birds, imprison them, cause them intense mental suffering, and then deal out death among them from a highly-developed, offensive weapon, in the design and construction of which much thought and great skill has been expended — an engine of destruction ignobly used when directed against such unsuspecting and beautiful captives of nature.

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels"

would appear to be a sentiment either unknown to or wholly disregarded by these brave "sportsmen." How differently would that speechless dog, trotting back with his tail wagging—because he is doing his duty—act towards *you* were *you* wounded! He would come to you at once, he would lick your wound, he would speak compassion to you with his

sincere and loving eyes; though he could not condole with you, he would moan when you moaned, he would affectionately mingle his anguish of mind with your anguish of body; your suffering would thus

> "Be tempered and allayed by sympathies
> Aloft ascending and descending deep,
> Even to the inferior kinds."

Men who are too effeminate and too indolent to press through delicious woods and over healthful moors, there to shoot, in a *quasi*-natural way, fowl, wild and free of flight, should at least be made to content themselves with the shatterings of gyrating terra-cotta counterfeit prototypes. But that would, perhaps, hardly sound so glorious a victory as the slaying of a few hundred fugitives. For listen: the match is just over; someone has won the £800 *prix;* hark to the applause! In but a few minutes telegraph wires and cables will be busy in spreading the *glorious* news far across the ocean.

This world-famed terrace of Monte Carlo is certainly an amusing place enough; we can listen to fine music performed by a renowned orchestra of some eighty performers, and as its melodies change from bright and frivolous to staid and beautiful, we can alternate our pleasurable observation from all that is light and frivolous in the artifice and art before us to the exquisitely serene and beauteous of all that is natural around us. We should imagine that its broad walks, crowded with

the wealth and fashion of all nations, must to the fair sex constitute as near an approach to the *paradis terrestre* as any spot on our little planet.

If it even interest "mere men," who understand not the salient points and technicalities of dress and the general arrangement and deportment of the female form divine, what pleasurable excitement must it bring those of the fair sex themselves? As to the pleasure, we cannot of our own knowledge speak, but as to the amount and animation of the conversation it arouses on their part, we certainly can. In the morning the preponderance of our mother-tongue was very noticeable, for your fashionable Continental lady, the most irreproachable, exact, and striking in her *confection* when *en evidence*, takes a lot of repairing and "making up" in the morning, at which period she is *negligée* to slovenliness. This she does not seek to hide, as she receives her companions in *déshabillé*, and is rarely visible to others until after her second breakfast. An English girl, on the contrary, not infrequently looks at her very best when she appears in the simplicity of her morning-gown in the breakfast-room, racket in hand, a becoming sailor-hat on her head, Nature's bloom upon her cheek, and a bewitching brightness in her eyes, as she tells you to "hurry up," as she has quite made up her mind that "we are to 'lick 'em' again to-day."

Much the same may be said of Continental men. They are little *en evidence* before their second breakfast—if they be society men. If they be busi-

ness men, however, we must do them the justice of saying that the light *café au lait* breakfast, partaken of at 7.30 a.m., is an excellent institution, for they are to be found at their offices by 8 o'clock or thereabouts, and are enabled to put in four solid hours of good work—in a fit condition—before their mid-day *déjeûner* brings them a welcome relaxation for a couple of hours or more. It must also be remembered that a good deal of business is transacted by them as they sit, apparently idly, conversing at the tables beneath the awnings on the hot pavements of the Parisian *Boulevards.*

We have elsewhere touched upon the inappropriateness of Continental female dress, either for active exercise or morning wear, an incongruity they themselves admit. At present the chain of fashion is too strong for them to break away from. Our own tennis-loving fair ones, however, are educating them up to this by degrees. The men have not yet arrived at that. If they *are* seen in the morning, it is generally in a black coat and gloves, often unshaven, with that hideous abomination, a chimney-pot hat—of opera type—constructed of *black satin.*

It is the ladies' dresses, of course, which give *éclat* to the scene, and these, we think, would be more enjoyable if more appropriate, and if there were to be seen more of the white serges, grays, steel colours, and "tailor-mades," with smaller hats, similar to those we see our own girls wearing. For example, the *chic* little thing with the tiny waist—of which

more anon—is dressed in a most pleasing confection of light lavender, with a very plain bodice and a profusion of steel *sequins*, arranged in effective arabesques down the side of the skirt and about the bottom of it; these sparkle gaily with every step in the bright sunshine. Yet, strangely enough—to our mind—last night in the hot gambling-rooms she wore an ugly dress of heavy homespun stuff, perfectly plain, a mixture of dark red, chocolate, and black, in checks of a very loud description.

There, with slow and very grandiose gait, goes a big body in a white satin skirt and bodice of the same material, the former quite plain, whilst the latter is brocaded in a loud and highly-coloured pattern, with flowers amply large enough for the window curtains of a 14-feet ceiling *salon*. These are what a man deems incongruities in a free-and-easy morning stroll upon the terrace. But are Continental ladies—or girls, either—"free and easy" at any time? They always *look* constrained and dress-conscious.

In the afternoon one can sit and enjoy the fragrant weed—which it is to be hoped the reader will have been thoughtful enough to bring from oversea—and with it the contemplation of forms divine in puzzling variety. The great variety of form, feature, and mode of carriage, the extremes between unaffected simplicity and grace in some—the fewer—instances, and the conspicuously painted features and disdainful and haughtily-carried forms of the many; the handsome figures of the more natural,

and the grotesque deformity of the more artificial, the studied and stolid expression of some contrasting very unfavourably with the freedom and refreshing unconsciousness of others—beetling, sinister, calculating looks, open, bright and pleasant expressions, forced, unnatural, and finicking smiles, hearty spontaneous and mirth-provoking laughter; the uncertain, slow and studied pace of age, the affected crawl of the languid lounger, the quick and elastic step of the lithe and athletic; the exasperating drawl of the "masher," the rapidly-turned-out word-connected converse of the Continental, marred by the oft-repeated and, to the English mind, strong expletives, even of the fair, with their incessant *Mon Dieu! Ah, Gott! Ah, Gott! Sapristi! Gott in Himmel! Nein!* ever and anon breaking in upon the ear, the stiff and studied acknowledgments—for here the salutation comes from the men, *not* from the women—the pantomimic apology for hand-shaking, when the backs of the hands, with drooping fingers, find themselves as high as the face and in close proximity to it as the "Bon jour" or "Morgen" is uttered; the genuine British grip and handshake—and arm-shake, too, for that matter—and hearty "'Bye, old chap! Wish you luck!" All these things, we say, make up a picture which may be viewed on this terrace, and with which one may *s'amuse* on any fine day—and, according to our experience, they were all fine.

Cranks, nonentities, and oddities are there, intermingling with the well-dressed crowd. But in such

studied fashion it takes but little to make one into an oddity, especially in the season, say January to April. The ordinary laxity of an English watering-place would be sufficient. Is it not on record that Miss Ellen Terry—who, at her pretty little Winchelsea box, loves freedom and *déshabillé*—was recently refused admission to the Casino because she was not "well dressed enough," and did not the same *contretemps* happen to the Marquis of Salisbury and to Mr. Cecil Rhodes?

Scarcely a few minutes pass without also the passing of something striking or fit subject for amusing comment. There was one small thing which passed and repassed, but which, though of the smallest, was sufficiently large to attract universal attention and cause most heads to turn—if not in admiration, at least in observation. It was a waist—one of that type which caused dear old Mrs. Malaprop to exclaim, "Surely *that* never eats solids!" It was by far the smallest thing in waists we had ever seen. It was, unfortunately, an artificially small waist, and therefore, although a remarkable thing, it was not a thing of beauty. An abnormally be-laced and pinched middle region renders its owner the more hideous from the fact that it begets another deformity—a deformity of motion—since the lower portion of the body loses its harmony of motion with that of the upper; the hips do not oscillate, as they should do, isochronously with the shoulders; they seem to gyrate beyond the control of their owner, as it were—a curious, grace-

less, unnatural, torsional motion round the spine as axis. Their "diagonal stays," as the engineer would say, appear to be weak; and how can it be otherwise, when the proper functions of the muscles are artificially paralyzed and hampered by the tightness of the bandaging, and on account of their being encased within harsh and unyielding ribs of steel? Unfortunately for the poor devoted slaves to fashion —careless alike of their own health and of their duty as regenerative units—there are other tell-tales which enable one at once to detect the artificial from the natural. The painfully pinched—probably in both senses—example we see before us reminds one of the very animated discussion on "tight-lacing" which took place some few years ago at the British Association of Science.[1] There the eminent physiologist, in introducing the subject, gave a most effective illustration of the change of form and *ipso facto* deformity which excessive lacing brings about by an experiment so simple that everybody can verify it without making use of their own waists for the purpose. The surgeon simply took a small leathern band, representing a waist-belt—but a band of paper or a knitted *serviette* ring will do equally well—and a few dozen ordinary cedar pencils. Filling up his miniature waist-band to a moderate extent—representing a moderate degree of constriction—he took it between the finger and thumb, and showed that it took the form—the beautiful form—of an ellipse, the true and natural form of the human

[1] Bath meeting.

waist. Then, stuffing it as full as it would hold with pencils, so as to strain the band, as in tight lacing, he showed that no amount of lateral pressure could ever cause it to regain the graceful ellipse: it refused to become other than the ugly and geometrical circle.

So is it with the human form divine. Scarce a few days pass without our seeing exemplifications of attempts to improve upon the beautiful curves of Nature frustrated, and resulting only in their being reduced to a plain circle as inartistic as a ruler, reminding one, indeed, of the twopence-per-dozen Nuremberg dolls, turned out by the million in that ancient town upon primitive lathes as ancient as the Egyptians. To turn out a doll, however, with a naturally-shaped waist requires complicated and ingenious machinery. How many hours of pain this comfort-sacrificing young woman must have endured—patiently and uncomplainingly—we can but guess; but, say the French, "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle.*"

Speaking of hips recalls the fact — a pleasing fact, since imitation is said to be the sincerest form of flattery—that Continental ladies have recourse to artifice to imitate the more robust form of their island-born sisters. In their utter disregard for natural, unalloyed grace, they argue, "If you haven't hips, put a pair on." This they do, and for the ordinary, inathletic pursuits they follow they do well enough, so well that we hadn't an idea that such "aids" existed until at Christmas-time we observed

some ladies so constructed taking part—a too frolicsome part — in "Sir Roger," and then we noticed hips making gestures on their own account —gestures which no self-respecting *pelvis* would allow—we inquired and were informed.

Yes, there are figures and things enough to observe on the terrace at Monte Carlo, but it is just striking four o'clock, an hour when *Æolus* calls attention to his existence by sending along unwonted puffs of a cold wind, just as the sun disappears behind the ever-watching "Dog's Head," that sends many people across the gardens, some to get *thé* and *pain grillé*—for that is the nearest thing the French can do in the way of expressing our cosy tea and toast—and others to get warmer clothing. We go for the *thé*—pronounced accurately and so glibly by the Irishman, though his "Oirish taa" is another form of stimulant—and, as we cross the place and pass up the avenues, we are surprised to see the gardeners carefully putting the flowers "to bed." For their beds are like "four-posters," with a canopy of wire netting, and are each provided with a canvas drapery, which is drawn over them and securely fastened, for fear that inquisitive *Æolus* should have the impertinence to blow aside and peep in between the curtains, or lift the valance, or otherwise get in where he is not wanted.

As to the evenings. Well, firstly, you have the "gaming tables"; and, secondly, you have the "gambling tables"; and, thirdly, you have the "gambling tables." When you are tired of these,

or haven't anything left to play with, you will find little else to do. For if hotel *salons* in Nice are quiet and deserted, and their pianos—a poor compliment to the visitor—neglected and untuned, all this—and more—may you say of Monte Carlo. Still, you have an opera occasionally, and good music *every* night in the Casino. If, as Mrs. Gamp would say, you are not "so dispoged," you can follow the fashion, and go and look at the latest of it as it stands or circulates around the tables.

We will do that, for it is Sunday evening, a night upon which—possibly as a tribute to the dulness of British ones—they assemble in their numbers and their prettiest gowns. So quickly do they pour in just after dinner that there is quite a little rush as you essay to deposit your hat and the cloaks of the ladies in the spacious *vestraire*, where you are more likely to be presented with a brass ticket numbered above a thousand than below it. "Mille-et-quatorze," sings out the valet, and, if he knows you, perhaps adds with a wink, "Fourteen your number, mons'r," hoping you may "make" on that and remember it in his "tip" on coming out.

Admission to the Casino is obtained by the compliance with mere formalities, such as handing in the name, obtaining a card, etc. It is, however, prohibited entirely to the inhabitants of the Principality, and even to those of France in the department of the *Alpes Maritimes*. A *sine quâ non*, however, as to entrance is as to one's being "properly dressed," but wherein this "properly" consists,

or what is the standard worked to, we were unable to learn. In the evening one would imagine that to be properly dressed would be in evening dress, yet you have only to glance at the spacious *atrium*, crowded with its promenaders, to see that this is not *de rigueur*. Even in this one can instantly detect the Britisher from the "Continental." He—Jack—strides up and down, cigar in lips and hands in pockets, the while displaying a large expanse of spotless and well-burnished shirt-front, quite plain, and kept together with a single stud, and that of the minutest. Isador, however, goes backwards and forwards with a greater number of more dainty steps, blowing streams of cigarette smoke down his nostrils and in front of a short shirt-front such as our mothers tell us their fathers wore, consisting of a multiplicity of tiny pleats, which are neither starched stiff nor *glacé* so as to lie straight, but are slack and wavy, producing to our mind a very untidy and effeminate appearance. These are held closed by at least three studs or buttons of intrusive size, often black, or of white "stuff" which looks like dimity.

This class of shirt is worn more especially by our French friends; Germans don a "front"—and very often only that—of embossed linen with ugly checker-work or large raised flowers, often flecked with colour, which you look at at the two sides of an antediluvian "long" tie of cream satin or lavender, with little black or mauve spots. These are worn with a double-breasted waistcoat,

sometimes black, sometimes white, but often figured, the remainder of the toilet being completed by black or mixtures, and a "bob-tail" or "morning" coat.

These good people are in "evening dress," though you wouldn't think it, just as we saw them at the Opera House at Munich. But shoulder by shoulder with them are fellows in pink shirts, black and light coats, and white-striped flannel tennis trousers. Sunday is a great day for tennis. This being so, we were both surprised and amused one evening, when returning late, after a pedal over to Nice, and not having changed, on ascending the steps to the vestibule with two ladies and a reverend gentleman, to notice that the big fat man in uniform, who stands at the top on one side—fat enough for an effective *anoncé* to a restaurant—whilst his *vis-à-vis* is a small-waisted official of true French stamp, took a great interest in us, and exception to our legs —encased in "knickers"—exclaiming: "Pardon, 'sieur, not like that!" We were certainly a great contrast to the quite neat black cloth and endless white collar of our English clergyman friend. We agreed heartily with the porter, we all indulged in a hearty laugh, and, the "reverend" being irreproachable, he and his friends went up, whilst we went down and back to change.

Sunday is generally "opera night." Verdi's evergreen "Othello" was on, but all tickets—*prix unique*, twenty francs—had been disposed of as early as Friday morning, so the *salles des jeux* must be our

evening's diversion. We were none of us going to play, so we made our way to the last two rooms, for that is where the frocks "most do congregate," and that is where bodies most do circulate. In the preceding rooms they remain held to the tables, as if these consisted of huge magnets, and themselves so many living armatures magnetically adhering to them.

Around are plenty of "friends we know by sight." Just as we enter, we see tottering slowly round, with a society belle at his elbow, a certain ducal ex-Field-Marshal. Moving more quickly, but with a pre-occupied air, as if he were "composing," is a certain Sir Arthur; moving across very quickly in light gray trousers, white waistcoat, and a short jacket, is a certain coroneted cabman—a queer "get-up" for an English nobleman. Strolling slowly round is a wavy-haired head of Art, whilst looking over the players' shoulders, without effort, is 6 feet 6 inches of engineering.

What is to be said of this fine dorsal array of smartly-dressed women? What *is* to be said shall be done in a few words—for these are of little use—it is the eyes that are wanted. Beginning at the heads, which in the case of the fair we do not want to be the most "important" parts, but the prettiest, they were there—pretty ones, we mean—in such variety, and so variously *coiffés*, that we (the subject to us being such a technical one) despair of giving any intelligent description. It appeared to us, however, that they might be divided into three principal

varieties : the immensely wide, beautifully arranged, and prettily waved one of the French ; the very "high" style, generally terminating in sprays and spiky, ever-trembling aigrettes of the Germans and Austrians ; the plainer "teapot-handle" variety of the English ; and, lastly, the still plainer and often almost puritanically severe *coiffures* of the American ladies. In the matter of the *coiffure*, undoubtedly the French lead the way, and they tell us that "*les dames Anglaises ne savant pas coiffer de tout*," which statement, by comparison with themselves, verges on the truth.

The figures, too, are as varied as the *coiffures*, the short and *potelées* form of some of the French women contrasting strangely with those of tall and graceful English girls, whose tapering waists are elegance itself in comparison with the stunted ones, rising up but a few inches to support *les poitrines énormes*, thrust forward by short corsets to an unnatural and disgusting degree, of the French *demi-mondaines* — and they are there in galore. There stands one such, short but huge in her *embonpoint*, with square and ample shoulders *décolletés*, from which rises a thick, short neck. This she is at the moment craning, as she tries to look up under the arge hat of a very tall Englishwoman—one of two sisters—and about whom it is clear she has just passed *un mot amusant* of a personal nature with her companion of the same *genre*. In doing this she stretches the skin, and we observe sundry stratifications, apparently of enamel or powder, showing

white against the muddy olive hue of the true epidermis. Her lips are painted a vivid vermilion, whilst beneath her eyes are wide mourning bands pencilled with the *crayon de Kohl*.

This, to our mind, is *not* a pretty picture — the farther one goes away from Nature, the less beautiful the picture becomes — but the next — that of the two sisters — certainly is. These girls are so tall that they look on to the table over the shoulders of others with ease, whilst those of their neighbour appear but to reach to their hips. From these, their skirts—for they are dressed alike —of black lace over emerald green silk, gracefully depend. The *corsages* of these also are sleeveless and very *décolletés*, but their fair white skins are visible only through the handsome pattern of the lace. This is carried up the gracefully sloping shoulders to finish around the slender necks, in *collets* composed each of seven rows of rich pearls, held in position by triple bars of scintillating diamonds, whilst at the wrists it terminates in white, short gloves. We observe the natural and unconscious grace of these two ladies, who seem to dominate their neighbour like two handsome towers of a stately castle lording it over a squat châlet, striving to look important by strained artificiality, and the exhibition of vivid colouring—a châlet tumbling to pieces in weathering the devastating storms of a gay and restless life, patched by artifice bound together by slender tie-rods, formed of the gossamer gewgaws of extravagant fashion.

The costumes of the two sisters differ but in the hats; both are very large, handsomely feathered, and of Gainsborough type. Beneath the hat-brim of the one nestle pretty pink velvety bows, contrasting admirably with the raven black looks, whilst the other wears them of blue against her fair, rippling, sunny hair. One seldom sees so great a contrast in so small a space. There in this single yard and a half before us stand four women, of whom two are ladies—the other two we ought scarce to mention in the same sentence—all intently watching the play. The two sisters are not playing, however; either they have played and won, or are merely enjoying the playing of others, for their faces are pleasantly smiling. High above all around they stand, the one resting a beautiful white hand on her hip. The hand, however, is but moderately be-ringed, and this with handsome stones of but one colour—diamonds. It is not made, as so many far less beautiful hands are made to look at Monte Carlo, like a jeweller's show-stand for tiers of rings, heathenish in their magnitude and inharmonious by reason of the incongruous assemblage of the colours of the gems—a matter to which sufficient attention is not given in the wearing—or over-wearing—of jewellery. In the other hand she holds a black lace fan, the top of which she presses against her lower lip, thereby involuntarily exposing and enhancing the whiteness of a beautiful set of teeth. The softly-whispered comments made from behind the fan are very pleasing to her fair sister, for she

smiles and exposes a very similar set, as she stands with both her hands, encased in short white gloves, on the back of the croupier's high chair, watching the diminutive cards deftly thrown down by the *sous croupier* opposite, until they both glide off across the polished floor, chatting, to watch the play at another table.

As far as a mere man could take it in, it appeared to us that the season's fashion lay principally in the length of the dresses, the small and diminished sleeves, and the large amount of infinitesimal ribbon and tuck-work. There walks a smart Frenchwoman in a frock of light French gray, covered, the body vertically, the skirt diagonally, with the tiny ribbons of mauve. It is *décolleté*, but V-shaped, one side of the overture being drapery of gray, the other of mauve, caught together at the centre by a handsome "rose" brooch of diamonds. Her *toque* is of "flat" mould, worn at an angle, also of gray and mauve velvet, into which a number of sable tails are worked in a cosy and pleasing manner. As to the *confections* of the "celebrities," are these not written in the gospel according to the fashion books, and by competent hands, where we will leave them, only mentioning that we are very much impressed—with others—by a beautiful dress, worn by a certain Jersey Lily, composed, as we are informed, of "black lace net covered, in very effective arabesques, by a profusion of green 'moonlight sequins,' the shimmering of which as she moved created quite a theatrical, if not dragon-like, effect. In this case

also the lace is carried up to the neck, and joined by a handsome *collet* of diamonds, whilst it is encircled at the waist by a black silk band, on to which are worked sprays of flowers in brilliants." Her *toque* is of turquoise, tulle-like material representing a huge poppy.

It is opera-night, as we have said, and just now is the *entr'acte*. Sweeping past one is a *distinguée* gown, consisting of a white satin skirt edged with sable, the bodice and long, tight sleeves a veritable tracery of pearls and chenille. Others have net-work of turquoise bead-work over black. All the well-dressed *habitués* of the Casino have their skirts long both morning and evening; we see them touching, or even sweeping, the polished oak of the *salles* and the tessellated pavement of the *foyer*. An English-born Princess wears an exquisite costume of fawn cloth, without ripple or fold below the waist, and a short, smart, braided coat opening over a primrose silk vest, its revers and high "Medici" collar being lined with white "rucked" silk, and outlined with black and gold braid. A somewhat startling costume is an "oyster-coloured" satin literally showered over with cut emerald beads in expansive designs of butterflies and bees. Although it is evening and indoors, there are plenty of hats to be seen, for it is *de rigueur* here to wear them with *décolletée* gowns—to our minds a most objectionable practice when carried to the dinner-table. A tulle hat with outstretching wings of sheeny feathers, sparkling with silver sequins like the spots on a par-

tridge's wing, effectively surmounts a fair and innocent face, which does not intrude itself in the gambling rooms, but which we have noticed leaning over the balcony from the reading-room, apparently serenely unconscious of its arousing admiration, but no doubt inwardly serene and satisfied as to its ability in that *rôle* when desirable.

On such evenings these gambling rooms are a scene of much animation and great brilliancy; it is, indeed, questionable if any Court boasts a finer display of jewels. Rich feathers, ospreys, and birds of paradise abound as head ornaments, whilst fleur-de-lis and four-leaved shamrocks, and single stones of great weight, of dazzling diamonds, pendants made of strings of diamonds, broad collarettes like dog-collars of brilliants, are ablaze and scintillating on all sides, whilst lesser brilliant strings of black, pink, and white pearls, but of immense value, adorn the white shoulders of handsome women and the slender, alabaster necks of graceful girls.

Well, as we said, we did not go in to play, but only to look about us, and so we stroll out again, each and every one of us a *louis* or two lighter of pocket. The ladies want squashes, and the men would like B's. and S. We cross the *atrium*, pleased to get into comparatively cool air and some tobacco-smoke. We obtain the squashes at the crowded *buffet*, but money won't purchase the Bs.' and S., or any other spirit, within the precincts of the Casino.

People come, see, but do *not* conquer, and go away anathematizing. When they arrive they find Monte Carlo an "awfully jolly place to come to"; when they depart no such place should be allowed on the face of the earth. Very few of them have the frankness to reflect that they came uninvited, hoping to gain without toil, and that everything is carried out in a perfectly honest and fair manner—one might say even with liberality. For example, in this matter of drink, the sale of spirits being prohibited in the building, if men play when they are incompetent, they have but themselves to blame for it—not that they would be much more likely to lose in that condition than when "clothed and in their right mind." We have said that the inhabitants are not allowed to enter, nor are "infants"—in the legal sense—allowed to pass the carefully-watched door of the alluring chamber wherein the gambler's *ignis fatuus* ever lurks. They may, however—and children, too—come in and go upstairs and read, or go into the theatre and enjoy the fine music.

Then, again, if men and women will get so infatuated as to stake their last coin, the "Bank" will defray the cost of their tickets home, and of an official's time in seeing them into the train; whilst if they be so ill-mannered and noisy as to shoot themselves, the authorities again will present them with the "requisite six feet," and see to matters generally.

En somme, Monte Carlo is a place grown to be unique of its kind, and still growing. A new

lease of life has just been granted to it—a matter of some thirty years—and the best advice we can hand to our readers is that they should make a point—young and old—of living until its expiration, and then of running over—on their "bikes" if they wish, or otherwise—for probably by then electrically-propelled carriages to meet all tastes and *bourses* will be available—in order to see what has grown out of—a *Gambling Hell.*

THE END

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